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VISIONS

FROM

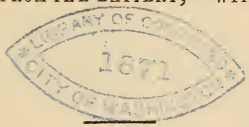
MODERN MOUNTS,

NAMELY:

VINELAND, MANHEIM, ROUND LAKE, HAMILTON,
OAKINGTON, CANTON,

WITH OTHER SELECTIONS.

BY REV. B. POMEROY,
OF TROY CONFERENCE,
AUTHOR OF "SHOCKS FROM THE BATTERY," WITH SMALLER WORKS.



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PREFACE.

This book is more an after-thought, than the result of premeditation.

Finding the reports in the periodicals so imperfect (from the difficulty of reporting some speakers), and in some instances to the disadvantage of truth, to say nothing of the speaker, it occurred to the author for the first, that these Talks and Testimonies might be corrected and put in pamphlet form, perhaps to the benefit of many souls; and as many were calling for a new book of some kind, and even offering to pay for it in advance in some cases, the thought was cherished. That thought has finally grown to the present book, which includes reports of Sermons, Talks and Testimonies, delivered at six meetings for the promotion of Christian Holiness, with other selections; also, the reprint of a pamphlet which had been exhausted.

The greater part of the Sermons were extemporary; that is, they were neither committed nor written. The Talks and Testimonies were called forth by the excitement and inspiration of the occasion, and gathered up after their utterance; some from professional reporters, some from personal friends, some from memory. A part of which have been published in the following periodicals, viz.: Living Epistle, Cincinnati Gazette, Earnest Christian, Northern Independent, Methodist Home Journal, Zion's Herald, Troy Times, also the local papers where the meetings were held. By the aid of these papers many thoughts have been saved.

In the present corrected reports the reader will find less abruptness, and more elaboration of the thoughts than appeared in the original utterances.

The author has endeavored to fill up some of the chasms and round off the sharp corners somewhat, with the view of making the book more agreeable to the dispassionate reader, who is supposed to be unexcited. While to be precise and formal when speaking, amid the throbbing hearts around him on these occasions, even were it possible, would savor of infidelity in the estimate of some at least.

The title, "Visions from Modern Mounts," is not to be understood in the sense that new revelations have been received over and above the teachings of the Bible, nor that the author has been more favored than many modern Christians under special manifestations of the Spirit. Probably St. Paul occupied a higher out-look, and took in

rarer visions of New Testament Glory, than any saint who has lived since, especially if we are to judge by the effects of these views and manifestations on himself, for he was so overwhelmed with the heavenly revelations, as to be in doubt at times where he was—whether in the body or out of the body. The author of this book does not profess to have had any such visions in degree, as St. Paul had, for in his times of highest excitement he has not lost his whereabouts, though at times it has seemed doubtful where his soul would go, or on which world he would finally light.

He is free to confess to very great excitement.

This title, "Visions," etc., will naturally notify the reader what to expect, or rather, what not to expect—a prosy, theorizing book. If these views, visions and mighty impulses can be so tamed down, and sobered down, as to be translated into words, it is all that ought to be expected, to say nothing of the perfection of theory or of composition.

To those not present, it will be in place to say, that these meetings were quite free from human fixings. Songs, prayers and sermons were generally simplified down to great *soul* talk—to the native untranslated language of the heart. So, many of the thoughts contained in this book, they were born under the rushing mighty wind dispensation of the Spirit, where the action of a cool, criticising mind would seem irreverent. Not to be carried up to the high-water mark of these incoming tides is a bad sign.

When a vessel fails to rise and fall—tip and rock with the swells of the sea, the sailors say she is *aground*. Now the reader may as well know it first as last, that there was some rocking and high mounting up, when the great swells came in from the other shore. And it was at such times as these—times when heavenly influence, like waves of the sea, lifted us up above the fogs of time into the clean, clear sunlight of the spiritual world, that views and visions were had.

The author has no apologies to make for having been excited; nor for trying in this feeble way to represent these excitements—he believes in religious excitement more than any other; of course he refers to the real and not to the spurious.

When Heaven comes down our souls to greet, and Glory fills all the place where we are assembled, not to expect the tongues of fire, is simply to mistake God and Christians both.

May the Spirit endorse the truth of this book to the good of all who may read it, is the earnest prayer of the AUTHOR.

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VINELAND.

DIVINE ABILITY IN SAVING THE LOST.

After asking two prominent Ministers of my Conference if they were not going to the meeting to be holden at Vineland, without receiving any encouragement, I replied, I am going to that meeting to say Amen to the religion of Jesus Christ, in opposition to this worldly human affair which is coming into the Church like a flood.

Perhaps it ought to be called honor enough to be in such an unearthly place as this, with the privilege of saying *Amen* to the Methodism and the religion I joined forty-six years ago, without preaching at all.

Great as the responsibility is, and tremulous as I had been for a few past hours, I said to myself, if you cannot preach here, you had better never try again.

And yet it seems next to impossible to do so. I am too much excited to preach—feel strange—hardly know what to do with myself.

Never saw so many saints on their knees at once. This whole thing has taken me on surprise. If my experience is not new, it is so much more than usual as to make me feel strange.

The Ministers of my Conference are a clever set of men. They allow me to do about as I please, and bear it well, and I must be free here. Am not ambitious to preach a systematic sermon. Once I was, and so arranged my plans and propositions as to bring out about all there was in the text, as I ignorantly supposed, but since truth has grown so profoundly deep and sublimely high, I just cleave off one side of a text and go to work at that, and even then at times get overwhelmed. And this is my present trouble; it is so difficult to find texts small enough, or rather such as have but one prominent idea in them.

Here I have a passage before me of great and precious words—words that bend with the weight of wondrous truth:

"Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask, or think, according to the power that worketh in us,

"Unto him be glory in the Church, by Christ Jesus, throughout all ages, world without end."—Eph. 3: 20, 21.

This may be called the Great Doxology. We feel it to be great, but how great who can say, as we see only the commencement of it, and no doubt the least exciting part?

It begins in time, it is true, but the climax is reserved for the world without end.

But the mystery is that such views and visions—such clear perceptions and holy revelations—should be

had in prison. We generally go up in this world's affairs for extensive observations. But in things spiritual, as if to confound analogy and disappoint wicked prediction, God generally gives to his saints the clearest and broadest out-looks from the lowest stand-points of earth.

Look at Paul and Silas in the inner prison, praying and signing praises to God at midnight, perhaps signing—

> "Come on, my prisoners in distress,
> My comrades through this wilderness."

How happiness in such a place as this takes the world unawares! How disappointed that persecuting throng to find light and cheer and holy triumph breaking forth from those dark cells!

Shall Satan then boast himself over God's *delays* as failures? Shall he call the *postponement* of a victory the downfall of his cause? Shall he count on having deprived the world of a promised good, because he has thrust ministers into the inner prison, or beheaded a saint? Does he call that the end of God because *he* can go no further?

Let wickedness know that the great triumphs of truth often begin at Satan's strongest endings.

Is righteousness defeated—is the voice of God suppressed—because Paul and Silas, or Bunyan and Luther, are thrust into prison?

Nay, verily, the great words of truth which have come through prison grates are thrilling the world to-day.

The word of God is not easily bound.

Again, Paul kneels, as upon his hard chains in prison, and prays, and here it is, in part at least, in this chapter. How comprehensive his views of God's ability to save—how sublime his conceptions of the impartial atonement—how lifted up into an attitude of holy confidence, as if he had the right to prorogue the upper throne, holding the ear of heaven to the voice of triumph, even against prison darkness and the clank of chains!

The secret is, this holy ambassador is only here in appearance; the great *me* of that man soars defiantly above the prisons of earth, with scarce enough of him within reach of murderous hands to make chains hold to.

To be happy when every thing about us is calculated to make us so, is nothing remarkable. This comes within the comprehension of all.

But to be happy when there is nothing visible to make us happy, is beyond the philosophy of this world.

But more than this: to be happy against circumstances and condition—to be happy in opposition to every thing in the outside world—is one of God's miracles. Here is a prisoner with the most of the world against him, yet he exults, he is joyful. He is subjugated to the power of chains and a dark prison, it is true; still he triumphs. And instead of lamenting his decided course and faithful preaching—of predicting the downfall of the infant Church through

this reproach and failure, as the world would call it —he notifies his brethren of their honor in his chains, predicting the furtherance of the gospel through his imprisonment. And stranger still, this same prisoner, as if filled with all containable good and glory, turns his prayer into praise, closing with this wondrous doxology which I have chosen for my text.

The passage contains three prominent thoughts or topics, to wit:

First. What God is to the Church.

Second. What the Church is to God.

Third. That what God is to the Church, and what the Church is to God, is by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end.

We rarely find a text containing three propositions of such breadth of scope, and interest so thrilling, as the one before us. The first of these three topics will be sufficient for the present occasion.

Although we may never be able to speak on the second and third propositions alluded to, yet we dimly see the redeemed Church finally coming forth from the wrecks of worlds as the chief and the everlasting glory of God. That while the smaller glories of creation go down in deep oblivion, this Church glory shall run on—run on, world without end.

Then the other idea: That after Christ shall have come to be glorified in his saints, and admired in all them that believe, and shall deliver up the kingdom and the glory to God, and high Heaven shall take on its eternal ecstatic mood, and the ascriptions from

the Church to God shall set in, I seem to hear from every kindred, tribe, nation and dispensation, in mighty chorus,

By Christ Jesus throughout all ages!

No song shall be considered finished that does not celebrate Christ Jesus as the thrilling name of *all ages, world without end!*

How the rejectors of the divinity of Christ will relish a heaven that ascribes glory the most glorious, glory the most lasting, to the interposition and meritorious death of Him whom they deny, is doubtful, that is, provided they ever find that place.

Is this to be the conclusion, then, that the glory of the Infinite Trinity is to be subject to this condition, that it comes through the redemption of a mere man —a mortal Nazarene.

Is the Heavenly Throne to stand eternally indebted for its highest honor and loudest ascriptions of praise to the merit of a mortal?

However such may object to the conditions of this glory, or criticise the God manifest in flesh, one thing is evident, that the redeemed multitudes—those who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, whether on earth or in heaven—will not allow the *Jesus* of Jehovah to become obsolete.

This is the name ordained to inspire and thrill the songs and cycles of the *world without end!*

But our more immediate concern relates to the first topic of the text, to wit: What God is to the Church.

Without stopping to say what He is not, let us come directly to the question by saying, God to the Church is salvation in the most comprehensive sense.

Whether I succeed in making it appear or not, I mean more by the assertion than my hearers suspect.

I do not mean that salvation is incidental, nor that salvation is one work, with others to be provided for. I mean to say, that the salvation of the human race is the one great enterprise of the Infinite—that this is the grandest idea that ever loomed in the fog of eternity; and this, as far as we know, is the only work in God's hands to-day.

And if we run the history back, we shall find all his words and works and ways, as far as the record goes, relate directly or indirectly to this all-controlling object.

How otherwise shall we account for the vast outlay of creative wisdom and power—how justify this munificence of worlds, except in the fact that a holy human race was the grand object at which great creations aimed as their reason and justification?

It is said there were two full moons in the month of March last, and astronomers tell us that such a phenomenon has not been known, since the world was made, as two full moons in one month.

If this be so, what is the inference but this, that the first full series of the ponderous revolutions have only been gone through with once?

Think of that, O mortal, then hold thy breath!

Six thousand years bringing through the first figure in the dance of worlds!

Now, suppose an angel were to go out from His throne, and, stopping at some distant star, should ask what all these worlds and system of worlds were for, and the reply should be, "To see how pretty they would look," would he not be ashamed? But, suppose he were to be told that these were to serve a holy race, that man was the favorite of God, and that these great contrivances were so arranged as to bring their blessings to this favorite of Heaven, would they not glorify God both in the object and the means?

For this grand object the Trinity is set apart—to this work the Throne of Heaven is committed, as seen in God's fore-knowledge and fore-ordination, and the pre-arrangement of His works, and the final anointing of His Son for the redemption of the race now fallen.

If God does any thing aside from salvation, it is a work of necessity—a necessity growing out of the rebellion of men or of angels—that, too, for which no previous arrangements had been made. Hell itself is an after-thought—an expedient devised on an emergency for the protection of the universe against the malice of fallen angels—for the time was when no such apostates existed. And as the Lord never designed the existence of wicked beings, his universe was not arranged for them.

So also the rebellion of man took the Lord on sur-

prise, that is, as far as previous arrangements were concerned.

If we could go back to the chart of God's original purposes, we should find no intimation of sin and ruin, of death and hell, but rather that all men might be saved.

Hence the unnaturalness—the strangeness to God—of meeting this sin-necessity which had been forced upon His hands.

Hear the final interpretation of original design, as indicated in the last sentence:

"Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire *prepared* for the *Devil* and his angels."

Implying that the rebellion of man was an event so monstrously unnatural and unlooked for, that the Lord had no arrangement for disposing of human sinners. Then, as if the universe was so taken up with broad and far-reaching plans of life and salvation, of heaven and immortality, that there was no space left to make a place in for the banishment of this second race of apostates,—hence depart to the place *prepared* for the *Devil* and his angels.

But when the Judge comes to his natural work—the work of his heart and his purpose—to that for which the universe had been contrived—how changed the manner—how easy and godlike the welcome: "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom *prepared* for *you* from the foundation of the world?"

Here is reference to two original purposes being

worked out at the same time. Mansions in glory for unborn millions, and this earth-home of time to get them ready in, and both being builded at once.

Laying the foundations of the earth—lifting up the sides of the north, then adding another mansion in the upper kingdom—a blow here, then a blow there—creations here alternating with creations there.

Are my hearers ready to ask what all this has to do with the text—with God's ability to save?

Is it of no importance to our faith and hope to know that the production of holy human beings is natural to the heart of the Infinite—natural to his power and his holiness? And that his great creations, along with his predeterminations and fore-ordinations, are in harmony with the disposition of his unchangeable nature? Does not ability to save rest back in the divine nature, and is there no power in naturalness? Then is there a greater work conceivable than the production of human beings in the likeness of God? And was not this the highest aim of the Trinity, through all his wondrous works and ways, both in creation and redemption?

If salvation, or the production of holy beings, instead of being an incident or a secondary thought, is shown to be the great, sole idea of the divine mind, emerging from eternity before time was—that, too, after which and for which the worlds were made—is it no argument in favor of God's ability to save?

But our chief interest relates to the present state of things. How has God's ability to save, been

affected by the fall of man and the curse of the world?

For a great change has taken place. Man began favorably. He started with a bright prospect. He was not only a natural Christian, but he was located just a little out of Heaven, in the twilight of that bright world, within speaking distance of his God.

But alas, alas! In that same favored place Adam rejected the word of the most high for the sophistry and lie of Satan, and turning his back on God, went into fellowship with a fallen spirit. How great the change! Ere the sun of that fatal day went down, every light in upper paradise went out to man, and angels turned their backs on ruin too vast and dark for sight.

Man is a failure—he has gone to ruin—another rebellion has come into the universe.

In this terrible crisis what can be done?

Will the Lord hold to his eternal purpose—will he still insist on the original idea—the production of human beings in the likeness of himself? Or will he negotiate with anti-christ for half Christians? Will he consent to Satan's holding the heart on the condition that a respectable life is given to God? for evidently the gall of sin has gone deep into the fountain.

The answer to these questions will somewhat develop God's power to save. It is a prevailing error with the unconverted, that the Lord can save any one if he sees fit to do so—that the salvation of man

rests on God's prerogative, without reference to law, to fitness, or moral necessity.

My friends, the salvation of fallen man necessitated the greatest sacrifice and overture ever known. The manner of the upper throne—in some respects the government and the moral universe—were reconstructed to meet this startling emergency, which had been smuggled into this new-made world. To make it possible for God to be just, in justifying him that believeth in Jesus, a reason must be produced.

The fall of man brought on a stress of circumstances which the Infinite himself was not prepared directly to meet, but he was prepared to commit himself by promise to the full reparation of the mighty ruin at some future period.

Four thousand years were occupied in the preparation of heaven and earth for the consummation of wondrous redemption.

In these long years salvation was proffered and received on the promissory principle, on the credit of the Son of God, who stood committed, as the Lord's anointed, to the incarnation and crucifixion for lost man. He stood for four thousand years in the court of Heaven, representing the Lamb slain—the substance of all the shadows—the significance of all the sacrifices, from righteous Abel down to the rending of the veil in the sight of Calvary. I said the manner of the heavenly throne in a sense had been reconstructed to meet the new condition of things. I do not mean that the nature or attributes

of the Divine being had been revolutionized or changed, but that the Infinite had taken on new manifestations, and instituted new relations to man, suited to his *ruined* condition. Hence the new titles of the godhead, as Jesus and Christ, Redeemer, Sanctifier, etc.

These are modern titles of recent origin, and stand for this new interposition and manifestation of God to the *lost*. The coupled titles of Christ Jesus relate directly to both parties, God and man.

The Christ of Jesus belongs to God, and not to us directly. As Christ, he is the Lord's anointed, set apart as the propitiatory sacrifice—the Lord's reason for justifying a penitent believer.

The Jesus of Christ belongs directly to lost man, and forms the sole argument with God why a penitent may be pardoned of his sins.

So with respect to the terms of salvation, new conditions have been instituted, such as are suited to the *lost*. In the place of perfect works as the condition of acceptance with God, it is now faith in Jesus Christ as our sacrifice for sin, and God's reason for pardon. Originally, man's only plea for acceptance with his Maker was hereditary righteousness and perfect works, while under the new order of things, man's best and only argument with heaven is his own *sinfulness* and the merit of Jesus. Just these two thoughts or pleas, urged at the gate of the kingdom of grace, insure acceptance.

The former system was arranged for saving the

righteous, while the redemptive plan is adapted to saving *sinners* from *sin*, so that a bankrupt in works has the best hope of all others of being restored by faith. But mark this; faith don't go halves with works for righteousness; neither do we believe heartily with a good stock of works on hand, from which we hope to realize.

There is no way in heaven or earth for saving part bad and part good sinners. God's power to do exceedingly and bless abundantly, is adjusted to all ruin—to those who are all bad—so that the doubtful point now is, not whether we are good enough for God to help, but whether we are bad enough in our own estimation to attract God's pity and accept of a bankrupt's Saviour.

God's ability to save men fallen rests ultimately on the legality of the atonement.

The sacrifice of Christ for the sins of the whole world derives its merit not from the fact that he was a righteous and holy man, nor yet because he was divine, but because he was God manifest in the flesh for a specific purpose, and representing the union of the two natures both in living and in dying.

God's power to save acts through his redemptive relations with the lost—these relations, though mysteri us, are nevertheless constitutional.

Let no one, then, be pestered with the insinuation, that in asking God to do "exceeding abundantly," etc., that he is asking him to turn aside from his course, or to violate some attribute of his nature.

Nay, the system of redemption is not a thing of sufferance, an expedient so unnatural and inharmonic with the heavenly throne, that the gracious God must be importuned to bring him over some restraint of his nature, or some impediment in the moral constitution in saving the lost.

Nay, verily, saving lost men through redemption—since the Son of God has taken upon him our nature, our flesh, for the specific purpose of redeeming—is as natural to the Trinity as was the production of holy Adam by creation.

The salvation of lost man, through the incarnation and offering of Jesus Christ, being on a line with the divine nature and his original creations, it is reinforced by the powers of the heavenly throne and the eternal decrees. The salvation of sinners, through repentance and faith in Christ, interests the holy powers and beings of the universe.

This redeemed empire, where God is restoring the fallen to the lost image of himself, is the seat and center of excitement and attraction for all worlds. Here the whole deity is known and felt.

Not a sinner on earth can repent, but a thrill of pure delight is sent rippling through the immortal ranks to the other side of eternity.

Heaven half lives on Christ's victories in time.

To unsaved persons, on this ground, I wish to say, plainly and for your good, that you are resisting great light—great truth—truths that make devils tremble in hell to-day.

You are breasting a tide of holy influence that would well nigh waft reprobates heavenward.

If you are lost, it will be against the decrees of God—against his will, his words and worlds.

My brother man, do give up this sin-attitude toward God. You are a discordancy in yourself—in the gracious purposes of Christ and the design of creation. You are a contradiction of Calvary and the patience of heaven. Do put yourselves into agreement with the good wishes of all pure spirits, and the saving power of God, lest you pervert these life-giving influences into a savor of death unto death.

But the critical and most exciting point in our subject relates to the degree of this salvation. This idea is alluded to in the text in a seeming contradictory manner.

First, this saving ability is made to transcend all measures and limits, both of expression and thought —"exceeding abundantly!"

Then it seems narrowed down to the degree of the power that worketh in us.

Perhaps this is the teaching of the text: That God does not and cannot save arbitrarily, or on the principle of prerogative, not even by any rule in himself; that while his ability in himself transcends all thought, still the degree of every individual's salvation is determined in himself.

What is the degree of his light—what is his capacity for truth and God? That is the measure which limits unbounded ability in its impartations.

If the gracious God stops at any degree this side of great infinitude, it's because a finite can bear no more. Yet after admitting this limitation, the spirit's impartations and revelations to man shall exceed his power of asking or of thinking. A religion that fails to take us into the Great Unspeakable, may be of man, but not of God. The popular standard of religion with the world, and even with many churches, stops at a respectable life. It's not so important how one feels, what the motions of sin within may be, if they are only mastered by the body.

This is fighting against great odds, just as though muscles could govern great emotional soul. The policy is, to suppress the badness of the heart, and practice good morals.

Hence the watching and guarding—then sinning, repenting and confessing—then striving again, but disappointed, disgusted, shamed—now the bowed head and sad heart. The Lord pity such, for they are by multitudes.

Friends, I know from long and sad experience what I am talking about—I know how to pity you.

But this is going wrong—this is superficial—it does not touch the malady—this is "washing the Ethiope white" by external applications—this is only concealing the spots of the leopard. Dear man, prescribe for a spotted nature, and the spotted skin will come right: a spotted nature will always grow spots somewhere.

A certain boy seemed to have been born a thief—

always stealing. At length his father hit on a sovereign remedy—it was all sovereign. He went to his neighbors with the glad news: "John has not stolen for three days." "How did you cure him?" "Tied his hands behind him." So it is spiritually every where—persons considered saved when the heart is controlled to a decent life by outside restraints. Not only theft, but pride, anger and envy tied down—straps and cords running every where—ministers insisting on watchfulness—on living straight, and all this—and this is just what they should preach—and this is just what the people ought to do to govern themselves.

But this is not religion. Certainly, it 's not being saved up to the standard of the text; and perhaps only a gentleman in straps—more thanks to the straps than the gentleman at that.

Now, the mistake in all this is not in the restraints, in watching, in mortifying and denying the fallen propensities. This is Bible teaching.

The fatal error is this: in mistaking wickedness restrained for wickedness cured or destroyed—in perverting means from means to the end for which means were ordained—for substituting self-denial and a moral life for Christianity of the heart.

God's philosophy is not to begin with the fingers, but to strike at the seat of all moral action, making the fountain pure, then letting the stream go. No moral action is legitimate or virtuous that is not related with the heart.

My parents practiced very rigid restraints on their naughty child very young. But few boys, even in Massachusetts, and in the salutary times of sixty years ago, were made to follow a straighter line of conduct. They had eight different ways of punishing me, till father and mother both gave me up in despair —yes, mother gave me up!

Although they did not cure their boy, I honor them to-day for the stringent discipline of my childhood and youth. The wickedness of my nature was held in check, or I might have been carried too far for repentance, even.

But when the Holy Ghost, at the youthful age of fourteen, reproved my soul of sin, something stubborn in me gave way.

In one week from this my whole being was revolutionized. Here, at this first degree of the spirit's work, let us stop and ask if it is not unspeakable already. Here is the worst boy in the neighborhood, with no revival, going from house to house—from field to field—in search of boys to pray with and talk to about their souls. Then in that after-change —after being in prayer with others till two o'clock in the morning—my soul was transformed from bad to good, as in the twinkling of an eye, and I ran out of that house, with both hands stretched toward the sky, exclaiming, Glory to God!

Was it not "exceeding abundantly?"

Hear it, Christian and skeptic! The first flash of light, the first motion of redeeming power, took

me beyond myself—beyond the outmost verge of thought!

"Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly!"

This testimony for God is not an isolated case—it is corroborated by thousands of witnesses on this ground to-day.

There are at least two circumstances which seem important to the full triumph of redemption, viz.: First, that man should be saved in all his powers and parts—in the fullness of his being.

Take this comparison of contrast: An individual is run over by the cars and terribly mangled. The surgeon says, "I cannot save the whole of you. After cutting you down to the other side of brokenness and bruises, I may save what there is left." But this divine ability, which exceeds abundantly, promises to make the believer every whit whole—*complete* in Christ; soul, body and spirit restored to holiness, and preserved blameless, to final glory. The physician says of that very sick friend, "I cannot cure you, sir, but I can help you to die more easy." He admits that death is master of the situation, and only hopes to abate the painfulness of the surrender.

Can't cure you! What a word is that!

But our physician is "*mighty to save.*" He has taken hold of sin, both in its practice and results, with a strong hand. Through the washing of regeneration for the soul, and final resurrection for the body, he proposes to cure the sicknesses and diseases

both of soul and body—to heal the wounds and bruises of sin, and grow up even the scars of the old wounds so smoothly, that he may at last present the redeemed multitudes to the Father without *spot* or *wrinkle*, or any *such thing*. The abounding of grace must at least be equal to the abounding of sin.

The other circumstance alluded to is, that man shall be restored where he went to ruin.

The full salvation of the lost in this present life is of more importance in its relation to Christ's triumph, than we are apt to suppose.

Christ chooses to demonstrate his power to save before the world, and for this purpose, in part, he holds the redeemed ones in long review, making them a gazing stock to angels and men.

The Romish priests practically admit their inability to Christianize their subjects in this life; hence the invention of purgatory, in which remarkable doings are reported, for cash in hand. But God's ability to save is proven and manifested here in daylight.

Again, a neighbor moves to the West, is taken with chills and fever; the physician has very much helped him, but says, "You cannot stay well unless you move into some other country."

Christ can cure of the malady of sin, and keep us cured in this same malarious world where the disease came on. Were it possible to take sinners even to heaven, or to any other place, and there make them holy, would be to evade the vital point in the conflict between heaven and hell. The question is, can Jesus

Christ redeem lost man against the influences which took him to ruin? Can he reverse sin against its own tide? Can he practically contradict the power of the devil in the gates of hell, and lead captivity captive?

What has the reformation, in the nonsense of purgatory, to do with the crown of the king of kings? The change of battlefield is a virtual acknowledgment of defeat. Christ came into this very world to destroy the works of the devil. And he claims for redemption a victory, in sight of his enemies—here, on this old arena of conflict—here, where the depredations were committed, and man went to ruin.

When the Southern rebels, after four years of preparation, said we are ready—ready to break up the government of the nation—did we beg them to go to Canada for the strife? Nay, we met the beast in his own lair. We went to their strong fortifications, and wrenching their guns from the grasp of those who forged them, turned them back on their owners. We took this murderous mob by the power of guns and the valor and strength of right.

After Satan had spent four thousand years in fortifying this world against truth and God, lo! He who is mighty to save, walked into this field of soul carnage in dyed garments from Edom, when the gates of hell shook and the dead began to live! Did our brave soldiers count it a small honor that they fought in Richmond, and that it was from Richmond that they came to the greetings and honors of home?

Who, in the spiritual warfare, could ask for more than to confess Christ before his enemies in the strongholds of sin?—to rustle their white robes as on the ramparts of hell, in token of victory through the blood of the Lamb, and the next day go up to the welcome of, "Well done, good and faithful servant!" come, enter into my joy; you have been in a dangerous place—you have witnessed for me in spiritual Richmond—now come to your honor and your everlasting pension?

Brethren, count not salvation doubtful, because of the long and dark catalogue of calamities, curses and enemies which are to be overcome, for it 's the prerogative of a conqueror to wield the enemy's works against himself. This is another argument in favor of God's ability to save. He is bound to turn the guns of anti-christ against himself.

Christ, as conqueror and captain of our salvation, has overcome the world, and so reversed the results and curses of sin to believers, as to make all things work for their good in life, and turned dying into an eternal gain, wheeling proud, defiant king of terrors into the attitude of waiter to victorious faith! What must be the chagrin of the pale horse rider—this old monarch of sepulchres, who has struck down many a mighty one without leave or asking, to be stopped so suddenly at his own portals, for a saint to finish his prayer and shout his last hosanna, and then, at best, only put a *conqueror* to *rest* who had fallen asleep in Jesus!

In concluding, let me exhort all present, with myself, to aim high, and contend, by faith in the atonement of Christ, for the Bible degree of salvation. Let the aim of our every day existence pitch so high that no mortal can reach the mark without the interposition and impartation of the Holy Ghost. For it 's the prerogative of a saint to be that, and to do that, which no mere man can be nor do.

Confound gainsayers by a divine supernaturalness, and compel the verdict of the world in favor of Christ, by a holiness that 's above the reach of hypocrisy—by a spiritual mindedness that defies the power of mimicry.

We hear a great deal about an intelligent religion. Probably we have much reason for such talk. But the religion of God is above intelligence—it 's above explanation or comprehension—it 's both unspeakable and unthinkable, and can never come to our consciousness except through faith in Him who is able to do exceeding abundantly! Unto whom be glory in the Church by Christ Jesus, throughout all ages, world without end. Amen!

MANHEIM.

THRONE OF GRACE.

Let us, therefore, come boldly to the throne of grace.—HEB. 4: 16.

We are familiar with thrones of judgment—of regal power and dominion. But here is one unlike all others; it is the throne of grace; a place for the dispensation of favors. It is that intermediate point between the eternal throne and man's fallen state, to which the Infinite stooped in Jesus, letting himself down—down more than half way to the lost, and there ordained the first mutual meeting for God and man.

Recollect, brethren, this meeting-place may be near at hand, for if we had far to go to find our God, we might never reach the place. Hence he, who from a feeling of distance or otherwise, pitches his prayer to the *third* heavens, will most surely miss *this* throne, without reaching the other. It is not our work to bring Christ down from above, or we might claim some credit for going so great a distance to be blessed.

Again, this is the lowest point in the stoop of the Infinite for meeting destitute man.

It is true, the Spirit goes out in light and truth, reproving and convicting all the way down to the verge of death and ruin; but there are no mutual meetings below this place of asking and giving.

Could the scenes of the mercy seat be photographed, we should have a picture of marvelous contrasts. Look in upon the downcast, dejected ones, on their way to God; mark the bowed head—the tearful eye—the aching heart—the mighty load of sin and guilt, or of affliction and care. How dark in sackcloth they look! But, O, the change, when the gracious One takes that load from the soul—when He wipes tears from every face, and breathes heaven into desolate ones! Then the clap of hands begins.

Mark these suppliants as they rise from prayer, with soul unfreighted of sin and darkness and death. Do you inquire where this wonderful place may be found? It is where the spiritual transformations take place—where the penitent is pardoned, and the soul is born again. It is where believers are sanctified, and saints go to sun themselves in the light of the unveiled face, and take in moral power and courage. It is where the elect go to put on the whole armor of God for the fight of faith. With these brief intimations of the character and relations of this throne of grace, the question of approach becomes interesting.

We have time for only three inquiries in relation to the subject:

First—What are the prerequisities to prayer?

Prayer literally signifies asking for favors. In the text, prayer implies asking in a particular way, and on particular grounds.

We ask not on the ground of just recompense, but for blessings promised through that gracious interposition by which mercy gives us rights through the promises, where justice would exclude our first and last plea, but for this interposition.

I can speak now of only three particulars in our qualifications for coming to God. First and obviously, a sense of want; and this, we may say, is where prayer begins.

But a sense of want here means much; it 's not enough that the all-wise Being knows our wretchedness and poverty, and that we have confidence in his wisdom. We must *feel* our destitution as the All-Wise sees it. Our experience of wretchedness, and the Lord's estimate of us, must somewhat agree. And just here, I apprehend, may be found the chief doubt of success before God.

The point of disagreement between man and his God, relates to his wretchedness—his sinfulness, and absolute need of a Saviour.

There is nothing doubtful or critical in the Lord's exalting a beggar, even to a king and priest, unto himself. It 's nothing with the Lord to relieve a bankrupt, and even set him up in business. That 's what this throne is for—to dispense favors to the destitute.

We pass the critical point when we come to where

the Lord can work alone. He heals the broken hearted—he enriches the poor in spirit without help.

The doubtfulness is on the other side, where haughty man is required to count as dross and loss, his amiable life, and conceited moral worth, and be reduced to but one plea, and that the merit of another. We so dislike the coming of the law—that holy commandment which drives our self-righteousness behind the revival—the uprising of sins, when we exclaim, O, wretched man that I am! That 's the case to pray—that 's a subject for God's gifts.

The first triumph of the Holy Ghost in man, is to produce a felt necessity for Christ. There is a petition, rather common, which may lead astray, as it does not agree with this special work of the Spirit. It is this: "Bless us as *thou* seest we have need." No, my brethren, that is too cheap a prayer—somewhat like wholesaling wants in the original package, without knowing what they are. This is passing over the most critical point in the whole process of our salvation.

The Holy Ghost is definite in his work, not only as the discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart, but definite in his convicting power and witnessing voice. If we would appreciate the blessing, we must first be made conscious of the want. God cannot bless as *He sees* we have need, nor by any rule, power, or prerogative in himself. If he could, what a blessed world we should have down here on

these low grounds. But if the petition has reference to the Divine providences, or the bestowment of the means of grace, it is very proper.

For instance, God could and did provide for the redemption of our race, as he saw we had need; but the application of that atonement rests with individual man. Is there any authority for the opinion, that the Lord imparts to the soul by a rule in himself? Are there measures in the heavenly storehouse—does he give the Spirit by measures unto us? And at times does he *deal* out spiritual good in so stinted a manner, that Zion languishes? Is that the cause—is the fault with heaven? Then let mourning cease, and sackcloth be laid aside.

Nay, brethren, every one coming to this blessing-place, in the real, asking mood, is filled, for every person carries in his own soul—in his own capacity, the measure of God to him, and always will. And every one that comes is filled, from high archangel down to babe in Christ.

And if the gracious God can only have his way with us, there will be times when he will more than bless us, or more than fill us; there will come the pressing down bountifulness, till the soul is made to run over with imparted heaven! Let my hearers mark this, that there is nothing critical in giving—in dispensing good; that, the Lord does, without our agency.

The conflict and the doubt is in making a place for the blessing—in producing a vacuum to be filled, or,

in plain words, producing soul distress from want. This is the first prerequisite in coming to God.

The second particular in our qualifications for prayer, looks forward to the disposition of the answer, and involves the motive of asking. The test, or evidence to us, of right asking, is not so much in itself, as some teach, as in the answer. As giving is a practical endorsement of the asking, the Spirit requires a preparedness of heart, not only for receiving these new impartations, but also a purpose to improve them in the right direction. It may be profitable to ask ourselves, why we pray, and why we desire an answer to our great petitions? What use do we propose to make of this augmentation of our spiritual gifts and graces?

There must be some defect somewhere, or there would be more signs of answering. The prayer in itself may be all right and proper—proper that it should be answered even, provided the motive is right in desiring to receive.

We may ask and receive not, because we ask amiss —amiss mostly in relation to the disposition of the answer; it may be to consume it upon our lusts—upon self-aggrandizement, building up an aristocratic church, or in some way to make a worldly show. Is our faith really faith, or is it anxiety? Does our concern for the lost, pass with indifference the unsaved in the church, to spend itself on those out of the church; and is there no reason for this partiality, or have we pity and prayers for unsaved everywhere?

Then is this concern the result of the love of God in us, or is it human instinct christianized and excited for the occasion? Is it the impulse of that love which brought Christ from glory to Calvary, or is it only human sympathy aroused? Real faith, instead of being damaged by such questions, is made more confident, while the prayer of inspiration is re-assured by contrast with mere human sympathy.

There is another circumstance in this connection, of sufficient importance to be considered, did time admit, viz: Our increased responsibility from the answer of prayer. Especially that great request: "To be baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire," that highest manifestation of God to man this side of glorification. While we do not question the sincerity of those who use this bold poetic sentence, still to hear it so often and so flippantly used on every occasion, seems irreverent to those who have only a moderate conception of its awful, glorious import.

Still there are those, thank the Lord, and the number is increasing, who act out the glorious power of this baptism. But ask them how they attained unto it; go through their history of fightings within and fightings without; see how much of conflict, of affliction and self-crucifixion was required to tone their nature up to a life so divine.

Then look at their oppressive sense of obligation, in view of God's patience with them, and the holy revelations and manifestations; mark the subordination of all this light, of these gifts and graces with the

adjustment of natural endowments to hard work—to unpopular work; see how superhumanly they undertake for the world in the name of their God.

O, my soul, adore Christ in these trophies of Calvary! How like lights in a benighted land they glow! How they harmonize with their Master in the spirit of benevolence—of suffering and self sacrificing for the lost, almost living on the welfare of others—adjourning their own hosannahs of happiness over to glorification.

My hearers will recollect that we have three particulars under the first division of the subject, viz: 1st. Sense of destitution. 2d. Purity of motive in desiring an answer. 3d. Appreciation of increased responsibility from increased gifts.

Second—The second prominent idea of the subject relates to the encouragements of prayer. We are invited to come boldly: 1st. In opposition to doubtfulness or uncertainty. 2d. In opposition to excessive timidity from a sense of unworthiness. 3d. But more specially, unlike the trembling fear of the ancient high priests, growing out of the minute and critical performance of their office under the ceremonial law, where an error through ignorance or carelessness in the preliminary services, either for himself or for the people, might go unnoticed till the priest entered the holy of holies for intercession, when he might be struck dead for the mistake of yesterday. Hence the stress of the following words: "Seeing, he ever liveth to make intercession for us." Intercession is not only

the last act of atonement, but also the test act; if God accepts the high priest in this last and crowning act, it is evidence that the preliminaries are accepted also.

Not so under the gospel; perfection of previous service is not a condition of acceptance before the mercy seat. It's not by virtue of the critical performance of ceremonies that God proposes to hear our prayer—not so much by the precision of acts, or the grammar of words, as by the logic of distress. Not so much by what the tongue says, as by the great unutterable talk of soul.

The Indian woman had been instructed by the missionaries in some things — her dark soul was troubled—in her ignorance she went to prayer with but two English words, and as God was English, and knew nothing of Indian language, she used her two words: January, February—January, February. This was her mouth prayer; but her soul repented, and believed in Indian. God answered by the untranslated Indian of her soul. A deaf and dumb man in Massachusetts, motioned with his hands to God; with what unutterable groanings from that pent-up soul, who can say? God seemed to answer his hands.

Our principal encouragement in approaching the throne of grace, is referred to in the word *therefore*, which alludes to Christ as our Mediator. Christ, by making atonement for us, has constituted this asking and giving an established law of the kingdom of grace.

Let no one, then, be perplexed in their faith, with the insinuation, that prayer is taxed with bringing the Lord over legal impediments, or of persuading him away from original purpose to hear the prayer of mortals.

No, my brother, if that is your view, you are going wrong—you are expecting to approach through the Jehovah title of Deity, where he is a consuming fire.

Prayer, through the Mediator, takes us into the open face of God—into the Jesus of his name, where he always smiles—forever saying to needy ones, come and be blessed for Christ's sake—come into the channel of life's broad river, the outgoings of the gracious God. Now, it is just here, in this outflow of the Divine graciousness, the Lord has established the place for asking, so that he who comes to God through Christ Jesus, comes the life and blessing-way, he must receive.

Third—Another encouragement is found in the two-fold character of our Mediator: he is not only the middle man of two diverse parties, but he is part and nature of both, so that whoever comes into fellowship with the Advocate, comes into harmony with himself and God.

That the invisible One has made himself so familiar, through the incarnation, we dare to approach the lofty One, and even speak, when it is a human voice saying, I am the way to God.

But the adequacy of Christ, as advocate, is seen in the following illustration:

Suppose we lived in a monarchal government, and one of us a poor, obscure man, had a cause to present to the king—one peculiar to this class of society. Do you not see, brethren, the difficulty of finding a competent advocate to present the case? If he would put his soul and sympathy into the cause, he must have the experience of a poor, ignorant man; he must belong with this class of society. But you see that the very things which qualify him for one party, cut him off from the other. Will the king hear such a man? He will, no doubt, hear the king (if he is allowed to come so near), asking who this stranger is, that presumes to adjourn the business of his throne, to hear a talk about another stranger, whom no officer in my court knows. What are your claims on my attention, and my government? What office did you ever fill under my reign? Can't hear you, sir—no claims here.

But when we come to *our* Advocate—the adorable Redeemer, how mighty to save—mighty with both parties!

Through his double character—his two-fold nature, he spans the mighty gap from upper throne to the verge of Hell!

By his regal and divine nature, he sways the court of heaven; adjourning, if need be, the creation of a world, to hear his pleadings and groanings for lost humanity! Yes, for humanity, over whom the wrath of that throne is hanging!

By his human nature, he lets himself down to

companionship with the wretched and the lost, reaching a poverty below what falls to the lot of birds and foxes!

By his experience of the manger—the wilderness—the cross, and the grave, he has put himself into relationship and sympathy with all the essential conditions of humanity. Hence he is naturally touched with the feeling of our infirmities.

This is our Intercessor, who has put his soul and body—body bloody from the cross, into the lost and ruined cause of our race.

Now, saints, pray! Lift up thy head, O Daughter of Zion, toward the heavenly hills, for the way is open, and beaming with the smiles of welcome clear up to thy God.

Fourth—The relation of prayer to God's moral character.

It is seen in this, that character is committed in promise more than in works. That prayer proceeds not only on the credit of promise, but prayer more than all things else, is the test and verification of promise. "For all the promises of God in him are yea, and in him amen, to the glory of God, *by us.*" *By us.* See 2 Cor. 1–20.

There is more of the Divine character revealed and verified through Christians than in all the creations of God. Creation has no moral meaning in itself. The Almighty might create scores of other planets, if there were room to crowd them in, or he could, with the breath of his mouth, clear a gap across the

heavens, clean of worlds, without affecting, in the least, his character.

But to let the sigh of a penitent go unnoticed, or leave a saint in the struggle of faith a little too long, would forfeit his word, and shake the confidence of his kingdom in the integrity of the throne. He might allow the sun to run out of his track, or so tip the polls as to mix up days and nights all around the globe, without touching his veracity, for he has not said that he would, or would not, do such things. But if he fails to be where two or three are met in his name, the promise goes down, and with it his character, for his appointment to be there is published, and he *must* be there. Though a world stood in his way, he'd whirl it into nonentity before he would see a promise fail, for these are some of the words which shall outstand heaven and earth both, the last jot and tittle of which shall be fulfilled.

Hence faith and prayer is as certain as promise, for God has joined them together.

He who kneels in holy prayer according to the Divine will, plants himself on the immutable word—on the Rock of Ages, which has withstood the gates of hell for centuries past, and down to this day it is said, behold, he prayeth—prayeth as in the ancient days—with unabated confidence in the tried word of the faithful One. Could an imaginary Deity survive the test of faith and prayer for six thousand years, and yet hold the confidence of the universe, not

excepting the world of woe? for devils believe even unto trembling.

There is somewhere an observatory built of stone, and resting deep down on a rock. On the top of this high column is poised the telescope. Then there is a wooden structure surrounding this column all the way up; this is for breaking the vibrations of the atmosphere, and for a stairway. This outside structure is expected to shake, but no trembling may be allowed within. So if we could look within the clay-house tenement of a saint, whose posts are shaking with infirmity and outside storms, we should find the soul in the rest of faith, leaning on his God, saying, none of these things move me.

That old planet, Uranus, eighteen hundred millions of miles from the sun, had stood for ages as a reliable boundary in the heavens—always true to his course—always on time, but of late years it had been observed to wander and become unsteady. When astronomers everywhere became perplexed over this strange phenomenon, and set themselves to work to solve the mystery, two men living far apart, conceived the idea that some new comer must be approaching, whose influence affected the gravity of old Uranus.

In 1846, these two men, at the same time, set their long tubes ransacking the heavens for the intruder. On—on they ran their gaze, till out two billions, eight hundred millions of miles, their two looks met on what ailed Uranus. There they saw great Neptune, coming out of the back chambers of the Uni-

verse, driving up toward the neighborhood of worlds, when the old way-marks of ages began to reel. But he who has made the Lord his refuge and strength, is more reliable and important than Uranus or the moon, and will outlive them both. For the righteous shall never be moved.

The man of faith, standing on his knees, is an unmovable power. Held out into the tribulations of earth in God's own hand, who shall harm him? It has been the aim of persecution for the long ages, to find the place where God takes hold of man—by some means to cut the tie that binds a mortal to the arm of Omnipotence—severing the ligament that unites weakness with power. But his name is still the same, "*Mighty* in *God*"! A saint, in harmony with the Divine will, wields, to an extent, the powers of the world to come; and at times is allowed to dictate Jehovah's thunder!

He is a match for persecution—he is more than prisons and lions; yea, more than fire, or nature, for nearly every law in nature has been made to turn aside to let this conquerer through.

The chains of persecuted Peter are cleft asunder by the blow of an angel; while iron gates swing back by an unseen power!

Look at Moses, standing in the breach, as if allowed to withstand the Infinite—taking hold of the naked sword in God's own hands, turning back wrath from Israel! Look at Joshua, with a promised victory about to fail. And notwithstanding the Lord had

marshaled a regiment of clouds into the service of faith, opening a cannonading from over head, yet the battle goes hard against the promise; the whole course of nature stands in contradiction to prayer and promise both. What can be done in this emergency?

Suppose one failure of the immutable word could so be hid from the gaze of intelligences as to save the honor of the upper throne, could God afford to spoil a saint, just for the sake of nature's routines? Then here is an opportunity for calling the attention of the Universe to the faithfulness of Jehovah—that he honors his word above all his name. Now let it be known that the event to take place—this great hush in the mighty sweep of nature's courses, is in behalf of a saint on his knees, holding a promise in his faith!

Joshua takes a survey of the prospect, then goes to prayer. He asks what shall be done in this emergency? Time is wanted; O, for one full day at this critical juncture. Joshua looks at the battle, then at the sun, then to heaven, repeating the promise.

At last intimates the wondrous expedient, that it's best for creation to be stopped. It's true, it seems a bad place to stop at, with the sun rushing down the western slope. But faith says, stand still where you are! When the old worlds were steadied down to a dead stop, for a man at prayer, making two days out of one with no night between!

Now, ye saints of the Lord, if nature and worlds have been subject to prayer through the Divine interposition, and have been made to turn aside for it's

answer, may you not ask and receive the fullness of saving grace, when saving believers to the uttermost is in harmony with God and worlds both? Take this great truth to your faith and the confidence of your heart, that the immutable promise—the Divine character, and the heavenly powers are committed to the prayer of faith—it must prevail! Now ask and receive, that your joy may be full.

TALKS AND TESTIMONIES.*

Millennium Begun.

Perhaps it was Brother Inskip who made this remark from the stand: "We have on this ground the beginning of Millennium. Up yonder is a tent of Baptists, Presbyterians and Quakers—all happy in the fellowship of love. That is Millennium on a small scale."

The Sermon of Power.

The sermon of Brother G. C. Wells, of Troy Conference, was a wonderful portrayal of God's method of saving man. It was remarkable in the application of Bible truth in Bible words. Its effect on that vast congregation was like a great front wave, rolling out through the placid waters—tipping and rocking every craft, both small and great, in the neighborhood. From that point on, the work ran deep.

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*Reported in the Northern Independent.

Fraternity of the Stand.

The stand contained quite a congregation of humble, loving, kingdomized brothers—all ministers of Jesus Christ. Only two that we suspected as being *clergymen* were observed. *They went away.*

Faithful Ministers Can't be Starved Yet.

A lay brother—perhaps from New York—exhorted the ministers to be true and deal faithfully with souls, and not spare sin in the Church, and he believed they would be supported in it; but if they should become needy, let him know it—he had the wherewith to help them. God had given him the means, and he was ready to apply it. As much as to say, "My money goes for the thorough healing of the hurt of Zion, before frescoing and organs."

A Pilgrim Going Up.

A Quaker sister, seventy years of age, in a love feast of four thousand—rising upon a bench far out in the thicket of joyous faces, all wrinkled, gray and thin, like a spectre in clothes—spread forth her bony hands, crying out, "I am about ready to depart; my grave-clothes are falling off."

About this time a number of waves met, drowning her voice, when another of God's kingdom tumults came on. The swaying and rocking of that multitude, under the rushing, mighty wind dispensation of heaven to earth, resembled a cedar forest in a storm.

Perhaps some, whose experience is confined to the

Mosaic dispensation, would call this confusion. Ah! no, my friend; we are not up to the Jerusalem bedlam yet. That is considered all right.

Human Little and Divine Great.

TESTIMONY OF BROTHER POMEROY IN ONE OF THE LOVE FEASTS.

The contrast between the human little and the Divine great in me, is becoming wider and wider. They have quite gone out of balance.

Yes, brethren, the apostle has it right: "When I am weak, then am I strong." The price of power borrowed is native weakness confessed.

Now I am going to say something worth hearing; it is none of my contrivance that I allude to. I am more and more convicted of the justice of ascribing to Christ the glory of all there is of me worthy of praise.

There is no form of words that I know of, by which I can more justly humble myself, and exalt my gracious Redeemer, than by quoting a remark of my father—now entered into rest.

Some years after I had entered the ministry, on returning to the old homestead in Pittsfield, Mass., as we were alone in the field, father says, "Benjamin, you have caused your parents more trouble than all the rest of the children." O, how it afflicted me! I wept for grief. "But," said he, "I can say something more: you have been more comfort to your parents than all the other children." Then I wept for joy. So there were two weepings going on at once.

Now, brethren, I want it distinctly understood that all the difference—and you see what it is—from the most trouble to the greatest comfort, which makes a great contrast in a parent's heart—all the difference between that naughty, wicked, aboriginal Benjamin, and this kingdom child, goes to the credit of Jesus Christ. *Yes, all of it.*

For I am not one of those native gems of humanity, imbibing so much respectability and virtue from ancestors as to be grown into the rest of religion—saving the strait-gate struggle. No! no! it required the Lord's great, old-fashioned regeneration to make me a Christian. Look out for these religious Topseys, who were "never born, but grow'd up!" Now, my friends, after all this, do you expect a moderate religion in me? Do you look for a tame, quiet conservative? If so, you mistake your case. Anything less than holy radicalism would be atheism in me.

Every generation of my ancestors, on my father's side, for two hundred years, had been members of the Presbyterian Church—not an exception, until this apostate boy, fourteen years old, broke the succession, taking a link square out of the chain.

I was brought up to believe that this excitement in religion was nonsense—the silliest thing known. I hated the Methodists with a perfect hatred, and nothing on earth or heaven cured me of this hate but an experience of the same unchangeable religion I had reviled.

And now, after reproaching such an aristocratic

family—as some say—and coming all the way through on this line, am I to close up at last on the mockery of a time-serving, free-mason affair? No! by the grace of God—no! The Lord and Christians have borne too long with me. Many who prayed for me have gone to the grave. I stand a trophy of the struggles of the dead; and do I linger behind to play the traitor over saintly bones, and rob the glorified of hard-won stars?

With respect to this movement, I consider myself very much mixed up with the object of this meeting—am all alive to this great speciality; this note of alarm to the fashionable, worldly religion; this conquering power of Christ in Zion. This is essential Methodism, as it was, as it is, and ever shall be. This is Christianity in earnest—this is Christ's reigning attitude over sin. Let thy kingdom come. Amen.

Beyond the Fathers.*

In a morning meeting before the stand, Brother Pomeroy spoke substantially as follows:

Perhaps I should amount to the most, measured lengthwise. My experience and recollection run back to midway of the centenary of Methodism. Brethren, don't call this a boast, that one can recollect how and what *others* did fifty years ago.

I wish to prepare the way for this opinion, that what this people have here, is the "old kind of religion." This is a grand rally of old Methodism—

* From the Northern Independent.

this is the power and glory which the fathers had, only this is on a broader scale, and no doubt more intelligent; yes, brethren, in some respects we are beyond the fathers, and it's time we were.

I rejoice in this revival of primitive godliness, when we shall not need to be carried back by some gray-headed pilgrim to fifty years behind, to get an idea of God's saving power.

I have come three hundred miles to survey my only hope for the Methodist Episcopal Church. This meeting, perhaps the greatest ever known on this continent, represents that hope. This excitement—this work represented by this gathering, is a great, stubborn fact, for baptized worldliness and Satan to dispose of. This is the disturbing element that won't let death lie still—this is the life-power that walks the spiritual graveyards, shaking the dry bones of soul corpses. Let Young America come here, and take an account of what it has to overcome before it can pervert this great Church to the objects of worldly pomp.

The gracious God has seemed to supplement my spiritual nature of late years with a new power. He has said it over again, *Live!* When lo, like a resurrection, I came forth into a great, sublime existence! But O, the majesty and power of this second waking—of this late coming of God to my poor soul. It may be self-conceit, or a delusion, but I honestly believe that this deep and holy renewal, which God of late has imparted, is mostly for the purpose of represent-

ing true Methodism against what is falsely so-called in my own church. Small as I am, by the grace of God, I expect to make some trouble for the aliens who propose to take this great church inheritance and run it off for a fair show in the flesh. I tell them plainly, that this old, spiritual homestead belongs to mother's real children, and it's not for them to move out of the family to get their rights; no, be Methodists at home where we belong. Let the croakers go out, if any; those who are finding fault with the system.

I joined Methodism, and am under a vow to Methodism, and whoever presumes to apply his quackery to the essentials of this system—this great God-ism of the world, will find one mortal to pester him. Being loyal to Methodism is one thing, and being loyal to certain leaders and customs may be quite another thing.

In conclusion I wish to say, we ought to be greatly encouraged. Light is coming over the mountains to this great mission church. Some of us poor things could almost afford to die after such a sight as this; a sight so great in magnitude, yet greater in import. We see the smallest side of this sight.

My hope is big for the Methodist Episcopal Church. That hope has been increasing for three years, and here we come to the assurance. This is the leaven that leavens the whole lump.

Evidently we are coming back to our lost errand to the world, viz.: To spread scriptural holiness over

these lands, and let us not think to substitute great benevolence or gorgeous churches for an errand so exalted as this. For *this* Church to accept of a mission anything less than this, would be treason to God and the holy dead.

Different Fashions of Living.

HIS TESTIMONY AT THE 6 P. M. MEETING APPOINTED FOR MINISTERS.

I have been through various fashions of living in the past. First, on little toys, then on great toys, until the *man* exploits came on of doing a great amount of work; then doing less, but doing it very precisely, whether anything else was accomplished or not, my work must be done about perfect. To commit a blunder in the performance of public duty would have hurt me more than a day of soul starving. Then on the opinion of others. It was a sweet morsel for men to say, he has a fine taste, he is reasonable, he has good sense, etc.; well, I don't despise these things much now, but it would not hurt me as bad to be called a fool as it once did; neither happiness nor misery come from that source. I finally tried the entertainment of ordained dignity—the leanest bone I ever picked, and yet I see this table is very well filled, in some sections. But of late I have come to bear eating for a living; let outside circumstances be one way or another; come smile or frown, my soul clamors for the heavenly banquet.

You will generally find me with the adults at this

spiritual table, but on emergencies, I just trip around where the children eat; there I get the luxuries, and then the eating comes so handy here. O, brethren, don't let us try to be big; human bigness don't pay. I asked a great man, the other day, if it paid to be big? he said *no*.

The most happy and delicious state of mind is, when I feel child-like and humble, so small that I can nestle away into some little corner, and see the world's great puffs strut by; the contrast is to my advantage.

But let the world and Satan take warning, not to presume too much on these little ones because they appear so small; you may be disappointed when the great superhuman appears, for it's in them, great and mighty, equal to the mastery of earth and hell. Then, little ones don't require much room, and when the great dignitaries crowd in, they can be tucked away on the lower seats without being hurt by it, and even come out of their obscurity more than when they went in. Don't be anxious about position and circumstances, if the immortal greatness is in you; no man can take it out of you. Don't be troubled though they call you weak-minded—a simpleton, or fool—you have eternity to contradict them in; you can afford to wait, you shall have the argument at last. Work and wait for coronation day to settle the claims to good sense and wisdom. For one, I can say that this deep, sublime, eternal life begun in my soul, will more than compensate for being called a fool to the day of my death.—*Northern Independent.*

ROUND LAKE.

REDEEMED PECULIAR PEOPLE.

Who gave himself for us that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people.—TITUS, 2: 14.

Although this sermon was prepared before a national meeting had been appointed, it has not been preached. It is presented in this connection as the one selected for the Round Lake meeting, though not used on that occasion.

As time will not admit of preliminaries, I come directly to the great theme of my text, which is, the redemption of the human race by Jesus Christ. Redemption always presupposes forfeiture, and, in most instances, it includes another idea, viz.: Liability to seizure.

As the value of a remedy is mostly determined by the nature of the disease which it has cured, so the importance of redemption dates back through the history of sin. Hence the importance of a clear view of the deep and wide-spread ruin which called the Son of God to this world.

Redemption can never be understood apart from the ruin of sin; they must go together, not only in

our estimate of Christ, but in our repentance and faith, our prayers and holiness. And when on Zion we stand, with the hundred and forty and four thousand, we shall find they go together there. Ruin and restoration—lost, but saved—dead, but alive, are the fundamentals of the eternal song. Yes, it is there, as well as here: Unto him who hath washed us from our *sins* in his own blood.

The history of sin is the first number in the arithmetic of redemption. The fullest view of the atonement, on the negative side, is taken from the standpoint of Adam's fall, looking through four thousand years of night, to the Cross! This includes Sinai's awful thundering mount in the range, and whoever expects to reach Calvary, except by the way of Sinai, will never see or *feel* the life-giving glory of the Cross. For the mission of our schoolmaster, the law, in bringing us to Christ, has not run out, smart and aimiable though we may be.

I pity the weakness of him who thinks to dress over the offense of the Cross to a proud world, by the blandishments of human pity and sympathy, as if wickedness could be won over to Christ by the power of human instinct. The motive is too weak against the offense. The charms of the Cross can only be seen by *despairing* eyes.

Put less dependence, then, on the excitement of human pity, from mere human suffering—make less of the innocent sufferer, and more of the sin-atoning sacrifice. Let the desolate ones in sackcloth from

Sinai, who are coming from the killing of the law, have a view of that awful dead one—dead for their sakes. Though forsaken of men, and pierced and bloody, to them he is the chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely—lovely mostly because he is my Redeemer, and I am a lost sinner. No urging in this case to believe. One gleam of the two-edged sword of law, has more motive in it to faith in Christ, than all my coaxing or persuading.

As an illustration: Whoever expects to understand the meaning of a pardon, except through the logic of State prison, will altogether fail of the best part of its meaning, viz.: Its preciousness! These remarks, although along the line of the text, are too limited for my present purpose.

Man, contemplated as a forfeiture, presents the most stupendous failure known in the Universe. Strong as this assertion is, it is, nevertheless, below the facts in the case.

Man, as a moral failure, is not only the greatest that has been known, but the greatest that *could* have been, or ever *can* be! This is the culmination of ruin! Wickedness can never repeat itself on so broad a scale, for there is not enough space left uncured in the moral Universe—not enough unwrecked empire for another strike so broad as this. Satan has done his utmost in heaven and earth both. Hell's great desperate possible has been reached, while heaven's easy probable went beyond it. So that we are to recollect that Christ's power to save

reaches down to the extreme depths of ruin—overlapping sin's utmost possibilities. For it is not enough for Christ to measure his light just square up to the limits of dark, but he lets the glory of redemption flood over beyond sin's utmost power. As much as to say, I not only conquer, but more than conquer. I will outdo the abounding of sin at every point—belting its dark empire with the provisions of abounding grace.

The assertion, that this is the greatest failure that ever can be, which I expect will be called extravagant, rests on this fact: That man, with what appertains to man, of his two-fold nature, and complicated existence, or, rather, two existences flowing abreast, requiring the outfit of two whole systems to keep him going, involves the chief importance of worlds. Hear it, my friends, this man interest has no rival! This is Jehovah's climax.

Could you anatomize this great human interest from creatures—things, beings, and worlds, you would not only leave creation running to no account, and angels with wings made for nothing, but Jesus Christ would stand bereft of meaning or mission, with more than half his sacred titles made eternally obsolete. For the Son of God, in a sense, was made over, to meet this startling emergency which had changed the relations of three worlds in one day, and took upon himself new titles expressive of this new attitude.

In the forfeiture of man, then, is found the wreck

of the most magnificent and sublime interest known in the history of eternity. The like never was before, and never can be again, short of another Universe.

It is true, that was a dark day when angels failed to keep their first estate—when worshipers next the throne turned their back on Him who sat thereon—and there, amid crowns and dominions, to rebel. To rebel before the throne, in beatific light and glory, was, perhaps, more damning in its nature, than the Adam rebellion. It was a crime, not only dark and wicked, but it seems to be a monstrous act. Its effect was sudden and incurable, demonizing every actor in the scene; calling out a curse so withering, that every dark apostate went backward under Jehovah's frown, from highest high to lowest depths, as by one fall. Perhaps this moral crash was more total and remediless than the Adam fall.

But who and what are angels, fallen or unfallen, when compared to man? An angel is a simple, indivisible spirit, produced, as far as we know, in the most simple manner—the product of the Almighty fiat, unattended with ceremony, process, or outlay.

An angel is an isolated and separate production, standing solitary and alone from all others, having neither ancestor nor descent—representative of no tribe, offspring of no race; if blessed, blessed alone; if cursed, cursed by himself.

We suspect the number of the fallen too few, to justify their redemption, and their sin too mean for God to touch. But when we come to man, moment-

ous, complicated *man*, we strike another subject—he whose original production was prefaced with an outlay of creative wisdom and power, requiring six days of God-work in world-making to get even a place ready and worthy to put this marvel of the Universe in. It is not known, down here, that so much as one world has been made for angels; perhaps no outlay was necessary for these purely spiritual and holy beings. They could home with their father God.

But *something* has been prepared up there for the saints from the foundation of the world. Then, from what Christ said, we know that the celestial home has been quite lately, somehow, fitted up for the new comers from this wrecked empire—these saved outcasts, the trophies of redemption. For he knew they would be coming, and they are coming from every land—coming with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads. So let the everlasting gates give way for Christ's rarest glory to come through.

In returning to things literal, let us look out upon this circling procession of shining worlds, in silent, obedient march, around this human interest. Coming and going, as in the livery of waiting servants—day and night, coming and going, as if to inquire from their master, if we wanted anything. Not only these worlds, which come and go in thick and jostling ranks through the blue vastness, were ordained for man; but the myriads of organized life in air and earth and water, with all around—above—below, of what we

see, or hear, or know, were put under man as his servants, and he pronounced their lord. Hence when man, who is the importance and reason of these creations, fell, he took with him the design of all things created for him, into the general wreck.

As means and measures always derive their importance from the objects they are ordained to subserve, so conversely, in the fall and perversion of man, all things created for him lost rank in him. Truly, vast was the wreck of that fatal day, when Adam man proved a failure!

But we are to recollect, that this Adam sinner was unlike all other sinners; he stood as the head and origin of a race, which should outnumber the stars of heaven, and the sands of the seashore. Hence the forfeiture of Adam not only includes the perversion of all things created for him, but also the progeny of him; the moral taint of the father is the poison of the children; a curse in Adam, is curse in the fountain, affecting the streams down to latest born of man.

These two views indicate, mostly, the vastness of the ruins Christ came to recover. The measure of redemption begins here, and can begin nowhere else; hence, if we fail in our estimate of the ruin side, we must, of necessity, come short in our appreciation of redemption. And that, too, forever and ever; for all along the endless years, the ransomed hosts shall *begin* their reckoning of salvation from sin-ruin.

The second idea presupposed by redemption, relates

to seizure. In our case, the liability had become a fact; the forfeiture had been seized—the penalty was being inflicted—the curse had gone out everywhere, into air, earth, and water; overhead and underneath, and all around the blight goes forth. And while the glory departs—the throne getting dark to Eden, like an eclipse at noon, storms, for the first, go howling through its quiet bowers, jostling the equilibrium of nature everywhere. Great nature feels the shock in all her forms. Spasms in the earth, air and water—thunder spasms—storm spasms—birth spasms, and death spasms. Everywhere travailing in pain begins! Taking in the great groan of creation, which has been rolling on abreast with time, without one break in its wail, for six thousand years!

The mix and mingle of this literal word, to-day, is, curse and blessing everywhere. Briers and thorns shall it bring forth to thee. Wheat and tares grow together. Death wrestling hard with life, with cold foam on his armor. For we are to recollect, that execution was arrested in the midst of being inflicted—stopped, as it were, with curse half gone through everything, leaving man, and all nature, where they are found to-day, partly blessed and partly cursed—half dead and half alive. Sigh and laugh live in the same heart, while sickness lurks in all the veins of life.

Man viewed superficially, shows, that some time in his history, he had come near utter ruin—that he had, at least, felt the glance or brush of falling down; while the great blow fell on our passover—

our turn aside, for that is what passover means; it's where wrath is turned aside from man to Jesus.

But the curse of the physical world is not the darkest side of this desolate state of things. The penalty is being inflicted on Adam in a deeper sense; he already feels that mysterious change going on in him, changing from blessed to cursed! Changing from light to dark! Great sun-down of the morning! Perversion of holy existence! Retrogression back from life to unknown death and unknown woe. He hides on the approach of his God, afraid of holiness. For the curse is coming over him, and coming into him; coming in double night and double death.

This is funeral day! I imagine angels, with drooping wings, stand like stocks before the throne—stand with bowed heads and silent harps, for the hush is on hosannah and anthem—watchers in the gates of Paradise, which stand ajar, wait for the knell of Eden—everything that moves, moves in muffled stillness—breath, itself, seems suppressed. * * * When it is whispered from world to world. * * * Adam man is dying! Another moral failure is coming into the Universe!

Here is the being, who, but yesterday, stood as the hope of ages—the theme of angelic talk, and angelic song—the favorite of God—the reason of worlds—representative of the greatest and dearest interest of eternity! But all is lost to-day; the human race is a failure; while the worlds go trundling on their course without an errand.

What a sublime mockery faces Infinite Creator to-day, which, but yesterday, was running on the sublimest mission to which matter was ever sent!

This is the blackness and darkness—this the great emergency—the astonishment and despair! Yea, more, this the *silence* and *dumbness* of the Universe, when the news *ran* and *rang*, from throne to throne, from world to world, I've found a ransom!

The tide of life was reversed in its deepest ebb, and sent rolling backward to the half-cold corpse of the world! A new day dawned on the darkest night of all the ages! The bier was touched in the open sepulchre, when death's long procession, through generations vast, stood still!—life breathed again, and the pall of death lifted from the funeral of the world! The effects reached heaven also. New titles were added to the Trinity, and heaven chorused with the loftiest theme of eternity!

Yes, salvation, through the blood of the Lamb, henceforth shall stand as the grand anniversary anthem, the old hundred of time and eternity!

That was a momentous juncture, when Christ espoused by promise, the cause of man, and turned the storm aside. For he came through thick darkness and ruin, holding back uplifted thunder. He rescued the lost from hell's dark brow, adjourning the mighty storm of wrath, and curse, and death, and damn, over to Calvary's Cross! Rescission of death—great ebb in the tide of woe—postponement of wrath and retribution! And it was done! Yes, the great

transaction's done! Intolerable gloom rolls back from the moral heavens, and the brightest sunrise of eternity begins!

At length, in the fullness of time, when the period of types and shadows had run out, and bleeding birds and bleeding beasts were no longer accepted of God, and redemption could no longer be carried on, on the promissory principle, Christ actually appeared in a human body, as the world's accepted sacrifice. Adopting the debt, which had been running to his account through the long, increasing generations, he stood forth the lone victim of that storm which had hung facing the Universe, dark and big, with hoarded wrath, for four thousand years, clamoring for blood. A storm so intensified on Calvary and crucifixion, as to shut out the lights of two worlds at once. Here in the gloom of double night, our Saviour died, the just for the unjust, that he might redeem us from all iniquity.

And now, after this feeble view of the necessity and vastness of redemption, I come to consider the actual and personal effects of redemption. Its benefits, in the full extent, will not be realized till after the resurrection, when the body, though long waiting, shall come forth to immortality by redemption. What does Christ propose to save us from? That's our question and our interest. The text says, from all iniquity. On this point, possibly, I shall part with some of my hearers; for with many, religion is becoming alarmingly superficial. Zion is demoralized

with a godless morality—ceremonies gone through with as a soulless performance.

Then, on the other hand, for our encouragement, there are more who are believing in, and praying for, and attaining to, Bible salvation, than ever before. In our Church, at least, I consider these extremes to be widening. The mistake of thousands lies in their erroneous estimate of sin; they give it mostly an external existence. Hence, if they keep sin out of their hands and feet, eyes, ears, and tongue, they call themselves saved.

The religion most in vogue now, is body religion, and it's a great burden on flesh and blood to carry it out only in part. For the religious services performed by the body are in opposition to the inner soul, the heart holding no commerce with the outside man in its performance. And if the intellect, custom, or fashion, reasons the body into certain ceremonies, the inward derision turns the performance into a blushing farce. It's a hard religion for the countenance. Many get shamed out of it altogether, which shows good sense as well as conscience.

My dear friends, the members of your body are incapable of sin, or religion, either; they are only the *instruments* of unrighteousness, but not the unrighteousness. A tongue, for instance, never yet made a lie. The most it does in that line, is to mimic a lying soul; lies are soul-born. Hence the great physician for the cure of sin, does not begin with doctoring fingers. His philosophy for keeping

us from sin-practice, is in the hate and loathing of sin. It's how much sin-hate have you, and not how much watching do you practice. To be redeemed from all iniquity means the root *more* than the branches; the fountain *more* than the streams—the heart *more* than the life, as cause governs effects. To be redeemed from all iniquity, means not only all of a class, such as vulgar sins, but all kinds and degrees, so that we shall not be compelled to sin from sin's desire, or from sin's necessity.

The apology, "I can't help it," is provided for in the atonement. Praise the Lord for the wondrous grace. And where it is not provided for, it is not sinful to sin; that is necessitated sin, is not imputed sin. But we can be placed where we can help it (that is, imputed sin). The *cannot* in sin, with the *can* of holiness, comes from the *mighty* to save. These impossibilities with men, go as probabilities with God.

Satan, being the personification of the iniquity of the Universe, knows its location. He is not so particular that a sinner sins outwardly as far as his individual ruin is concerned, though the practice of sin increases its power and perverts others. For he knows murder may exist where no life is taken. He is more interested in the instigation of inward murder; then he is safe on his victim, whether hands are bloody or not. If Satan can tempt a child of the kingdom into secret acquiescence in wrong, and win a smile of approbation to iniquity, though it were

through the outer court of its inclosure, he knows he has damned a soul, though no outward sin is committed.

In what consisted the turpitude of Adam's sin? We all say the outward act was a trifle. The crime was not so much in the outward act of eating the forbidden fruit; that was the test, the visible sign of what was going on within. The heinousness of his offense was perpetrated deep within the veil of soul, where, in secret silence, he rejected the words of the Most High, and went into dark accord with Satan; esteeming his sophistry more honest than the words of his God.

Yes, Satan, once Son of the Morning, who could speak the shibboleths of heaven, and understood the secrets of the throne. Now, Satan, that dark, doomed renegade from the skies! That head and front of God-hate! That wolf of the first evening! That beast of soul-prey! That hydrophobia of mad; gnashing his teeth at the throne—drooling blasphemies from his snarl! This is the apostate with whom Adam has gone into fellowship. He is taking his breath, and imbibing his hate! The sin was enough to curse a world.

Secret fellowship with wrong—a sly looking and longing after forbidden pleasure—this is iniquity. This drinking of the cup of devils, then of the cup of the Lord. This attempted concord between Christ and beliel, through their representatives, where in Christless conclave, the haters of Jesus and

ministers of the gospel exchange breath and fellowship. The nature that can enjoy wrong, either in its spirit or practice, is the *sin* nature; the spiritual adultery so much condemned in the Bible. It is soul fornication which God hates. The danger of the times is not so much from immoralities of life, as from soul fornication. This attempt to league Christ's kingdom with the carnal world, is corrupting the Church everywhere.

The second particular in actual redemption relates to purity. "And purify unto himself," etc. Persons or property, practically redeemed, are supposed to come into the hands of the redeemer.

In the kingdom of Christ, a soul redeemed from all iniquity is brought under the dominion of grace, for the purpose, first, of being made into a perfect Christian; for no Christian character is finished short of sanctification; all the work of grace, through all the progressive degrees this side of purity, is with reference to this crowning perfection. Sanctification has reference, mostly, to God as a holy being. "And purify *unto* himself," etc. While justification has reference mostly to sin. Although a soul is converted and accepted of God, the old aptitudes and habits of the carnal nature remain in him still—the long actings of sin have grooved the whole man for sin-practice. Although sin has not dominion over him that he must fulfill the lusts thereof, yet the motions of sin, at times, appear in these old habits, to the grief of the soul, though innocent.

It is said that dead persons can be galvanized so as to stir, but when they do make a motion, it's always an old *life* act, such as the nerves and muscles were used to. So Christ proposes to crucify the man of sin in us, and so purify the heart, the seat of moral action, that when the shocks of temptation and the persecutions of the world shall fall upon his redeemed ones, they shall fail to bring forth a legitimate old life act. At most, it shall be only a nervous excitement from without, in seasons of debility or sickness. For the habits of the body, and especially the nervous system, in some cases, are a long time in forgetting the old ways of the fallen nature.

Some who had been addicted to profane language for years, after being saved, used bad words involuntarily. They have informed me, that their tongues spoke them from habit, without being told to do so. Young Christians will find some lessons to be learned here, lest they cast away their confidence.

An old friend of mine had a cancer drawn or cut out of his flesh, with success, as was supposed, as the wound had healed; yet long after the surface healing, he felt the old cancerous twinges deep in him, with no way of reaching them. Mark this striking figure. This man had not felt these *root* motions while the sore pained him, but when that was healed and the flesh had grown up, he felt the fiery prongs rankling in him, which nothing but death could cure. But O, believer, take courage! It appertains to the office of the Holy Ghost, to ransack thy being as with blighted

candle for these cancerous roots, taking sin's last motion and twinge out of thy soul.

Do my hearers enquire, why God does not sanctify a soul when he pardons his sins? For the same reason that he does not pardon a sinner when he convicts him. Because, if it could be done, we could never realize the depths of that depravity from which we had been saved.

Suppose the doctor, in curing that surface sore, could have killed the cancer roots at the same time, how much credit it would have been to him? That man's gratitude would be governed by the sore, and that only, for that is all the experience he has had of cancer; he is left ignorant of the terribleness of the thing, after all. So the history of believers all along shows, that the *pardon* of sin is the smallest degree in this wondrous salvation, great as it is. The critical work for God and man both, relate to the roots.

An experience of sin-pollution is not only essential to repentance and faith, but to a just appreciation of redemption. Yea, more; essential to the fuller enjoyment of Christ and his salvation, and that, forever. We presume the highest strains known in the immortal songs, are reached from the starting point of sin-ruin. For that hosannah, which takes its rise in the low cadence of what we once were, with recollected pains of hell, is bound to go over the highest tabors of eternity in its climax. While angels revolve in the smaller rounds of one experience, the redeemed

ones are thrilled and excited by the wondrous contrasts from what they once were, all along up to what Jesus *is*. For redemption takes in the mighty range from the gates of hell, all along up to the mansions of glory, touching both extremes as by one strain and one emotion.

Do my hearers suspecct me of wandering from my subject? I am on the line of the text. Am trying to show the necessity, not so much of purity directly, as of an experience of impurity, as one reason why God does not sanctify when he converts; that we never could know, except from hearsay, what sanctification means.

Take another illustration: The young child is stolen by the Indians; in their manners it grows up to manhood, so as to become like them; at length the father redeems him, and brings him back to his long forgotten home; he puts on the citizen's dress and manners; is happy in his deliverance, and contented at father's house, and notwithstanding he hates the Indians for robbing him of so much existence. Yet, the wilderness wildness stays in his look; the instincts of barbarism linger in the muscles of his face, and manner of his walk, and when affronted, the savage flash appears in his eye, and the old Indian whoop comes out. This I have witnessed. Now, although he is redeemed from all the power of the Indians, and from a desire to return to their life, still he is not purified; he is not fully restored to the likeness of the family. But the purification of

Christ's atonement proposes, not only to take off the old captivity dress and robe us in the apparel of the father's family, but to break up the old habits and motions within, taking sin's last relic from soul and muscle, whoop and all — presenting us unto the Father without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing.

Third, and lastly.—The position and peculiarities of the redeemed and purified. The saints are to be admitted to the rank of the people of God. A people prepared by himself, and for himself—wrought up to the similitude of the holy; first, as laborers together with him in the redemption of the world, and, second, to constitute, perhaps, the chief society of the Infinite, when day and time shall be no more.

It seems too great a thought for mortals, that He, who is infinitely holy, is to sit down on his throne to be sung to, and eternally delight in the society of those who were once sinners.

With respect to the peculiarities of this people, we have time for but little. I expect to mention three generic, or general traits from which the thousand peculiarities spring.

First.—The people of God are twice born: First, of the flesh, which is flesh; second, of the spirit, which is spirit; the second birth is not contrary to the first, though it takes precedence, and claims control.

Second.—This, of course, makes a necessity for two lives, which constitutes the second mystery of the being. Two lives contrived in one. Man is most

marvelously endowed with receptive capacities; he is taken up on all sides with doors of inlet, like New Jerusalem city, at least three gates on all the four sides. Or like a city on the plain, with all the roads running into it.

So man—the saint-man, is a center, to which the groovings are so set, both of the visible and invisible worlds, as to run their freights of good into him to unload. And sometimes the blessings and glory of two worlds seem to come in abreast. Two lives in one! Regaling mortality in the pleasures and comforts of earth, while the soul sits at the banquet of angels. Eating at two tables at once, supplied with the luxuries of both worlds. For everything that moves is on mission to man. Should anything, or being, come all the way to curse one of God's elect, he should be made to forget his errand, or ignorantly do another, at least so that it should be said, all things work together for good to them at love God.

Third Peculiarity.—He lives in two worlds at the same time. His name is on the records of two worlds. He is known and counted and felt in two worlds. His body may be busied with the things of this life while his soul is holding intercourse with the heavenly world.

Well has it been said of man, that he is wonderfully made. Endowed with diversified senses, susceptibilities, aspirations and passions, an assemblage of varieties, contrarieties, dissimilarities, disproportions, contradictions, dust and spirit, soul and body, and

yet so smoothly joined that no one can tell where soul begins.

In balancing this double-natured being between his two appropriate worlds, it would seem to be a nice point so to adjust and proportion him that he should not gravitate to one so as to carry him altogether out of the other, but hold him so happily counterpoised between the two that he should be blest with the good of both at the same time. Hence the Christian lives on a very broad scale; and, notwithstanding the two natures are so sympathetically mixed, either can exist alone, but it is always at the expense of the other life. When life then in man is but *one*, know by this that the mate is dead.

Look at the one-life persons all about us. Though capable of a broad and sublime existence, yet narrowed down to comfortable flesh and bones—a healthy, happy body—but a walking tomb in which a dead soul is buried.

We have a type of this two-life mystery in the natural world. A fish has been discovered of late having two sets of eyes. The upper set are made for air, while the lower ones can see in water. Here is a creature having two natures made for two elements, or two modes of existence—fins to row with, and little fans for sails. But the curiosity of the creature is, that he cannot take the whole of himself into either one of his two elements. If he sinks too low into water, one-half of him is drowned; then, if he rises too high, his water nature would be killed by

the excessive oxygen of the air, or, in other words, half of him would die of over life. It would seem to require rather close navigation to run this creature through safely with perils so near.

This is the best illustration of life mystery in man that I know of. So of the Christian; if he sinks too deep into earth's pleasures and interests his celestial life will be suffocated from earthliness, and if he rises too high into the spiritual, his body life will be killed with excessive glory. Paul came so near it on one occasion, as to be in doubt whether he was in the body or out of the body.

Mystery! mystery! Living in two worlds at once! What being in heaven above or on the earth beneath, who could survive the bereavement of half himself? But here is the peculiarity of the universe—here is a being who can look on and see one full life and one whole world taken from him in a day, without essential loss or a tear—here is a being so amply endowed that he can abandon one-half himself to corruption and dust with such advantage to his other self, as to make it an eternal gain to die.

Glory to the Redeemer forever! He has triumphed over death gloriously, by putting the Christian where death can neither scare him nor despoil him. Ingulf all his hopes this side of the stars—cut him off here from shore to shore, then he has one great, full, glorious world left, whose gates are opening to admit him through.

Christ has so far abolished death to saints that it

means sleep, in the rendering of redemption, in the language of triumph. He has so redeemed his people from the power of death, that master and servant are made to change places in the dying hour, when the king of terrors is required to hold the pale horse, as by the bit, till a conqueror is ready; in some instances, postponing death for an hour, and even a day, as has been witnessed, till the last message is delivered, the farewells given and the feet gathered up. Now uncage me—loose the silver cord—untie the knot that binds soul to dust—now divide me off for the grave and for glory—dust to dust, and spirt home to God.

In Scotland there is a remarkable tree, which about thirty years ago was blown over, spanning a deep gully or ravine. But the curiosity is, that the branches have taken root on the opposite bank, where fifteen trees have grown up, some thirty feet high. Now, the storm that seemed so proud in prostrating that tree was the making of it. Suppose you cut that tree in two over the gully and burn up the trunk and stump roots, what w uld the branches care for that? They have transferred sap enough from the other side to make roots of their own. So with many, present with myself, are more than half blown over; but, thank the Lord, we have struck the other bank. Suppose death should unroot us from this native shore? We are not plucked up at that; the chief growing is carried on the other side of the gully, quite beyond the sweep of death's scythe, where the foliage is ever green, independent of the original stump.

Yes, brethren, I feel it more and more, that the kingdoms are but one; the colonies and mother country are not far apart; the two shores seem nearer and nearer, and at times the saints run out on a kind of celestial isthmus—so near the holy mountains, the verdant hills of heaven, as to smell the cinnamon groves and taste myrrh from the native lebanons; and but for the dying and the dead, the wretched and the lost, might say: Loose the cable and let us go—open the cage and let us out. At best, my time is short here—soon shall hear fingers on the latch, the tabernacle door will open, and *I myself* shall vacate mortality. Yes, by the grace of God, the first sweep of my wings shall carry me clear of sorrow and corruption—like a winged thought I'll scud away from the land of sun-down into God's eternal noon.

Praise the Great Redeemer; we are running into the celestial boundaries! Living in two worlds at the same time! Of many present it may be said: More than half of them have crossed the lines already—they live more on the celestial side than on this—from dark terrestrial into high celestial rising.

Yes, brethren, these days of the right hand of the Lord are taking us over the lines. Glory to God; we are crossing the lines! Crossing the lines!

TALKS AND TESTIMONIES.

Christian Power.*

[Remarks of the Rev. B. Pomeroy at the Round Lake National Camp Meeting, as reported by Dr. M., of New York, and revised by himself.]

After an excellent sermon by Brother Gray, of Philadelphia, on Purity of Heart, Brother Pomeroy spoke substantially as follows:

I am in a strait—don't know what to do. If I sit still, it is worse; and if I speak, it's worse, as there is not time to say all I wish. The minister has called our attention to purity. I wish to speak somewhat of power, as these two are intimately related, and constitute the essentials of holiness. I attended a few meetings for holiness in a certain city, not long since, where I observed something new in the experience of this grace. A number of persons rose in those meetings, requesting prayers that they might be endued with power; their consecration was full, and they believed themselves in the holy state, but they had little or no power. Now, this religious power is very desirable, for it so energizes the whole man, soul, intellect, and body, even, as to make a mortal tenfold himself.

But mark this: Whoever is under the teaching of the Holy Ghost is a definite sort of a person, and is required to live a definite life, and instead of feeling about in uncertainty to find where he is, is definite in his views and convictions. The Word and Spirit

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*From The Living Epistle.

not only agree in being quick and powerful, but sharp—hear it—sharp—*piercing*, DISCERNING; here is one of the signs of this purity and power.

Whoever is under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, will be marked with a definiteness and steadiness of aim, and, at times, will pierce, and cut, and cleave, and anatomize with a daring and precision that's awful. Is this the power you want? or is it power to present only things lovely and of good report?

Again, what is it? Well, it is not power to talk loud as I do. It don't mean the high swells so much, nor even a gifted tongue, though this shall be touched as with living coals. But it's power to sit right down there on a low bench, when required to, and grow tall and mighty by sitting; for if the immortal greatness is in you, no man can take it out of you. True greatness is in no hurry to be seen, and can survive a low bench. It is power when called a fool by your neighbors, with others in doubt but that it may be true, to stand calm and serene in the recollection that you have eternity to contradict them in, and can afford to wait for the argument. Moral power is not a superadded quality of holiness—a separate gift tacked on to that state, which may be lost off; it belongs to purity and can never be taken out of it. If you have holiness, you have religious power just as you need. And there are men and women here to-day, girded in God's own armor, who ask leave of nothing this side of the stars if they may triumph

over all things and do all things through Christ who strengtheneth them. Their moral power and holy grandeur are enough to charm angels. They are here on God's account, and if they break down in this cause, it is at the expense of another; they are safe, for they keep themselves where God is responsible both for them and their work. Now what is the philosophy of this power? It lies in that faith which is of the operation of the Holy Ghost. We are strong, as religious beings, just in proportion to our faith. But the question arises, What is strong faith? It is not a faith so great in the scope of its actings, as in in its forlornness and desperation. It is unmixed faith; in opposition to some believing, some reasoning, and the rest human probabilities. Faith, as a grain of mustard seed is strong, if it is faith only; this supplementing faith with outward signs vitiates what faith we have. This reassuring the immutable promise, by sights and dreams, by hopeful appearances and human probabilities, is like requiring the Almighty to give bail for his character.

Real faith makes the Infinite master of our impossibilities. Some of our teachers seem to think that faith may be coaxed and caressed along to victory, if one only knows how to do it. I tell you, friends, there is more motive to faith in one gleam of the two-edged sword than is found in all my persuading.

Bring on a necessity for God's help! Dash into the bruised reeds—make every human prop reel before the emergency—bereave the soul of home help and

home hope, reduced to a spiritual foundling on the door-steps of the kingdom, too starved to knock, and faith will go to Christ as by moonlight, and go alone too. Go to the wreck if you would see the life-boat shooting over the swells. God don't touch a soul till it founders. The chief doubt of human salvation, everywhere, lies in the deceitfulness and mockery of home remedies; all of which must be abandoned in despair, before Christ, the great Alternative, is accepted; for no one trusts his all on the credit of the poor man's Saviour with two hopes on hand. Hence it requires more faith to disbelieve in ourselves than it does to believe in God. Looking to God comes natural to despairing eyes. Who dare sink, taking all his props with him, at the bidding of Jesus Christ? That is faith! God can lift us up on our sinking faith, for the conditions of our exaltation are met in our going down.

The train came in this morning with thirteen or fourteen cars of mortal cargo. Observe this, the last car of that long train moved with the same force and power as the first. Where did the power come from? It is not contained in the car. It came through the coupling, and that through another, and another, till the last car was coupled to the awful power of steam.

So in the spiritual world, faith is that instrument which couples weakness with power, linking a mortal to the All-sufficiency. Just here estimate your religious power—what is the strength of your faith-grasp

of the immutable God. I do not ask how high your ecstasies rise or how clear your vision of heaven may be, but when heart and flesh are failing, or the soul is in heaviness through manifold temptations, is your hold steady?

It seems this secret has long been suspected, hence, the policy of earth and hell all along to rend this tie that binds a saint to the Upper Throne.

Take another illustration. There is a dwarfish cripple of a woman, never known to walk alone; but when she locks her arm into the arm of her husband, she trips along as fast as other women. But the curiosity is, that she has walked in this way so long that her arm is set to this shape—this taking hold shape—she has carried a crook in her arm fifteen years.

Do you call this a deformity? It is true, it presupposes helplessness, but it is the power of her body, and while the crook holds good she is bound to go through the world. So faith is made to take hold of outside help; it is true, it presupposes great weakness, but it is made to deal with great power. All the old saints and martyrs, from Abel down, were marked with this crook in their arms. This mark has stood for ages with anti-christ as the sign of God and triumph, and when he sees this crook forming, he knows another champion for truth is to go to the front, making trouble through his camp.

What I mean by this figure is, the attitude and habit of a saint in resting on his God. If you could

see the soul of a mature Christian, you would find him always leaning on something out of himself; the degree of the lean is the measure of his power.

I must stop, and that too, with but little relief to the burden of my mind. It is only of late years that I have had the courage to ask the privilege of speaking before ministers. Having been brought up in Massachusetts, where boys are taught not to crowd themselves into company, I have considered it all along as a violation of good manners for one to speak in such a place as this without being invited, and am half inclined to that opinion still; but the Lord's purposes do not always run along with the etiquette of mortals.

Outgushings of a Full Heart.

The following rich utterances were made by the author of "Shocks from the Battery," Rev. B. Pomeroy, at the recent National Camp Meeting. We heartily commend his book to our readers.—[Ed. L. E.]

"The brother from Maine says he has found no time to speak yet, and now he must say a few words, for he is full, the great things are piling up in him, he has acres (I supposed of untalked thoughts). If I were to judge by my feelings, I might say I have a thousand years of holy campaign in me to-day."

"If the Lord can afford to have me, and find a place for me in the greatest enterprise known in any world, I can afford to be had and to be used, without quibbling over the terms, for the chief advantage

comes to myself, while the expense is the Lord's. If I fail or break down in the Lord's hands as his property, it's his loss and not mine—I am safe."

"Oh I feel so safe and hid away in the sublime fact that another and Almighty One is responsible for my salvation. It's my chief concern so to be, and so to do, as to keep this tremendous responsibility in hands that are Almighty."

"When I came to this meeting and before, I felt very poor and unworthy—about worthless. Then, coming into the presence of so many great and good ones, I felt so small and bashful it seemed I could do nothing at all. But I had not been here long before I felt the stateliness of my other self coming on. It was while Brother Gray was preaching about the pure in heart seeing God, but especially through his weeping; it was so easy and eloquent; it intersected my heart, and made me feel so related to him. It's the great ones who dare weep. Praise the Lord for strengthening me. It seemed that unseen hands were pressing against my weakness, holding me up erect. O, how unearthly one feels when Divine power touches his weakness."

"It seems that I have been buckled into God's armor anew—a power coming round me like girding."

"Look out for supernaturalness when you hear the clink of holy armor."

Oneness of Believers.

Rev. B. Pomeroy.—The following testimony, given at the late National Camp Meeting, was sent to us by Brother G. M.—[Ed. E. C.]

I feel grand that Old Methodism can get up the biggest meeting ever held on this continent. I glory in this mighty fact to-day, and did so yesterday, before a friend, who replied that he didn't take stock in that view. No doubt some would like to blur over the deep, radical significance of this meeting, and call it a National affair. It is National, for this reason mostly: that the desire to return to the old landmarks of essential Methodism is as broad as the the nation, and more intense than any national feeling.

Now we don't mean to blink the great, solemn fact which makes this meeting what it is, viz.: The holiness of believers. I pray the Lord to make us too upright to be bought off from the radicalism of this truth, and too *shrewd* to be sold—as the saying is.

We calculate to stand square on this rock—this immovable granite on which God builds his Church.

This meeting represents the vitality of Methodism—the power and triumph of the Fathers. I dare trust my eternal all, and the weal of the world, on this climax truth—this great Godism of the universal Church of Christ. The fact that this draws the most holy of other denominations is evidence to me that it is the Lord's work, and not ours.

I heard a stranger speaking of the Sabbath meeting held here before the regular meeting had commenced.

He said, "They have some great men and women up there to Round Lake. Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, and Quakers took part in the meeting yesterday, and they seemed all alike."

This being one in Christ Jesus, was exemplified at Manheim, as I never saw it before. And here we are again—Parthians, Medes, Cretes and Arabians, with the dwellers in Mesopotamia and Judea.

But we are at the blending degree, where we are neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free, male nor female, but all one in Christ Jesus. The power of this Christ Jesus oneness is stronger than outside diversities—it swallows up great and small distinctions in the deep of divine harmonies.

We may be a thousand in many respects, but in Christ Jesus we are one.

Holiness makes us twins at all essential points of soul and religion. If theorizing fails to bring us together, holy emotion is sure to mix us.

It is marvelous how members of different denominations, when sanctified, agree—for instance, on what is sin, then on the marks of the holy state.

I glory in this, that I have so outgrown the sect—not that I am less a Methodist. No, I am more and more so in belief and practice—too much so to be popular with our worldly churches.

But my love for the pure souls the Lord calls his own has become so ardent that I am lapping over the sect lines into God's universal church.

O, how broad I feel!—feel broader than I do high.

On the Mountain Top.

The following passages will be recognized as belonging to the author of "Shocks from the Battery," Rev. B. Pomeroy. A hearer has noted them literally, and contributes them for our columns.—[Ed. M. H. I.]

"It seems to me that the sun is ordained, and I almost see the morning star of the grandest and the broadest spiritual day ever known outside of heaven. Yea, the dawning already begins.

"This is one of the kingdom slopes—the New Testament tabors, where the children go up to sun themselves in the unveiled face. I hear from this mount of God the rustling of white robes.

"O, I am glad I was not born before—could afford to stay out of heaven for such a time as this!"

At another time his remarks were as follows: "The fact that I am endowed with eternity is too overwhelming at times to contemplate; but I am relieved by this precious truth, that by, and in Christ Jesus, I am exalted to an existence so sublime and satisfactory, with this advantage, that its narrowest point and smallest degree is where it begins. For the life of God in man has no second childhood—no declining period, but manhood in endless progression; this is existence worthy of God, and equal to man.

"It seems I am unlike some of my brethren, who say they don't know where to begin God's praise; my trouble lies over the other side; I don't know where to stop, for the Divine Being is gaining upon me constantly—have no time to go back and mend

the beginning, for I am overwhelmed with oncoming goodness—am falling in arrears all the time. What can I do? Where is the angel in heaven, or the saint on earth, who can lend a helping hand to such unworthiness? Then I find this holy existence is changing its pitch (if that is proper). In my former experience, this spiritual life seemed to run along with pleasing circumstances more; outside sunshine helped soul life, as I thought; a full moon had an effect on an evening meeting; then, to make my faith sure, the gifted ones must be there. But of late, this unseen life runs more above things seen; it is getting steeper and steeper, and I already see how the Lord can take *me*, *myself*, out of this world without tearing me away, like unclinching one finger at a time. He can just open the cage, and attract me away, taking me over the highest terrestrial summits without brushing. Glory to God—feel more than half the other side of the lines now."

Millenium in Sight.

Here Rev. B Pomeroy, author of "Shocks from the Battery," rose, saying:

"I don't know how much a minute is, when measured by soul emotion. I like this meeting very much—I like the singing. It has been held up to the 'Old Hundred' cadence—good, weighty and sublime. I like the countenance of this Israel—I feel proud of these faces. I see in these a guarantee against fanaticism. This is a wonderful meeting. Do we—can we

comprehend the vast results of these days? It seems I could afford to stay out of heaven for this! This meeting has rolled the world *a hundred years toward millennium!* We are coming into Isaiah's holy visions. I see the multitude of camels are coming—the dromedaries of Midian and Epha, with the flocks of Kedar, are coming up on God's altar, and holiness is to be written on the bells of the horses. This is the outflow of heavenly influence—God's great kingdom Amazon that is to flow around the globe. Let the nations make way for the coming of God—my time is out, but I am not."

A limit had to be set at this point, and but one or two permitted to speak from each State.

Diversities of Operations.

[Reported by Rev. L. N. Beaudry; corrected and explained by the author.]

As there are diversities of operations by the same Spirit, we need caution ourselves against setting up any particular experience as the test operation, either for ourselves or others. Evidently it is the work of the Holy Ghost, to produce poverty of spirit, as well as joyfulness.

Sometimes I feel poor—very poor. It is natural for any one to feel thus when he stands in comparison with his superiors. I do not attribute this to the Spirit. There is also a supernatural feeling of poverty, produced by a sense of God's holiness and our own unworthiness, in which, at times, we abhor ourselves in dust and ashes. Both these kinds of

poverty I am acquainted with. But at present I feel wonderfully well—was too happy last night to sleep —am in a very serene and restful state this morning—am where I run no risks. O, how safe! The Lord takes all the risks when I obey him, and takes me along with them.

Soon after coming into this meeting, I seemed to hear about the prophetic altars—the snapping of tongs for live coals. I made up my mind that hearts and tongues were to be touched with fire. For there are a company of God's tried and true ones present, who can be trusted with rare endowments. They are the holy unconquerables, who will contend for a triumph at this meeting or make a fuss about it.

This meeting cannot be diverted into a pleasant pic-nic affair. This is a field of conflict, where the battles of the Lord are to be waged; and here are the earnest contenders for the truth, who are used to warring not only against principalities and powers, but against pride and formalities in high places. It is true, they do not appear much by human calculation, neither did the five stones and sling in ancient times. Their want of show, their weak demeanor and lowliness of spirit, is what indicates the hiding of God's power; they seem so hid away, and especially so, just before the emergencies come on—how weak, how small they look and feel; but when the Spirit wields them, look out for the reeling Goliaths. These are they through whom God hurts badness and bruises Satan's head.

Brethren, we must have a triumph for truth and God at this meeting, and we shall. We see the triumph—not from afar; we feel it near. I almost hear the jingle of armor-buckles now, as if God were about to gird the elect with the panoply of heaven.

Although I have had but little rest since May—having been in nine States, and not abating my labors through the excessive heat of this season; yet I seem to feel the battle and triumph and grandeur of a thousand years in me to-day. Yes; through the grace of God, there is that in some of these saints which a thousand years could not master. What! shall we talk about going to heaven now? Then, if the old sufferers for truth and righteousness were to ask us why we came there so soon, what could we say? Old as I am and half worn out, it would seem premature to die now.

Even this unworthy one is worth too much for this world to go to heaven yet. I cannot afford it, or at least the smallness of my future reward would hardly admit of closing up my labors and suffering so soon. The Lord cannot afford it. He has borne too long with me, and expended too much on me, with but little returns. And I feel it, perhaps more and more, that I have been unprofitable. The Lord seems determined to better the case, rather than call it a failure. Amen!

But let the thousand years roll on. Yes, let the Infinite have a long chance in his experiment with littleness.

But a little more on this diversity of operations. A brother at Hamilton meeting exclaimed: "I feel sweet, don't you, Brother Pomeroy?" I don't know what that means. "No," replied a sister standing by, "he feels grand." Sweet seems too small and tame a word to apply to great emotional, surging soul; it belongs to babies and flowers.

I have times of feeling meek and comely and smooth —somewhat as a rainbow looks; but I don't know anything about sweet. Let those who do, be thankful that it is not sour. At other times, I feel ashamed of my blunders and mistakes—ashamed even of my clothes, and my voice, and everything that belongs to me. How contemptible I seem to myself!—almost wish I were not so large—so tall. My body is the hypocrite of me—it shows altogether too much.

My feelings remind me of that angel, standing before the throne, with bowed head and drooping wings—or rather, when with twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet. Such a sense of worthlessness and inferiority! I wish I could hide away under wings, or something else, to be out of sight.

This experience is generally the prelude to that state of mind, which might be represented by that same angel, with all his six wings spread for a majestic sweep.

How sublime—how grand! How lifted up into a princely, reigning attitude of soul! It is then that the moon comes under our feet as we sing. Let no

one call this fanaticism; for it is the experience of olden times; it is that which used to mount up on wings as eagles'.

But generally, when the Holy One breathes on me, it imparts a kind of fire—I feel all astir—feel full of lightning, as it were. It sets me moving. There comes into me a spirit of daring aggressiveness, as if authorized to command the powers of hell to stand back for conquering Messiah to come through. This is the spirit which plants the standard in regions beyond—putting down the stakes, and drawing the kingdom lines farther out into the world of death and darkness. Brethren, this is the same thing which made one think he could leap over a wall and run through a troop—which once exclaimed, "through God I can do valiantly." This is one of the blessings which avails for the good of a lost world.

O, that we could learn more and more to retain and prize that blessing which brings with it the spirit of holy work and holy suffering, by which, with pleasure, we forego present ease and rest and self aggrandizement, in behalf of the everlasting welfare of others.

We can wait a little for our rest and final triumph. A shout may be postponed, but brands on fire must be quenched quick.

O, ye professed followers of the Lamb, who are so tempted to choose your good things in this life—who spend so much money for show and aristocracy—who are giving your life for things which perish with the using: do come forth with your money and all, and

by divine aid make a strike that shall tell on the coming ages. Do not let this great opportunity of probation slip, and leave you at last only as the flower of the field, and as the grass that withereth.

Your opportunities and days are few; the work of eternity is crowded into an inch of time—a moment's space!

And ye faithful workers together with God, work on! by labors, sacrifices and sufferings, if need be; so holy—so Jesus-like—make yourselves worthy of the brotherhood of martyrs, putting immortality into your debt. Go out of this world so empty-handed—so worn and wasted for a lost world—as shall settle your right to glorification beforehand.

Or, if this is too much to hope for, at least postpone your heaven of ease, of rest and grand parade, till coronation-day; when the final "Come, ye blessed," shall settle your princely pedigree, and put you into joint-heirship, with Jesus Christ, to the wealth of the universe!

O, that I could encourage the few, who sigh and cry for the abominations which are committed in the land, to wait a little longer—yes, *work* and wait:

> "So that each, in the day
> Of His coming, may say,"

I have finished the work thou gavest me to do.

HAMILTON.

THE GLORIFIED SUFFERERS.

Therefore are they before the throne of God.—Rev. 7: 15.

My attention was attracted to this passage by the first word: "Therefore." The *therefores* of the Bible remind us of the examples in the old school books; they refer to the reason of things, which, to the most of minds, is important. There is a class of persons, however, who are not so interested in the *because* of a thing. These are called the credulous; who rest their faith mostly on the authority of a fact, or a truth, without stopping to inquire into the probability, or even the possibility, of the thing. These can hardly afford the wear and tear of close investigation. A new idea, to such, is more a perplexity, than an enjoyment, till they get used to it. To such, the reason of a thing is not so important; they are easy believers in anything that comes on good authority. These are the more agreeable and companionable sort of persons, as they are not apt to question what you say. They would not be likely to ask why these old saints were made so prominent before the throne; authority placed them there, and that's enough.

Happy souls are such, who can take so much for granted. Then, there are others, who, if they could have one substantial why and wherefore, would believe without any authority. These are the critical and inquisitive minds, and very apt to become skeptical, for they will always be finding depths too profound for their lines to fathom, where they must wait on the surface, with great nature's processes working too deep for comprehension. Such, on standing before that honored group near the throne, would be apt to ask who they were, and why they were thus honored above others?

These persons should be understood, to be dealt with for their good. But whoever undertakes, with such minds, may count on waiting, for they cannot be hurried through the degrees, as they have every inch of the ground to examine as they pass along; but when they do reach the goal, they are there with emphasis!

From this class come the skeptics and infidels. From these, also, come the holy giants, who turn the world upside down. When such do move right, it's with force and decision; for the home conflicts, through which they have passed in overcoming themselves, have educated their moral nature up to great faith.

These are such as martyrs are made of.

There is another incident in connection with the text, worthy of attention, viz.: That this inquisitiveness is so respected.

For authority, anywhere, to consent to give a reason for its action, is considered a mark of kindness. For the railroad conductor, for instance, who stops his train in the woods, to say why he does it, is taken as a sign of a gentleman (it is true, this is rather cheap making gentlemen, but so it goes; perhaps, because so many disdain to stoop so much as this).

For a parent to suspend conversation so often, to answer the little questions of his child, though an annoyance to visitors, is having its good effects on the child. The therefore and wherefore—the why and because of the Bible, are words of condescension, in which the Infinite consents to stoop to our ignorance, in somewhat explaining himself to mortals.

This one *therefore* of the text, has opened a flood of light on heavenly compensation for holy suffering in this life, which must have its effect on the patient endurance of believers to the end of time. It also authenticates the published character of the Infinite—that the Judge of all the earth will do right, if it takes eternity to do it in.

Had not the Revelator given the interpretation of this favored group so near the throne, every new comer to paradise might have been perplexed with this seeming partiality. Whether God's reasons are comprehended by us or not, he has reasons for all his words and ways. Hence he who makes arbitrary power the rule of God's action, greatly mistakes the Infinite.

The ways and words of the Most High to man, rest not so much on mere prerogative as on moral fitness

or moral necessity. Moral fitness planned the mansions of glory. Moral necessity decreed the gulf of hell! Moral fitness arranged these old sufferers for truth and righteousness near the throne; and all the myriads who enter the city above, since their history is known, shall welcome those white-vested elders to their high position, forever and ever.

This suggests another incident in connection with the text, viz.: That what we see of a thing, whether of the literal or spiritual worlds, is generally the least part of it. God's philosophy runs too deep for the ken of mortals. And this seems to have been the perplexity of the Revelator and the elder, with whom he conversed. They did not see enough in these glorified spirits, over and above others, to justify the high positions given them. Hence the inquiry, "What are these?" "What are these more than others?" "Whence came they?" Possibly the secret of their exaltation may be found in their history. So it was in this case, and so it is everywhere. The *why* and *because* of a thing reveals more than does the appearance of the thing.

That a thought, for instance, in any form, can be shot through a thousand miles space at one tick of the clock, is a hard fact to comprehend, or believe either. But if we could see how lightning and thought were joined together, we could believe beforehand. The mystery is in the harness of the lightning, or rather in the lightning itself.

We stand bewildered before the visible fact and

movement of the steam engine—that mightiness on wheels. Its power is beyond our comprehension—half suspect the *driving wheels* make the thing go. But the because of its going is the deeper mystery. We see the thing in its stillest and tamest mood when it goes. Suppress and still down that portable thunder within its hoops, till the earth trembles under you, then let its mouth open at nothing, and you shall know what ails the driving wheels.

A conceited skeptic would like to see the man who would explain the new birth, that you preach so much about. No one need ask him to believe a thing till it's explained. My friend, is the new birth the only mystery you have found that's beyond your power, that you reject it? Have you comprehended all things up to this? Just now a leaf sails down into our path. Now, my friend, let us stop over this leaf. Come, put your spy-glass on this little accident, and you shall go crazy before you master even the philosophy of its color!

Yes, the contrivance of God in this leaf, that's to perish in a day, will use you up, sir. And now do you demand that I explain the transformation of an immortal soul, as the condition of your believing it? If it were a human theory, or invention, I might undertake it.

A mortal man prays that it may not rain on the earth. The thing has a very small appearance—all we see of him is mortal, and subject to our passions. The show of the prayer is still less; so many words

spoken into the air at nothing. And is that the beginning and the ending of the thing? Lo, an all-restraining power, though unseen, brushes the heavens clean of clouds, holding back rain for three years and six months!

We look into heaven—we see the white-vested elders—we expect to see such in heaven—but here is a group of honored ones—more honored than angels. The question is asked, why they are there? Brethren, the therefore of the text refers to the marvel of them. There is more in their history than in their appearance—the explanation involves dark scenes.

The subject contains some lessons to us who still linger in the conflicts of this world:

First—Of instruction. From this revelation we learn, that the full history of individual heaven includes the antecedents of time. Probably more of the scenes of earth are going into the future than we are apt to suppose. Time seems ordained to strike forward into the great future immeasurably!—lengthening itself—and doubling close down on immortal existence, as if two eternities had met, giving character and degree to endless destiny!

For it is not only true, that character is formed here, but degree also; every person carries in himself, from probation, in his mental and moral capacity, the measure of his retribution, and this measure cannot be added unto nor diminished by enactment—by the final sentence of the judge. The happiness of

some of the glorified is equal, no doubt, to what *two* heavens would be to others (if the supposition were possible).

Perfect purity, through the blood of the Lamb, amid the tribulations and sufferings, in behalf of Christ, have to do with that capacity.

Second—Again, the subject teaches the power of contrasts. The poet struck a rare truth when he sang:

"Great spoils I shall win from death, hell and sin."

Do my hearers inquire what we gain? We gain this, if nothing more—a contrast to holiness and heaven. According to the present law of mind, our judgment is made to rest very much on comparison. Things set in contrast react on their opposites mutually. We estimate the blessings of holiness very much by the curses of sin. On this same principle, hell becomes an important data in our reckoning of heaven. So may we expect it to be forever, if we may predict the future by the analogies of this life, to say nothing of the many passages of Scripture which confirm the idea. If we enjoy health more exquisitely after having been sick, and if he loves much to whom much has been forgiven, we are safe in saying that the pardon of sin and suffering for truth and righteousness shall intensify the heaven of the holy.

Who can doubt that the rich man's hell was aggravated by seeing Lazarus in Abraham's bosom? So, on the other hand, to hear it said, "*They shall suffer no more*," derives its chief emphasis from the tribula-

tions through which they came. That touching act of tenderness, in God "*wiping all tears from their eyes*," can be appreciated only by such eyes. The significance and pathos of the act comes from the loud lamentations of earth.

Will it in the end be considered a compliment to the unsaved, that we ministers have concealed the terrible condition of our congregations, representing that they were not so exposed as are the vulgar and immoral—that *their* steps do not so take hold on death and hell (though we respect and love them for their amiable manners)? Hence we begin our estimate of them at respectability, good morals and intelligence, making this the starting point for measuring upward; while God in *his* estimate of us—of us all—lets *his* plummet down, down through respectability, good morals, baptisms, confirmations and common prayer, down till it strikes the bottom of hell! There the wondrous reckoning begins; claiming for redemption, all that mighty range from the depths of woe to the heights of glory, running through to the other side of eternity! To the redeemed hosts, perdition is the first great number in the arithmetic of heaven. To date our salvation at anything this side of hell is a fraud on redemption and heaven both!

Salvation *from* and all the way down to the depths of our exposure, belongs with salvation *to* and all the way up, as its contrast. Hence the saints above, as well as the saints below, never get over saying and

singing (mark the contrast in this passage), "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen!"

The glory of heaven will be more effulgent to the redeemed, no doubt, for its shining against the night of time. As the sufferings of earth, recollected in heaven, shall help to a higher appreciation of everlasting deliverance, so conversely.

Anticipations of "Come, ye blessed of my father," when tears are wiped from all eyes, are now assuaging our grief—inspiring our songs and lifting up many a bowed head. The old reckoning is still going on, "That the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us."

To the old patriarchs and martyrs now before the throne, the tribulations, imprisonments and sufferings unto death, were as the wink of darkness at a distant day. As if an individulal, by shutting his eyes, thought to make it dark among the stars, because it were dark to him. No doubt it looked dark to their murderers; but the out-look—the spiritual observatory of these living and dying witnesses for God, stands the other side of the eclipses, facing the lights that never go out in the upper windows. Then, when the last struggle subsides and all is over, in the Christian's last sundown here, is the break of his high eternal morn!

Friends, do you anticipate a great heaven? Do you hope to reach the rank of the once despised and rejected of earth—of those who were "killed all the day long and counted as sheep for the slaughter—of whom the world was not worthy?" Then accept the tribulations—then accept the labors and sufferings in behalf of Christ—then come forth in clean robes, in white robes, washed in the blood of the Lamb!

Third—The subject has to us the voice of warning. God not only redeemed man by man, but he also instructs, reproves and inspires us through our fellows. A living righteous man robs iniquity of its excuses. God speaks to the world in the most audiable voice, through the biographies of the Bible. He speaks also through the living. His voice has come to my unworthy heart with telling accent, through those of smaller minds and fewer advantages. But I have seen God through the thinnest vails—in deaf and dumb persons. But when we come to the Bible examples, they have this advantage of all others; their holy living and triumphant dying has the seal and endorsement of the Searcher of Hearts; hence no discounts are to be made through suspicion.

I stand in awe of the righteous dead! The examples of sixty centuries are looking back upon us! and at times I feel the influence of their look. I mean those old divinely authenticated patterns of faith and holiness—those who suffered the loss of all things for the name of Christ.

God, partly through a severe sickness, has toned

me down, and stilled me down so softly, that I hear voices from the dead; for God has some deceased ones whose speaking he has not stopped yet. And at times I stand still and speechless before the murmuring dead—the talk of muffled tongues, muffled in blood! The martyred hosts of the glorified are more alive to me to-day than are many good sort of people who never died; that is, I feel them more—feel the restraints and inspiration of their inflexible rectitude. For a good man once in this world, and well set agoing, is not easily got out of it. There is often more of him left after he has gone out of sight than appeared while he lived. Superhuman dying is the great Amen to a righteous life, and often induces a re-estimate of the person. Abel is an active power in the world to-day!

By this comparison, I not only see my unworthiness, but feel reproved also. O, how foolish—how child-minded I seem, grieving over my little troubles, with the *beheaded* witnesses of God standing before me, especially when I hear the souls beneath the altar groan. Now, what use is to be made of all this—this history of tears and blood—of suffering and martyrdom for truth and righteousness? For there's a voice in this history which comes rolling down the ages for the church to hear. There's a meaning in that mysterious sentence: "He being dead, yet speaketh." Brethren, it is no trifling circumstance to us, and we shall find it more than an incident in its bearing on our accountability, that we are coming

in the rear of the blood-washed multitudes of six thousand years! These are God's empaneled witnesses, that redemption through the offering of Jesus Christ is a success—that the holiness of man is possible, even through martyrdom.

They say: "Look through the privations and labors—the persecutions—the shedding of blood like water for the centuries past, then estimate the cost of the Christianity of your day." Though heads moulder here and bodies moulder there, yet both speak alike. They say: "Will you ride in ease—in worldly pomp and carnal pleasure, on swells which have occupied sixty centuries in forming;—swells of holy and far-reaching influence, red with the blood of righteous Abel?"

They say to us: "Will you pervert the conviction of the world, through these superhuman sufferings for truth, to church aggrandizement, making respectability of manners the sum of Christianity?" Let the self-complacent, over great benevolence expended for worldly churches, sitting at ease in the pew and in Zion, cast a look back on their spiritual ancestry, noting well that company, who "wandered in sheep skins and goat skins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented!"

Let them number up the great fights of affliction in behalf of the Christianity of heaven, giving to this age civil liberty and freedom of conscience.

And is this the object of the struggles of the dead? Is this the end of this accumulated suffering? Has

this holy influence—this tidal wave, which dates back to righteous Abel, come all the way through, to be perverted to the ambition and aims of an aristocratic church, vieing with each other in strife and vain-glory for the most costly edifices of worship, to the neglect of the poor and the wicked?

What is this conciliating the rulers and the rich, by widening the gate to heaven, but a reflection on the rectitude of the dead? Saying, "If we had lived in the days of suffering unto death, we would have saved the blood of the prophets, by inculcating a liberal Christianity." Will this insinuation spare the Saviour? Judge ye.

Fourth, and lastly—The subject brings to the believing heart, courage and inspiration.

Although we may feel poor and almost worthless—almost beneath the notice of angels and God, when set in *contrast* with some of the Bible examples of faith, yet, coming into closer fellowship with them, we not only find our hearts burning within us, in these mysterious communings, but they impart their spirt of holy daring also.

We leave the contemplation of these holy examples, saying to ourselves: "If God carried these great sufferers through so gloriously, surely He can cause me to triumph through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Brethren, there are persons here to-day, who never so felt the need of the society and fellowship of adult Christians, as of late—of those who have been per-

fected and purified in furnaces of God's own heating! By these meetings such are finding each other.

At times we feel so companionless and disgusted in the noise and parade of man show, that we resort to the biography of patriarchs and martyrs for society. Not but that there are as holy ones on earth to-day, as ever suffered the flames of persecution; but, as bodies to distant climes repair as we sing, there are times when the dead seem nearer than the living; perhaps the mood of mind has to do with this kind of distance.

If I may speak of myself, will say, I never felt the influence and fellowship of my holy ancestry as of late.

In the disgust of heartless forms and ceremonies, I go down among the dens and caves of the earth, where once dwelt the high-born of heaven. I stand within those old mud homes of mildew and silence, and ask: "Did God ever dwell in such a place as this?" I smell the lingering odor of incense offered thousands of years ago; and, looking down on the dim sanded tracks, involuntarily ask God to bless the dear old saints who once prayed here, forgetting that they are now before the throne, attracting the admiration of heaven.

Then I have some good times with Joseph of Aramathea. It was he who took care of my Saviour when he was dead — when he was dead for my sake. I shall never forget Joseph for this; blessed soul, I want to see him now, for we love each other.

I expect to inquire for him among those who are before the throne of God, for he is known—all the redeemed people know Joseph. It was he who planted himself with his faith, his reputation and his everlasting hope, on the side of Christ and redemption, when all there was left of the system, and all there was left for the world, to hope in, was the dead Nazarene! Joseph said practically: "This is my Saviour, dead or alive; and here I trust my eternal all in the merit of this bloody offering." This is the faith God delights to honor. In tenderness and holy affection Joseph bore him who had been called "Carpenter's Son," to his own new tomb, to await the prediction of a *buried man*. But O, the mighty reverse! When the clock of time struck the predicted third day, the rocky tomb, with the great stone at its mouth—Roman soldiers—king of terrors—all things let go their hold for great resurrection.

Mocking Jerusalem, with jubilant hell, feels Jehovah's nod! When lo, *the* Crucified swings back the gates of death, leaving blood on its threshold, exclaiming: "I that speak in righteousness, *Mighty to Save!*" Here, at length, is the interpretation of him who in prophetic vision was seen long ago, "coming from Edom with dyed garments from Bozrah, traveling in the greatness of his strength."

The hazardous faith of Joseph is confirmed—the title to eternal life of the multitudes who believed in the seed of the woman who was to come, is re-endorsed, while the promises of four thousand years' postpone-

ment are all fulfilled, with a superabundance of grace and redeeming merit treasured for the ages to come. (Some will call this a digression—so let it be.)

Joseph! we are still coming—in these distant years we are coming, to crown the Great Messiah, Jesus, whose sacrificial body you took care of while lying dead! We are coming, for aught I know, to congratulate you on your immortal honor.

Since faith is heir to all righteousness, which is by faith, we claim rights in all its achievements.

For our encouragement, let us glance back on the history of faith's triumphant march, now running back a distance of six thousand years without a break. What a marvelous record of God's triumphs in behalf of faith! This is the Divine succession!

The inspiration of one triumph acting on the adjacent conflict, has decided a second victory; that another—then another—glory intersecting glory, till we have a line of triumph-lights all the way down to the present. So that in surveying the past, we may travel all the way back to first victory in Abel, without stepping off the battle-field of faith.

But let us premise this, that iniquity defeated goes to the credit of faith, along with truth vindicated—as the defeat of a foe is often half the battle.

I do not enjoy suffering anywhere nor in anything; but I enjoy justice when inflicted in behalf of mercy and righteousness. After that bloody Herod family had slaughtered the children—sported with the head of John the Baptist, just to please a prancing girl

and her demon mother—had killed James and imprisoned Peter—to see but one of this tribe being eaten of worms, I feel like saying: Worms! do your duty this time and clear the world of the last of them. At least, I have no objections to such a death for such monsters.

The cause of humanity, to say nothing of Christianity, demanded that some of those old tyrants should be made a spectacle of wrath.

But I do like to ask Herod's waiters, why they failed to make chains stay on Peter! Both events go to the vindication of the persecuted, and the endorsement of their faith.

But the great iron gate of the city has a record belonging to this line. I ask, who went through here, that night when you opened, and couldn't help it?

Philippi has some visible memorials of faith's triumphant march. Ask her prison: "What ailed thee on that memorable night, when saints sang God's praise within thy cells?" And ye massive stocks! now witness for prayer—say if you didn't asunder part, for a man on his knees, and couldn't help it?

At times do you feel weak and timid, before the rushing wickedness of the times, and say: "What can I do in these whirlpools of ruin?" Do you cry to God to give you courage? So do I, and he sends me down to Midia to see Daniel, that champion for truth, who dared a whole nation, lions and all. That's the way he answers my prayer at times.

I go to his chamber—that sacred place where God

gives power to a mortal, against that infidel decree of thirty days. I go outside, and look up into those open windows, and let them preach to this trembling coward. O, how wide open they look—how heroic; as much as to say, "Not a window that faces Jerusalem shall go down in this house. These open windows shall stand as a sign, both to God and King Darius. If they prove my disloyalty to the wicked decree, they shall also witness to my unfaltering trust in the God of Heaven." Now let the claims of God and King Darius culminate over open windows.

Brethren, did it ever occur to you that these windows have never been shut? Nay; they are to stand visibly open to the end of time. They are the living attestations—the visible memorials of a faith that conquered the love of applause—the love of office—the love of money—that conquered the fear of death—that conquered a nation to God in a day! Open windows! they belong to the character both of God and Daniel.

Friends, do you at times feel a faintness coming into your hearts? Look to the open windows! for they belong not only to the record of Daniel, but also to the encouragement of your faith. I enter that sacred chamber of heroic transaction, where God meets a mortal; where, too, may be heard the growl of beasts, quarreling over their lean bones, as if to forewarn their victim of what comes next. I feel that chamber shake, as that man of awful daring comes to his knees for prayer; he bows with such emphasis, as

if he would say: "Now knees, stand your ground for God! And ye open windows, be my witnesses that I pray this day as *afore time!*"

Praise the Lord for Daniel! Perhaps he has done more for this coward than any dead man I never saw, except Paul. I do not say he has instructed me more, but he has breathed courage into me. Presume I have a capacity for Daniel, or, at least, a need of such help.

Leaving his chamber of prayer, let us follow Daniel to the *Lions' Den*, and there wait for morning—for that memorable morning, when the king, with his officers and the neighbors generally, meet to learn the fate of Daniel, and also who is henceforth to be God.

Daniel comes forth unhurt from amid the gleaming eyes of that den, pronouncing blessings on the king; for the God whom he served continually, delivered him from the power of lions, just as the king predicted that he would. While some rejoice over the good man's deliverance, I hear a muttering sound from others. There are groups here and there of persecutors and heathen, saying with vehemence: "Over-fed! over-fed!" Is that the sound I hear from those who plotted the destruction of the *man of prayer?* "Secretly over-fed the night before, thinking to palm off a fictitious God on the nation! Yes, that's the cheat in this game."

Then go round with a religious face, saying, "The God of Heaven delivered me from the mouth of

lions, will ye?" "And there is old Darius, don't know any better than to believe such nonsense." So the decree comes forth: "Down! where fire-balls gleam in darkness—down where teeth and claws wait for prey—down—down, every one of you, who hate Daniel and doubt God!" "Now let this controversy be settled by experiment; but" (tauntingly) "come back as soon as possible, and let the nation know all about this cheat." Hark to the crash of infidel bones! God and Daniel both are endorsed by the crash of bones. When were so grave questions made to hang on ravenous instinct? When were beasts turned to better account? O, Daniel! live forever!

Down in Babylon we find also a monument to faith and God. In that wicked city were found the three staunch believers in the true God, who were required to worship a dumb image which the king had set up. They refused to worship idols. "Then you shall be cast into the fiery furnace, and we shall heat it seven times hotter than common." "Very well; you can heat away, we are not careful to answer in this matter. The God whom we serve has forbidden the worship of idols, and we shall disobey this heathen king in favor of the God of Heaven—the result is his, and not ours. You can neither scare us nor music us into idolatry—that is the end of the argument, so you can put your furnace agoing as soon as you please (but don't go too near when you put us in, as fire burns)." Fiery furnace! the sight of which puts

us into distress, when we know it is being heated for human beings.

But O, the deliverance! yea, the defeat also, how great! I look into that lurid abyss, and ask, Are you the thing that tried to burn four men instead of three, and failed on the whole? And why did you fail?

I close these examples and the subject with this caution: Not to make the favor of God nor the faith of saints depend on miraculous interposition for the deliverance of the persecuted. The lesson for us is drawn less from these marvelous deliverances, but more from that inflexible rectitude and superhuman daring, which stood the most severe tests which wicked men could devise; and, if rightly viewed, we shall find the greater miracle in the unyielding integrity and heroic daring of these old sufferers for truth and righteousness. These visible interpositions were more in behalf of a heathen world, than for any special good to the persecuted. They were blessed with a holy existence, which rose triumphantly above the power of death in any form. These outward signs, to them, were only as circumstances, attesting to the outside world, to the greater miracle of soul-power; while to the persecuted, the Spirit's inner voice to man's consciousness must be more than the restraint of lions for his sake.

It 's a small matter with Omnipotence to neutralize fire on flesh, or hold at bay the ravenousness of

beasts for the night; but to exalt fallen man to such intense delight in God, and awful daring for his sake, as to face death in its most appalling forms without blanching—to walk into fire in the serenity of a trust known only to tried faith, is more than man! And but for the apparent irreverence, might say, it is above Omnipotence. Something more than Omnipotence is requisite to transform depraved man into so high a resemblance to the Divine, as to leave a heathen nation in doubt whether he is more man than God. "Here the *whole* Deity is known."

Shall we say that these Hebrews, walking into fire with an unfaltering step and an unfaltering soul, reveal less of God than when they walked out of fire, by the interposition of Almightiness? Their going in as they did, reveals God in man; their coming out, reveals God in fire.

Brethren, what is the degree of our moral power? How much of opposition can we stand against? How strong a current can we breast? Not of cruelty and murder for Christ's sake, but of plausible, soft-handed wrong, so peculiar to this age. Dare we be true to God and our own convictions, though against baptized aristocratic wrong? When Bible religion makes its possessor an oddity in some sections of the church, and in the world generally, who dare be singular for Christ's sake?

O, for the holy power of the infant church! when her members were few and poor, and despised by the world—when their names were cast out as evil, and

they were counted as the offscourings of all things for Christ's sake. Although we may never rank with martyrs in suffering and persecution, we may be worthy of their brotherhood for our purity. If we are found less than they in scars, let us reach their degree in holiness and usefulness.

Becoming poor in this world, in behalf of the eternal inheritance, is our privilege. How marvelous that arrangment by which exhaustion brings riches! These holy workers together with God, increase by scattering—grow rich by giving. When we come to a correct estimate of time and eternity—of earth and heaven, the glory and unending happiness of Him who was reduced even to a shadow here for the sake of others, will change also—change greatly, to the advantage of the immortal state. Then, when those others shall have gained the final victory, standing on the Mount Zion of the upper kingdom, glorified with the brethren of Jesus Christ, who shall tell the sum of that man's joy, who spent himself in bringing so many sons to glory?

Brethren, this glory and immortality is within our reach; at least, by holy works and ways let us make ourselves worthy of our spiritual pedigree. Then shall it be said, even of us: "Therefore are they before the throne of God."

While the following hymn was being sung, heavenly unction rested on the people:

Who are these arrayed in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun?
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal throne?

These are they that bore the cross,
  Nobly for their master stood;
Suff'rers in his righteous cause,
  Foll'wers of the dying God.

Out of great distress they came;
  Wash'd their robes by faith below,
In the blood of yonder Lamb—
  Blood that washes white as snow.
Therefore are they next the throne,
  Serve their Maker day and night.
God resides among his own;
  God doth in his saints delight.

TALKS AND TESTIMONIES.

From Sackcloth to Glory.*

[First remarks of Rev. Pomeroy, at the National Camp Meeting at Hamilton, Mass.]

The leader of the meeting says: Give us experience. The most prominent experience with me is that of smallness.

(A voice: "This is Brother Pomeroy." Another voice: "Come on to the stand, brother.")

No, I am well enough here.

(Again: "Come; the people want to see you.")

Well, well, they will see enough of me before we get through; let me talk; I feel small, and poor, and bashful—feel better low down than high up; it suits my mood of mind. I had just such a feeling last year at Round Lake, and many others since.

If one would like to see how small a thing he can be shrunk to, let him attend one of these meetings,

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*From the Living Epistle.

where many of the great and good come together from half the continent.

Then, on the other hand, if he would know to what an exaltation of holy thought, of spiritual vision, of moral mightiness, he can reach and live, let him come here, but let him come in lowliness and faith.

This is a wonderful place for one to go both ways, but it is the last place for one to stand still; *statu quo* is not known here, while the great glory of this modern Mount Zion wakes the dead for miles around.

But mark this, it is *our* work and *our* business to go down, while it is God's work to raise us up, and he does n't want our help to do it, either. Here is where we are apt to fail, by forestalling God in trying to exalt ourselves, thinking that it is time to rise when it is not. God could exalt a world of human beings to-day, if they would first consent to humble themselves. There is nothing doubtful or critical in God's exalting one who has abased himself. But O, this going down to no importance at all, this is the critical point, this is anti-man. For many of us, as an old writer observes, have a touch of the Simon Magus in us, a sly feeling that we are some great one.

Now this self-conceit must go down to ashes, and with the most of us this is the crucifixion. Many would sooner go strutting, though it were to hell, than go on their knees to heaven. Now who dare break down, who dare sink to no account with man, on the credit of Jesus Christ? Down every soul of us—down to dust, and lie there till we can say fool eloquently.

God can raise us up on the credit of our sinking faith, and do it alone, and do it when it is needful. Now be patient, lie low, be quiet, and the world shall see how God can triumph in dust!

Old Routines Perplexed.*

[Talk of Rev. B. Pomeroy, at the late National Camp Meeting, at Hamilton, Mass.]

This is a great spiritual focus—this is where heaven and earth blend—where the two kingdoms come together.

No common thing can answer here.

Come to a focus in faith—in thought—in feeling and talk; give us truth as naked of words as possible.

Brother G—— asked me if I felt like spreading myself. I said, "No; I feel like condensation—full of pith and point."

No common song, nor sermon, nor prayer, can meet the demand of this occasion. This is a high dispensation of light and truth and power. This is too glorious, too divine, for the old routines to maintain themselves.

How the old circles of thought and talk and feeling, get mixed up here.

Now break out of the old ruts of monotony, and make a new track on the field of holy vision.

Now take in the Revelations—go where you never were before. But don't go off for Pisgah—don't try

* From The Earnest Christian.

to soar; but go down to lowliness, meekness and child-like simplicity.

O, let us bend and bow before this New Testament Shekina—this Holy Ghost dispensation; lie low down in the trough of this sea, and let God's waves go over us.

The heavenly tide is coming in—I seem to hear the rush of coming waters!

No New Theory.

It appeared to some that the minister in his remarks last evening, while he made it easy for the opposers of this work, made it rather hard for its friends. He says: "You may not fall in with our theory, or adopt our particular dogma on the subject of Christian holiness or sanctification; but I think you will admit that our religion makes us about as happy as you are made by yours." Now that minister agrees with me, and I with him, and both agree with the teachings of the Bible on this subject. He was only a little careless in expressing his ideas, and I find some are likely to wield the mistake against the friends of this work.

I cannot say what the object was of those who were the means of getting me to this meeting; but, for myself, I did not come here to advocate *my* theory or *my* dogma, on the subject of Christian holiness; neither did the brother who spoke last evening. I have no right to get up a theory on religion. God has published to the world a system of salvation, and committed himself to it, and woe to him who under-

takes to mend God's plan for saving the lost. This may be called my theory only as I have adopted it from the Bible.

Had I the authority to invent a religion, it would not be much like the one required of us in the Bible; at least, it would not be so old-fashioned nor so anti-natural. If left to my own conceited wisdom, should say less about depravity and make more of genteel, educated humanity, perhaps allow that such had grown themselves into the kingdom, especially if they were benevolent. In short, I should make more of man, of his social qualities and good morals, and less of Jesus Christ. But this coming out from the world and being separate—this counting all things as loss and dross for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus—then to degrade a smart, intelligent person, who abounds in good works, to a sounding brass or tinkling cymbal, just because he lacks some supernatural grace—some old-fashioned saintly qualification, is enough to spoil any religion; at least, with conceited smartness and self-righteousness, which are two prominent forms of depravity at present.

I never made my religion as a system, hence I have no theory of my own to maintain; am not responsible for its origin nor for its results; am only responsible for its practice. And by the grace of God, I mean so to embrace and practice this heavenly Christianity, so unnatural to wickedness and depravity, as to make the Infinite God responsible for my well-being, both in time and eternity.

This responsibility God has assumed, on the condition of obedience. When I substitute my notions for God's law, I forfeit my claim to his promise. While we are meek and humble, and condescending to men of low degree, especially in spiritual things;

And it becomes us to be very patient with others, for some of us have been borne with long in our half-heartedness in religion. But don't think that you are to beg the privilege of being Methodists in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Neither offer apologies for being such. The real children of this Zion-mother have no occasion for begging the privileges of the family of illegitimates, who are born of worldly policy, and made the mistake of getting into a church raised up to spread Scriptural holiness over the lands, and now propose, after Scriptural holiness has given us the ascendency over all other churches in America, to take this monument church—this monument of God's redeeming power and providence, for a *worldly-show* church.

The world is not suffering, either, for show-churches or show-men. But it is dying spiritually, for want of Bible Christians—those who can forego the praise of men for the honor that comes from above.

We wish all to understand, that we are not here to advocate any peculiar or new theory; we are relieved of that superfluous task.

This is Methodism! As it was—as it is—as it ever shall be! Yea, more; this is *essential* Methodism, as it is essential Christianity.

When I doubt holiness as the duty and privilege of believers, I shall doubt Christianity in general. When we give up one, we must, from necessity, at least, doubt the other.

Now, my friends, don't allow yourselves to be reproached with the charge of having embraced a new theory on religion. Especially when you have the history of one hundred years in our own Church to fall back upon. Evoke the testimony of the sainted dead! For they and you are on the same side.

If the professors in some churches are against you, the righteous dead are on your side all the way back to Enoch, and even beyond.

A Word About Hamilton.

In parting with Hamilton, it may be proper to add a word respecting the meeting in general. It is not enough to say, that the grounds were beautiful; they seemed more the result of a united effort of man with creation, in making this the most enchanting place for a meeting we ever visited, after allowing all its defects. The meeting, though not near as large as Round Lake, or Manheim, was, perhaps, the most profitable of all.

The effects of truth were far-reaching and deep; abiding to this day, as I have some opportunity for knowing. Having visted the churches in eleven States the past season, including the neighborhoods of different meetings, ought to know something of the state of Zion.

Ministers here of different denominations embraced the great climax, truth, in Christianity to a large extent. Think of seventy-five of these servants of the Lord, prostrate in the dust at one time, seeking for this fundamental qualification of the embassadors of Christ, the holiness of their natures. This estimate is not a random guess; they were counted.

Whether it may be considered strictly proper in this place to speak of things so personal, is doubtful; but it is strictly just, at least on one side. It is an act of justice on my part to say, that strangers, of their own thought and choice, contributed to our expenses at this meeting till the last dollar was paid; one brother, of Lynn, giving twenty dollars, by which I was enabled to return five dollars, given by one whose heart, I found, to be larger than his means.

For one having neither salary nor worldly business, such things are apt to make an impression not soon forgotten; such, too, as the favored ones, whose ample salary goes on, whether they are at home or abroad, know but little of. But it's all the same, or it soon will be. One has the promise of God and man both for his support; the other has to take the Lord alone. Don't you pity him? With only the promise of the Infinite, and no official board—no, not one mortal to back the promise?

I refer all these considerate, generous souls, to my Master for their reward, who is amply able to keep his kingdom out of debt.

OAKINGTON.

TALKS AND TESTIMONIES.

What is Egypt to Canaan?

A CHARACTERISTIC SPEECH.

Rev. Brother Pomeroy, author of a work called "Shocks from the Battery," made a characteristic speech at the Sunday morning love feast. He said: "When the brother who has just spoken, commenced his quotation, I supposed he was about to say, 'Little children, keep yourselves from idols.' I wish to emphasize *idols*. I look upon it as a reproach to Christ, for me to cry hosanna to Jesus to-day, and to-morrow go after the world's pleasures. Now they have good boarding-houses here, and yet I find it convenient at times to piece out my meal at the lunch-room. But this kingdom-table needs no piecing out. Here are all the luxuries and varieties which my nature craves. I sit down to this banquet of mind—this high dispensation of grace and glory—contented. This mind-happiness, I see, is already affecting the Canaan market for Egypt's leeks and onions. This revival of Bible religion will prove a hard blow to prostitute France.

"It is a practical notification to the coming cargoes, that they had better turn back. This sending onions over to Canaan is a burlesque on that land of milk and honey.

"Let Israel's tribe enter Canaan at once, but away with your Egypt pleasures."

Clinging to the Cross.*

At a meeting in the Tabernacle at Oakington, after a beautiful hymn had been sung by Brother Wells, chorused with the soul-stirring words, "I'm clinging to the Cross," with remarkable power, Brother Pomeroy, much excited, exclaimed: "Yes, I am clinging to the Cross!" This is my hope and this my hold—this is my hold against myself—against a mere intellectual religion—against the cunning craftiness of the world and the sophistry of Satan. Though other hopes may fail, and other functions and powers of body and intellect give way, let this cling-power of the soul be the last to let go—like a man clinging to a rock, over the precipice, till his body dies and falls into the abyss below, leaving his fingers, which died so stiff that they clinch the rock still. So when health and life and body fail and sink, let this faith-cling of the soul hold firm to the Rock of Ages.

This is the Christian's safety—yea, this his serenity when death draws near and soul and body part. Anchored here he laughs to scorn the tempest of the seas, and sings earth's tumult down.—[C. L.]

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*In the M. H. Journal.

How Christianity Becomes Natural to Man.*

After an excellent sermon by Rev. W. H. Harlow, of Providence, Conn., on the text, "That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith," Rev. B. Pomeroy asked the privilege of speaking, which was granted. Though it had been arranged for one of the Committee to occupy the time, but he kindly gave way, when Brother Pomeroy proceeded after the following manner:

"God's philosophy of making us like himself is a great mystery. It does not consist in outward imitation. It is Christ dwelling in our hearts, which makes us like himself at the seat and center of our being.

"How unlike the religion of the world, which consists in the practice of certain virtues and ceremonies! As if the imitation of Christianity at certain points within the practice of man, proved him to be a Christian. As well might we affirm that a parrot is a man, because he speaks some words like his owner. To mimic a man's mouth is a small thing, but to transform a parrot into the *nature* of man is another thing.

"Dr. Bangs was a great and good minister, but he carried his head on one side. Some of the young ministers were so captivated with the good man that they were found carrying their heads on one side, involuntarily; but that did not make them Dr. Bangs.

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* Reported by Rev. S. Leslie, Weaver, Pa.

So it is spiritually. There are persons who flatter themselves that if they act out, or rather *take on* certain appearances of the Christian, they are Christians. Whereas, God's method of making Christians is neither to begin nor end with action or appearance, but to begin with the inner nature, making us right at the heart, leaving the heart to control the action and the life; for neither life nor action is religious or virtuous, nor even legitimate, that has not its root and impulse in the heart. Common sinners would even despise each other in their social intercourse, for motives that began anywhere this side of the heart. They call such hypocritical—deceitful—sly—two-sided. Does Christianity accept of a lower standard of honesty, in action and intercourse, than the social relations demand?

"Christ dwelling in our hearts, makes us Christians at the vital point of our being—at the source of thought—of motive—of action and life. But the deeper question relates to the philosophy of doing all this.

"In what relation or capacity does Christ propose to dwell in our hearts? We all say he is there as our Prophet, Priest and King—he reigns in us.

"But how does he reign in us? By restraint, holding badness in check and making us good by coercion—eternally driving us on in a way we do not like, where we even hope to go to heaven, not for the sake of heaven so much, as to see our friends and to evade hell.

"My mother, though long dead, rules in me to-day. Do you ask, how? She rules by her nature. Her nature predominates in my nature, so that I naturally act my mother. So Christ, by this same philosophy, dwells in the Christian spiritually, by his inborn nature; by which a believer, living a life that's hid with Christ in God, is acting on the deepest and most reliable philosophy of the universe, viz., *Naturalness.* A saint is more than a man, though the man may be under the discipline of correct rules and influenced by holy principles. He is a Christ-man. Christ's nature predominates in him as *his* nature.

"Perhaps it is safe to say that Christ dwelling in a human mind, as the controlling nature of that mind, is the highest throne—the most glorifying position of the Infinite.

"'That Christ may dwell in your hearts!' The minister has attached much importance to this proposition, and it's well he did, for this is Redemption's climax—this is the victory—this is man reversed! Great restoration! the two beings again harmonize in one nature!

"My hearers perhaps are ready to exclaim: How can it be that a finite can be put in sympathy with the Infinite?

"I am here reminded of an experiment once made in France. Certain physicians conceived the idea of making the aged young again, by the infusion of youthful blood. All who submitted to the experiment died of madness. The exhilaration and acceler-

ation of the youthful blood drove the old machinery so fast that it flew out of gear—they went crazy. This is a kind of new wine that makes bad work with old bottles.

"Here the question recurs with greater force: If this is the result of mixing young life with old life, what must be the result of bringing the divine life in contact with the human? But for one fact we should expect every case to go distracted. Our safety lies in our deep immortal contrivance. We are adapted to the divine nature, both in essence and mechanism—we were wrought up to this high and holy life in our creation. Now, although man has fallen from the state of holiness, wherein he was created, the natural adaptation and capacity remain, so that God's old idea of man may be inferred from this human wreck—from what still appears of this created capacity for holiness.

"As you prove the necessity of water from the nature and organs of the fish, so we prove the necessity of God and holiness from the make of man. Man's increasing capacities in connection with the vastness of his wants, along with his immortal longings for something which the world has never yet given, is evidence that there ought to be, if there is not, somewhere within his reach, a good, full equal to God and holiness and heaven; or he ought to be unmade at once, or, at least, he ought to be relieved of some of his infinitudes and animalized down to the only world and the only good there is within his

reach. On this supposition, man stands as the great blunder of creation; he is either made too great or too little. Better by far be an insect even, with his full nature and all his wants satisfied, than this supposed man, with vast soul hanging outside of all worlds. To close up my creation anywhere between the spheres or worlds, is the worst of all places to stop at—too great for this world of little animal pleasures, and yet not exalted quite up to the spiritual world.

"Painful contradiction! With a nature and capacities for holiness, and yet deprived of its attainments. Skeptic, creation is against thee! I array thyself—thy old original likeness against thy cavilings.

"Now this is the point; to say that I cannot, through the atonement, be so restored to the Divine image, as to make Christ natural to me as an indwelling God and happiness, is to charge the atonement with failure at the most essential point; for if redemption in its provisions stops at any degree short of the restoration of man to true holiness, it's a failure—the cause is lost! Resurrection can never make amends for such a failure.

"What does anti-Christ care for resurrection as long as he has foiled heaven at the vital point in the conflict? The minister has brought us to the secret of our power and our life: it is Christ dwelling in us as our nature and our naturalness. No one can be either happy or strong with his own nature against him.

"This, then, is God's philosophy of making man morally strong and permanently happy. It's the conformity of his heart to God in a way to secure the enforcement of man's own nature to conscience and righteousness. Hence the eternal happiness of saints rests on the eternal naturalness of holiness.

"The Christian, being endowed with a foreign nature, and acting from the impulses of that nature, may be expected to live a superhuman life; so that when the world laughs, the Christian may be in heaviness and sorrow of heart. On the other hand, when the world's great sorrow and wringing of hands begin, there the Christian's laugh is heard.

"By the way, Mr. President, you have just cautioned us against *levity*. It's right that you did; for there is a surface grin that goes for laugh. It's only the frolicsomeness of nerves and muscles, and is all born of the flesh. It belongs to the world, but has no right here. But the real laugh of soul is kingdom-born—it's joy within—the dance of soul—the clap of hands, which angels throng to hear. It is true, the world has stolen this laugh, in name and appearance, without knowing what to do with the thing itself.

"Hence, when joy in Zion becomes unspeakable and full of glory, the world thinks it's their kind of glee and mirthfulness. And how can they guess nearer, being strangers to such an experience? How little did the neighbors of Abraham comprehend his joyfulness when, by special revelation, he saw this

day that we are now in; though far and hazy his look, he saw it and was glad. We have more than catched his laugh; or, more correctly, we participate in his joy. Perhaps, in view of the world's ignorance of this joy, which is unspeakable, we ought to suppress its manifestation somewhat, lest strangers mistake it for levity.

"He who is made partaker of the divine nature by being reborn of God, is more than man! He is a problem too deep for human philosophy to fathom—a mystery too mysterious for the world's prediction.

"When the tide of the wicked goes out, the tide of the Christian is coming in. So when the wicked are bereft of all things dear, and life sinks apace, with the forebodings of hell and eternity coming over the soul as thick darkness, it is then and there that this high-born, mysterious being, finds in his last sun-down the break of his high eternal morn. Some even forestalling the King of Terrors, have fallen asleep in Jesus, a little before the time—that is, before the death time. They died of ecstacy. The King of Terrors is welcome to all his triumph over such subjects.

"Praise Jesus Christ, who dwelleth in the heart of the Christian, for putting him where death can neither harm him, nor scare him, nor kill him. 'O death, where is thy sting, and where thy victory, boasting grave?'

"Look out for defeat—watch well thy sepulchered dust; the hoarded boast of ages, when great Res-

urrection shall topple thy proud monuments and empty thy silent empire clean of saintly dead.

"This, then, shall be the heritage of the saints, those who are living by the law of this second and holy nature; they shall not only live above the comprehension of the world and die mysteriously happy, but they shall also have the infinite advantage of the resurrection to eternal life.

"Before closing, I wish to speak of this work—this revival of primitive Methodism. On my way here, a stranger asked me where I supposed this movement would end? End? said I; it will end in millennium, and then it will not stop. This is the same old power, the same Christianity, that stirred the world one hundred years ago; yea more, this is that which shook Jerusalem and all Judea near *two thousand years ago.*

"Well may we sing, 'This is the Old Ship Zion.' I see she is headed right (to keep up the figure) for a voyage around the world—it's bound to stir the stagnation of every sea, belting the globe with the wake of life. This is of God and not of man, and if it is not over-manned, it must go forward. And there are not enough backsliden ministers, doctors, professors, or any others, to stop this work. If it is essentially injured, it will be by its friends.

"This is no new religion—it's not a new creation; it's a development, or a revival of an old work. This is what I joined forty-eight years since, and it's nothing else. And shall I apologize for being a

Methodist in the Methodist Episcopal Church at this late day. Then let all her ordained ministers ask pardon of the world, for ever having said that they were groaning after this great salvation.

"Now, lest I should be mistaken for a bigot in speaking so much of my own-ism, I wish to say that my Christian fellowship rests not on theoretical agreement, but on the fact of experimental Christianity. It's a small charity that demands of my neighbor that he shall agree with me in non-essentials as the condition of my loving him as a Christian. If I cannot love a Christian because he is a Christian, and that alone, without requiring that my eyes and ears shall be pleased with him, my taste and human love may be faultless, but my Christian love is too weak for the diversities of fallen man.

"I love Presbyterians, not because some are almost Methodists, but for a better reason; so of the Baptists and the Dr. Tyng kind of Episcopalians, and all others, black or white, for this one all-important reason, that they love our Lord Jesus Christ."

A Talk on Consecration.*

I wish so to speak, that old original self shall gain no advantage from my talk.

Though small and feeble, I might have amounted to something in God's hands, for the good of the world, if I had consented from the first to have gone into God's hands without reserve. If I had with a

*Reported for the Earnest Christian.

godly sincerity taken the Word and Spirit for my rule of being and doing, instead of looking to the popular sentiment of the Church in so many matters. If in my faith I had held the Lord responsible, not only for the results, but also for my reputation and good appointments, as He has promised, how much of anxiety, disgust and disappointment would have been saved to this poor mortal; and these are the least of the bad effects of trying to improve the Lord's plan.

But no: in common with some others (not to say many), for years and years I lived and acted as though it were not safe for one who thought much of himself—of his good sense and refined taste, to come under the *full* control of the Infinite one—that the Lord was so reckless of human greatness and human wisdom, that one's reputation would not be safe, at least with the first families, in such hands.

So, to be safe and sure, I kept a close look-out on the probable course or plan of my religious duties (for it was my purpose to obey the Lord), but when I found the Word and Spirit required of me, in a way that seemed rather spendthrift of one's reputation for good sense and intelligent religion, as the spectators call it, I would just put in a proviso or modification of the plan. So after adjusting my course so as to guard personal rights, I cried to the Lord to come over into my plans and help me do my duty. So for years I prayed and prayed, and teased, and looked and longed for the Spirit to come over and make me efficient in my work.

Now this was not hypocritical in me, neither was it imputed so wicked as it now appears.

The fact is, I was fooled—was self-deceived; yes, friends, the world and self have played some shrewd games on me, but by the grace of God I hope they are played out.

Probably my sins in the matter may be traced to a want of faith in God's remedy for the cure of the world. Then as a fruit of this unbelief, feeling and acting on the supposition that at least some of the views of religion set forth in the Bible are too old-fashioned for this state of society. So you see I had the work on hand of educating the All-Wise in modern views of religion.

When simplified, the sin consists in being in bondage to the friendship of the world, which is enmity against God; fix it up as we may, with education, morals, baptism, beads, feathers and Grecian bend, still it will be enmity against God, and that minister who dare be true to God will stir it up; so count your cost, ye holy embassadors!

My hearers are ready to inquire, how did you change your position in these matters? I just packed up my effects and went over to the Lord's side, and whatever refused to go, or went muttering, I left behind, with a vow never to look or long after it again. To tell the truth about it, I went rather empty-handed, leaving a deal of lumber behind. All this I counted loss for Christ.

You say, how do you view your duty now? As a

theory or system, I look upon Christianity as none of my concern. I never invented it—am not responsible for its origin or fashion. Evidently it is a root out of dry ground—no beauty in it that an outsider should desire it. It is a stone of great stumbling, except to obedience, but that is nothing to me. But what I am ashamed of now is, that I was ever ashamed of Christ, either dead or alive—either in the mock robes, on the cross, or on the Mount of transfiguration—that my foolish heart ever felt obligated to so fix up and dress up the uncomeliness of God's salvation, that a sinful soul should call it beautiful. I say it plainly, friends, this looks bad to me now; it is atheism, not by design, but it is a necessity of unbelief. Unbelief brings us so into bondage to the tastes and opinions of men, that we dare not tell the whole truth in the spirit of truth.

To consecrate property, time and talents to the cause, is a small thing, when compared to giving up our own way of doing it. We may go through quite a catalogue of articles without touching the *dear* thing of our life. With one proviso, refined depravity can flourish around God's altar as well as anywhere. Yes, man-show has even been seen to loom high over the Cross, with Jesus dying far below the human dignitary. We might speak of giving up reputation, preference or self-pleasure—preconceived notions of the manner of doing duty, of the manner of the working of the Holy Ghost, etc. But the abandonment of *I, myself*, over to God, without one proviso,

takes all the catalogues with it. This is the casting the strong man out of the house, when his goods follow as a necessity.

As a brother remarked, I am anti-Rum, anti-Mason, anti-Slavery and anti-Tobacco—still my mind is dark. Brother, stamp your feet hard and say anti-Self, and the strong hold of depravity shall give way.

O yes, consecration or sanctification would be quite popular, since it so augments our moral power and religious gifts, lifting us out of little servile self into holy daring; if the Lord would only allow us to pass over the disagreeables, taking us through on a magnificent plan, so that the world should say of us, There goes an intelligent and reasonable Christian. No doubt he is holy, but too much of a gentleman to say much about it. He is none of your fanatical, vulgar sort of men, who preach about theaters, dancing, jewelry and feathers, freemasonry and tobacco, and all that sort of stuff. He preaches up the virtues of religion, without intruding himself into the personal rights of others. Then he talks so beautiful about heaven, and that our friends are waiting for us. O, he is such a beautiful man; we must all go to hear him next Sunday night, for the fashionable class attend his church. It is agreeable, no doubt, to all, to be thus esteemed; that is, if our sense of responsibility is not against the pleasure.

But who am I, or my father's house, that the list of hard names with which the saints of all ages have been branded, should end with me, and just here

with my beautiful self should the greetings from the market begin ?

Did the vow of my consecration stipulate for perfection in intellect and judgment?

Was this the proviso in offering myself to God, that he should carry me clear of inconsistencies, disadvantages and unloveliness in the estimation of a vain world ?

What is my importance, that I should claim a favoritism with God, above Christ or Paul, with all the martyred hosts of the glorified ?

No ! No ! Put me among those whose holiness was so positive as to excite the hate of badness. Put me into the way the holy prophets went, though marked with sandals and blood.

Yes, I covet brotherhood with the old sheepskin wearers, who, from the scorn of men and the dens of earth, went up into the heaven of "Come ye blessed of my Father."

CANTON.

PURITY THE CONDITION OF SEEING GOD.

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.—MATT. 5 : 8.

Whether Christ designed to teach the order of the spiritual processes in this chapter, we cannot say. My text, however, marks the highest degree of all the states previously spoken of, and, no doubt, should be considered the completion of the Christian character, at least on the negative side.

For no character can be considered complete, in the spiritual sense, short of a restoration to the essential likeness of God, in which man was at first created; which likeness consisted in righteousness and true holiness. In this rising scale of goodness, we note six degrees or steps, from poverty of spirit, which must be the beginning of salvation to this climax state of purity of heart.

The text will justify the two following propositions, viz.:

First—What is implied in seeing God.

Second—Wherein is purity essential, as the condition of this result.

This passage is one of frequent use by ministers as a text for a sermon; some of whom say they have never satisfied themselves in its use; neither have they been satisfied with others.

Perhaps some of our failures to comprehend this passage, have commenced with the result of purity, viz.: "Seeing God," which is made the ground of the blessedness spoken of in the text.

With some, at least, seeing God, means to be impressed with a sense of God in his creations and providences, and in his word.

This is altogether too small a meaning. Suppose we call it perceive—appreciate—know—experience—enjoy.

I apprehend that the secret and key of the text will be found in the relation of purity to this high knowledge of God.

We say we know a fish, but we do not; we only see certain appearances of the fish. We know nothing of his instincts—his sufferings and happiness. Neither is it possible for us to see a fish, in the full sense of the word, except by becoming a fish. We cannot appreciate any nature, nor any condition, of which we have had no experience.

Experience is essential in all cases and in all places, to intelligent sympathy.

Take an illustration from common life. You visit the house of mourning, where but yesterday the prattle of the innocent was heard. You say, I feel sorry for that mother. That is true, but it 's sorrow

only at a guess. You can never comprehend that afflicted heart till you become a mother, with a dead child in your house.

I see my neighbor dying, but do I really know his present views and experiences in this last hour of intense existence—is that what I mean?

Who can know the pain or the bliss of dying, but he who dies?

I once saw a man two miles above the earth. I tried to put myself with him, just to see how this lower world appeared; but my imagination failed to take me half way there. I can only know that man's condition by actually going where he is.

I see a hungry man eat—I see him in the full sense. I not only see his motions or his shadow on the wall. I know his hunger and his relish of food; can explain his experience—but only to one who has been hungry. I partly eat with him through sympathy, and enjoy it, for I have been there.

These are faint illustrations of that greater necessity of resembling God as the condition of seeing him, or of knowing him.

This is the secret of the text, and this the second idea of the sermon, viz.: Wherein is purity essential as the condition of seeing God. The assertion of the text rests on the philosophical law of assimilation.

If you can be assimilated to the condition of a bereft mother, you shall see or know her bereavement. If you can be transformed into the nature and habits of a fish, you shall know a fish, and enjoy the

life of a fish; and this is the only possible way by which you can attain to such knowledge. This holds equally true in the spiritual world. The chasm between man and fish is no broader than that between saint and sinner; it 's only on the other side of their nature. No one can know, or so much as guess, the experiences of a penitent, even, except he has been penitent. What then shall we do before the broad break between fallen man and the holy God? How can these two diverse natures be brought into sympathetic relation?

The philosophy of this wondrous harmony is referred to in the text.

Are my hearers ready to ask, what all this has to do with purity? Is it not in this, that holiness being the most essential and characteristic attribute of the divine nature, it stands for that nature? Again, is not holiness the strongest point of resemblance between a finite and the Infinite? For, according to the Scriptures, there is no aspect, state or condition, in which God and man so resemble father and child, as when viewed in their holiness.

Holiness, then, is the point where God and man *touch*, and *resemble*, and *symyathize*, and *commune*, as at no other!

This is the vital point of assimilation, where finite blends with Infinite! Sanctification through the blood of the everlasting covenant is the assimilative process and power by which soul is changed from dark to light—from glory to glory, into the same image!

But let us mark this, my brethren, that this assimilation is mysteriously deep and radical. No superficial conformity to external religion will avail here. It's not whitening the spots of the leopard that unleopards him. Neither is it having all knowledge, and understanding all mysteries, and even giving our body to be burned; this is not holiness. But did not the Apostles suffer for the truth? Are we not like them when we do as they did? Let us see: to refer to an illustration used on another occasion.

Dr. Bangs was a great and good man; then over and above all that, he carried his head on one side.

Some young ministers unconsciously tipped their heads on one side; but did that make them into the likeness of great Dr. Bangs? Is the manner of carrying one's head the matter and make of the man?

Two girls, thought to be one in spirit and disposition, just by being one in appearance—being almost twins in their physical formation, they were often taken one for the other. The check and stripe, the cut and fit of their clothing must agree precisely; but when the irritations and provocations came on, which stirred the inner self, they found old nature's diversities too much for the outside sameness of color.

Your manners are much like your mother's; does that make you like her? They say I resemble my mother, have some of the music of her nature, weep and laugh somewhat as she did. Do these characteristics make me like her? Nay! but I am like her.

Now, what is the mystery of this persistent, per-

petual sameness? I am like my mother by her inborn nature! She rules in me to-day—is living her second life in her child.

Christ is living his third life in the saints of this late period! "Nevertheless, I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me"! See Bible. How is it, then, that we are to be assimilated to the likeness of the Infinite, but by this same deep philosophy, of the inborn nature of God—of being made partakers of the Divine nature: giving to this reborn soul the power and happiness of a second naturalness!

The philosophy of all happiness, whether literal or spiritual, is in the fact of its naturalness. Hence, if we would enjoy God we must be like him in nature; holiness is his essential character.

Our only hope of reaching the similitude of the Supreme is in the fact that a small thing may be pure, as well as that which is great. A finite may be holy as a finite, even as the Infinite is holy as the Infinite. There is not enough of us to resemble Omnipotence, but we are large enough to be good, which is of more importance to us and the world. Are not these views correct? Was not man originally created up to this same similitude?

Was not holiness the precise point at which creation aimed at first? And is it not the strongest marked resemblance to the Divine character? May we not then expect the greatest enjoyment in God's holiness, since this is the strongest point of resemblance and sympathy? What a reflection this, on what is called

natural religion, in which men profess so much happiness in nature and *nature's* God, while they regret redemption and the *redeeming* God! Hence the caution of Christ: Ye believe in God? Believe also in *Me.* As much as to say: Faith in God as the great first cause, is an inadequate belief for the *fallen* race.

Then the belief in God which does not lead to faith in Christ is spurious, if it is not dishonest.

In rejecting Christ we reject God. Yea, more; not to believe in Christ is to make God a liar, because ye believe not the record God gave of his Son.

If we know God at all, as the Jehovah of the Old Testament, it must be at a great distance, except we see Him and his glory in the face of Jesus Christ. His natural attributes are too far beyond us.

How can a being who is of but yesterday, appreciate eternity past, which had no beginning?

But when the Lord's Christ stepped from behind great everlasting into time, and mysterious incarnation, foretold the God in flesh, the Invisible came within the scope of spiritual vision.

We see—we know—we enjoy God in Christ.

How can puny man, who fades as a leaf, be put into sympathy with Omnipotence? Or how this delicate harp of a thousand strings be made to accord with Jehovah's rugged thunder, when every nerve and sensibility recoils under the mighty crash? What can Creator do with man, in this department of his stupendous works? But when we come to the

redeeming God, where the terribleness and the consuming fire of Jehovah is concealed, we dare approach—we dare approach the Man of Sorrows, and of prayers, and of tears, coming by the way of Bethlehem, the Nazarine of prophesy, the real brother of man.

Here, in the department of redemption, saints are brought into so intimate relationship with the Trinity as to be denominated laborers together with God. It is here that we come into fellowship with the Divine, in his sufferings and afflictions, some of which are yet behind, it is said, reserved for saints to fill out, who are called the body of Christ.

Does a stranger object to this humiliation as being derogatory to the dignity of the Supreme Being? So thought the ancient Greeks, so says the wisdom of the world. But, in the estimation of pure spirits, redemption reveals the highest glory; so much so, that the greatest and most lasting revenue that has or that ever will accrue to the upper throne, shall be through the Man of Sorrows and of grief! Hark! to the doxology of ages! "Unto Him be glory in the Church by *Christ Jesus* throughout all ages, world without end"! And all the ransomed hosts respond, Amen! For the redeemed multitudes can never allow the Jesus of Jehovah to become obsolete.

Even the barn and manger of Bethlehem are among the immortalized memorials of a poverty for our sakes, more destitute than fell to the lot of birds and foxes—while the by-words, the slang words and nicknames of the wagging throng, excite our reverence

for a condescension and love, which could endure such contradiction of sinners against himself.

It is here, in wondrous redemption, that the pure in heart see God and enjoy God. They glory in this condescension, for they have it in themselves to some extent; they see God in this meekness and pity—in Christ's separateness from sinners, though he mingled with them; his hatred of sin they understand now. For they never knew the manner nor the meaning of God's wrath, till they felt the reaction of holiness in themselves against sin—till the frown of inflexible rectitude went out from themselves against iniquity; then it was that they had, in their measure, a conception of God's wrath. Is it absolutely essential to my everlasting well-being, that I enjoy God? If so, is it essential that I am put into holy accord and fellowship with Him by being made like Him in holiness, as the only possible condition of happiness in Him?

Brethren, there is a necessity for holiness near at home—it's in our own nature. Or, to make the argument sure with unbelievers, I will say there is a necessity in the wants of our own being, for *something* which has never yet been found in all the realm of nature. So far from finding full satisfaction in these things, many fail even to prevent misery. With all the world before them—with the unrestrained gratification of low wants and passions, they so utterly fail of meeting the great want of their being, as to desire death rather than live in a world so empty of good to them. Hence the suicide!

As if there were one chance left—one forlorn hope from misery—they abandon time for the experiment of eternity. But O, the defeat!

Who, in this life, may speak of the unmitigated disappointment which awaits them?

After having cleft matter from mind, they are made to stand before the great immortal of themselves; which refuses to die. What can they do next?

What can they do, when they find that their great misery has evaded the fatal blow, with murder ended! Here they stand, hopeless and distracted! Having despised God's method of human happiness, for their own inventions on themselves, they are left at last, confronted with an unmurderable soul and an unmurderable misery, and yet only in the morning of their eternity.

But let us come to the most favorable cases—such as are found all about us—such as are here to-day—those for whom the world is doing its utmost.

Friends, will you be honest with yourselves, while I propose a few questions?

Do you not, in the thoughtful hour, almost see through your bright prospects and exciting hopes, to where all is blank and barren?

Do you not, at times, apprehend a failure in the resources of carnal pleasure? That this world of temporal good may sooner or later be found inadequate to the ever-expanding capacities and increasing wants of your being? Have not many present already gone half through the catalogue of this life's pleasures, never to return to them again?

Can you not see that you have outgrown many of the delights which once thrilled your little self? So it's destined to be, to the end of all things; till, having tried over and over again the best expedients, and drank at the scanty rill of the world's last pleasure to no purpose, you shall adopt the lament of generations gone: "I have no pleasure in them!"

From the history of cloyed pleasures, find your data for estimating what's to come.

This is my argument of necessity for happiness in God.

If I may speak of my own experience in these things, it will only corroborate the history of humanity in every age. I know about what the world can do—about how far it can go in reaching my necessities. Have no confidence in trying the old resources over again—have sought for bliss in glittering toys for the last time—never expect to drink at these fountains again, with the view of entertaining my soul—have outgrown them all.

Give me another world, or I am ruined!

I visit the garret of the old homestead, where crickets chirp, and cobwebs hang in fragments over the cast-aside playthings of childhood.

With a feeling more painful than pleasing, I ask: Are these the little witcheries that once excited and thrilled this new-born existence?

Was I ever on a par with tops and pop-guns?

O, ye relics of mind-littleness—of small pleasure; though innocent, you can never help me again. I

leave you to nothingness and to mildew; leave you, not because of your harmfulness, but because of your nothingness. Pressed with the necessities of immortal want, I turn my back on all the outgrown past. I face the great future, and ask: Are you equal to this little growing infinite?

With empty hands stretching across the worlds in distress, I exclaim: Great Immortality! Beatific Heaven! I am coming to shake thy gates, for I *must* come through!

This is the demand of a nature in exile! Boundless soul is outgrowing finite pleasures and finite worlds! * * * * Let the barriers give way into the holy infinitudes! Give us scope!

O, ye little hemispheres of time, so beautiful for new-born children to play on and make their toys, but you are too low down, and too narrow and small for the immortal manhood of mind!

God's wondrous expedient, presented in the text, is our only hope, and God's great alternative for the lost. We may be restored to our forfeited relation and likeness to our God.

Through holiness we may be made capable of the highest happiness known to men or angels, either in this world or the world to come.

The infinitude of happiness in Christ shall be equal to the everlasting of our existence, so that if one infinite is equal to another infinite, we are safe against the dilemma and the distraction of being left far out

in mid-eternity, with the last mystery revealed and the last enjoyment gone.

Nay; our resources of happiness in the Trinity shall not only be commensurate with the wants of our immortal nature, but also co-extensive with the forever of our being.

Happiness in full effulgence—in rich abundance, from ocean's fullness—in endless tidal flow—full up and abreast with eternal years!

No intermittent life in heaven—no break—no blank—no ebb in the flow of pure delights; but mighty cycles, freighted with increasing heaven to the holy.

Glory to God, for man's great hope in Jesus Christ! through whom and by whom we are not only to be crucified to the world, and the world to us, but we may also be brought to life in God.

By being reborn of the Spirit, we may be made partakers of the same nature, capable of the same happiness. A being thus exalted in his original creation, a being thus endowed with capacities and with immortality, if he is ruined—if he goes to wreck, it must be a great ruin.

Holiness is our safety against self-ruin. Although holiness itself is not the prominent idea of the text, it is sufficiently alluded to, to justify remarks on that point, did time permit.

TALKS AND TESTIMONIES.

The High Calling of Methodism.

This now great Mission Church professed, from her infancy, to be called of God to spread scriptural holiness over the lands. This was the desideratum of Zion everywhere—this was the great need of the ministry. Massive churches, high steeples, great organs, imposing ceremonies, and priestly gowns, both white, black and spotted, were well provided for without another church. At least, the world was not particularly suffering for the want of man-show or pompousness.

But O! the spiritual destitution—the wide-spread desolation; the ignorance of God and experimental godliness. How dark, thick, heavy darkness palled the most of the world. Yes, darkness condensed as it were, and authenticated by the ignorance of buried generations. Ignorance fossilized, petrified, and almost hoary with succession. Truth, deep, divine, unchangeable truth, under the peculiar name of Methodism, God launched upon the moral chaos of the world. On its banners were written this high profession: "Spread scriptural holiness over the lands!" In this spiritual and vital sense of Methodism, which is all we mean, often, in the use of the term, we find members of other churches in many instances, more methodistic than are many Methodists. We have deeper fellowship with them, for they are better Christians. God, through Methodism, either

in the hands of Methodists, or through others just as holy, has put the atonement to the test of saving man to the uttermost, in nearly all lands. And what has been the result? The greatest and broadest moral achievement ever witnessed on this globe.

This is an ism (in this vital sense) that will bear to run a little longer, without further doctoring. And now, after the demonstrations and the triumphs of one hundred years, for Methodists, but more especially for Methodist ministers, after their professed groaning for this state, to oppose this exalted privilege of believers, and turn recreant and traitorous to their high calling: it's wicked. It's a crime against the atonement—it's a crime against Wesley and the sainted dead of one hundred years! To deny the sanctification of believers, at this late day, is to contradict the living and dying testimony of the millions who closed their life in this profession.

Brethren, gorgeous churches, ample colleges, and high sounding organs, can never atone for the loss of holiness from the ministry.

OTHER SELECTIONS.

PART FIRST.

WHY CHRISTIANS ARE DETAINED ON EARTH.

I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world.—St. John, 17 : 15.

These words occur in what may be called Christ's valedictory prayer, in which he presents to the Father his present and prospective Church down to the latest born of God. A prayer in which are treasured up the memorials of Christ's affection and solicitude for those who are to come after.

So that in the coming years of dark tribulations, as the generations pass along their lonely pilgrimage, they may be cheered by the record of Christ's prayer in their behalf.

For this is a prayer made forever audible to a believing soul, where more than the name of you and me and others are spoken. For there is a recognition more personal than names indicate.

The text, although a negative petition, is the expression of a positive desire on the part of Christ, with respect to the disposition of his desciples.

Our time will be chiefly occupied with the justification of this prayer.

I say justification, because without reference to the why and wherefore of this desire, it seems cold and unfatherly that Christ should wish to detain his disciples so far out of heaven as this waste wilderness world seems to be.

Great reasons are demanded for the justification of this prayer, especially as there are strong arguments against it; that is, against Christians remaining in this world so much as one day after their adoption into the heavenly family.

That we may see both sides of this question, it may be well first, to notice some objections to Christians remaining in this world.

Brethren, the difference between continuing here and departing to our final rest, is vast—vast every way, but especially in the results.

It is no indifferent matter whether a saint lives or dies. It is quite above an incident when God takes a believer out of this world, especially with the prayer of Christ against it.

The reasons, both for living and for dying, are strong and no doubt changeable. Perhaps we have more to do in furnishing data for God's action than we are aware of.

Brethren, there is a strait betwixt two, of long standing; it is betwixt living or dying—between rest in heaven or labor and suffering on earth—it 's between

safety at the right hand of the Father, or perils in this world of wrecks.

St. Paul is not the last saint who has stood in the strait of these two existences, having a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better, on one hand, and pressed with the necessities of a wretched world on the other.

The entire earthly existence of Christians seems to stand between the conflicting motives of two worlds. Christ, both in his life and in this prayer, tips the balances strong toward the earthly existence. As much as to say, the balance of the motive lies on that side, notwithstanding the danger attendant on this life. Which is the first objection against the prayer I propose to notice, viz. :

This is a dangerous world to live in.

That Christians are *made* in such a world as this, and especially when they are to be recovered from death and hell, by redemption, would seem to be triumph enough even for heaven. But when Christ deliberately, and on his knees, proposes to detain these converts on so bleak a brow as this world, where the night of hell darkens all the land, seems like putting eternal life to imminent peril.

It is not only true that this is the only world where souls are saved, but we speak a broader fact when we say, this is the only world where souls are ruined. All the spiritual wrecks take place on these coasts of time.

O, my soul! look out on these thick ruins, then

be on *thy* guard. Are any opiated with that very agreeable doctrine, once in grace, always in grace; once converted, never again unconverted?

I ask you to walk with me a little way on ancient Israel's route from Egypt to Canaan, I will take you along the line of the bone trail, where three and twenty thousand backsliders fell, as by one gleam of wrath, for their apostacy from truth and God.

Let us ponder well these bleaching monuments of apostacy—monuments forever unburied while the Bible lives, as they are set up by Divine appointment for our admonition; for they all drank of that spiritual rock that followed them; and that rock was Christ.

The second argument in favor of the immediate removal of saints from this world of danger, is, that spiritual existence in this life is maintained at great expense, and only intermittent at the best. Here life and death struggle hard for the mastery.

All that appertains to real soul-life must be imported from mother country. No holy influences—no redeeming agencies—no heavenly light, are native to this world. But on the contrary, all that wars with human felicity—all the malicious agencies—all the deceivableness of unrighteousness, confront the saints through all their pilgrimage; hence the necessity of foreign interposition.

Not only must the Holy Ghost abide with us forever, but angels are put into the same service. Human holiness and human happiness, through

regeneration, is the greatest and grandest illustration of supernaturalness known to men or angels.

For a depraved human being to be made holy, and walk through pollution on every hand, coming down to the grave unspotted from the world, with garments washed in the blood of the Lamb, is nothing less than a divine prodigy, and, no doubt, will stand forever as the wonder of God!

Then, to ask this being to be happy—to be happy against his own fallen nature—yea, against his two natures—to be happy against the whole course of this world—here, where storm after storm rolls dark o'er the way, driving desolation through the most sacred friendships—cutting down kindred dear, as by one swing of the scythe—where noble forms and youthful beauty are degraded to bones; then to dust!

For such an one to be happy under such circumstances, demands the perpetual interposition of heaven.

O, saint divine! Who can comprehend thy mysterious being?

Who, but the Redeeming God, *could* provide for the *beginning* of upper heaven, in such a vail of tears as this?

It is quite above human to ask man to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory, with mortality pressing hard upon him, and his own grave full in view; or to ordain a path which shall shine more and more, when every step we take brings us nearer to death and corruption. These are some of God's mysterious parallels.

Brethren, it is no accident that the key-note of the glorified state is struck near the gates of hell!

This is Christ's battle gained—this is the chagrin of Satan; that this charnel house of ages is turned into the hosannah school of heaven!

The saints, then, are continued in this world at the expense of a perpetual miracle.

O, that I could impress myself—that I could impress my hearers, not only with the expensiveness; but also with the sublimity—the Divine grandeur of holy existence on earth! Do we realize the fact that spiritual happiness is maintained at a great disadvantage in this life? That all the tides run in an anti-heavenly direction; that no circumstances can be trusted out of God's hands to help us on to final victory? While all this is true, that heavenly happiness is maintained at arm's length disadvantage in this life, we will take another more precious truth home to our faith and to our hearts, viz.: that comfort in the Holy Ghost is more than the tribulations of the world.

Evidently the kingdom of grace in this world is mysteriously and dangerously located. From necessity, the lines of God's sheep-fold run along hard by the world of woe, from which Satan, that wolf of the evening, comes up with stealthy tread on to the spiritual pasturage for lambs.

This world is hell's field of ruin—the hunting grounds of roaring lions. And it's not a long look over into their still, dark lairs, out of which may be

seen, both day and night, the gleam of eyes that watch for prey.

Yes, brethren, it is here, in the neighborhood of the outer darkness, where the wolf-paths wind and cross, and intersect—where devouring beasts come up to snuff atonement blood in prayer and praise. Even here has Jesus Christ set down his stakes—drawn his lines—stationed believers—built his altars—opened his censers, perfuming heaven with offerings made near the gates of hell! Just here, on this bone-field of ages—this Golgotha world—has God ordained that Eternal Life and Upper Heaven shall begin. O, triumphant grace! O, triumphant Saviour! Put me in with thy victories. Who would not consent to linger here on a mission so sublime, so Christ-like?

After these brief references to some objections to the prayer, arguments in its favor seem increasingly interesting.

This is no stupid question for a saint to ask himself, viz.: Why am I here and not in heaven?

First—Perhaps one reason is, that you may grow old in the kingdom of grace.

And shall we count it a small circumstance, brethren, that the children of God linger here till infirmities oppress them and gray hairs their temples adorn?

It is no trifle for young faith to contemplate, that Christ's religion is so mysteriously adapted to all the periods and stages of human existence.

In this it transcends all the entertainments of the natural world.

Here, from infancy to old age, we are turning from the toy and plaything of yesterday to the more manly pleasure of to-day, till, having drank at every rill and exhausted every invention, we sober down to death and destitution, adopting the lament of generations gone: I have no pleasure in them. The outgrown and cast-aside toys found in the households of every land, are so many arguments in favor of Christianity.

By all these years of childhood—by all these pleasures and playthings of the outgrown past, I say, Give me a happiness equal to my immortal growth!

Perhaps one reason for continuing saints so long in this world, is to make out a little illustration of the everlastingness of religion—of hosannahs that never languish!

Glory to God for the riches of grace! Here are pleasures lasting as the mind. In Christ are treasured up an infinitude of holy delights, adapted to all the periods of life—equal to all the decades of time; and all the cycles of eternity!

Were all the saints to die in youth, would be leaving the story of salvation but half told, with the suspicion everywhere, that Christ is only equal to humanity at its beginning, just when and where the mind is entertained with the cheapest and smallest pleasures.

But when we come to the maturity of years, to the manhood, strength and capacity of mind, this child religion must fail. But to think of running the

experiment down to declining years, where we are apt to grow morose and avaricious and stupid, would only be to turn the lie on youthful religion. But Christ proposes, in the text, to put redemption to the test of years—to hold believers here till they grow gray in the tribulations of earth! Grace is to be magnified in infirmities as well as in reproaches.

Christ would have us know that the success of his cause, the triumph of his mission to earth, do not require that his disciples should die so soon. Christ is not particularly interested in hiding away his disciples in some purgatory out of sight, then reporting their wonderful cure to his enemies. He chooses rather to make a full exhibit of these redeemed ones in daylight—to hold them in full view of his enemies—hold them with garments washed in the blood of the Lamb, till they grow gray in the gaze of earth and hell.

Aged pilgrims! take courage, for even your lingering here in holy trust shall heighten the glory of Christ. These deaf and blind, halt and maimed believers, standing on their crutches, as the weather-beaten exiles in this land of suffering, are God's challenge to time, to summer and winter, to storm and night, to match the power of grace in saints.

Christ is awake to the difficulties and dangers which beset his disciples here; hence the prayer, "Keep them from the evil." Father, hold them steady against the buffetings of two worlds; but pass them slowly along the frontiers of death and destruc-

tion. Let the kingdom of anti-Christ have a full and long view of these, my representatives, which I leave behind.

Many a new and strange religion would have been in vogue to-day, had the zeal and enthusiasm of young disciples been adequate to their confirmation, but the poor things gave way under the pressure of time—they could not survive the test of growing old.

But here is a religion which subordinates time to its service—augmenting by the lapse of years.

Righteousness, truth and God can afford to wait—yes, wait when all the advantages of waiting seem to run to the account of the opposite side.

As in the case of raising Lazarus, Christ waited four days for death to say, I am ready; for it required four days to take his captive through the first and second ward to the inner fortress of putrefaction. But O, the defeat! Christ, by bringing a live man from this stronghold—this putrefaction hold—turned the tally of four days against death, doubling the triumph of resurrection!

The case of Paul at Cæsarea, is another illustration of the power of truth in waiting. His enemies thought to wear out the unconquerable in him, by delay and bonds. They wielded two years and prison against faith and prayer; as if to exhaust eternal life in a saint by the power of two years. But instead of abatement, he waxed so mighty in righteousness, making even kings to tremble, that they were glad to ship him off to Italy.

So in the resurrection of our Saviour; it was to the confusion of hell that it was delayed to the third day. That Christ's enemies had the advantage of a rocky tomb, with a great stone on its mouth, and Christ within—that they had death, three days and Roman soldiers, on their side, yet after all failed to keep the Nazarene (as they called him), dead.

While in the apprehension of all, except the Infinite, to wait three days at such a time as this, must imperil the whole work of redemption.

Yet almightiness waited—waited for days and nights to do their work—waited as if to educate the faith of the world in Omnipotence—waited till the pulse of hope stood still all the way up to heaven, as it seemed. But at last found a way of putting this greatest hazard ever known—this dolefulness of *three days dead*, into the glorification of resurrection!

These believers in Christ, and especially those who are the other side of noon in their pilgrimage, belong with the same problem; I mean the problem of the waiting of God. The philosophy seems to be, the development or the production of greater obstacles for the all-sufficiency to overcome, that the world may come to know who the redeeming God is.

Dejected, tempted ones, who are ready to say, I must give o'er, my heart will sink before these long years of tribulation. No, no! How can it sink with such a prop! Rather count it an honor that you have been selected and considered worthy to be put into God's processes where his glory is not only involved,

but where tribulations shall augment your coming Heaven! Count it an honor that you are so long trusted as representatives of Christ in this foreign country. We should recollect that it's for the interest and glory of Christ to make a show of these redeemed ones amid the ruins of sin—to pass them around, amongst the dying and the dead—to mingle the songs of praise and triumph with the cursing and bitterness of this wicked world.

Dearly beloved of the Lord, are you awake to the fact that your present relation to the moral universe is the most important that it ever will be? A saint on earth lives for heaven in more than one sense; not only for his own final happiness, but he lives for the entertainment and excitement of upper Heaven; it's his prerogative to occasion the clapping of hands in the high mansions to-day. Perhaps I am extravagant in this view, but it seems to me more and more selfish and ignoble for one having a good capital on hand for laboring and suffering in behalf of Christ's cause, to desire to go off to heaven to see dear relatives, who are all right without us. That is, if they are in heaven at all.

What! shall such debtors to God as we are, talk of turning our backs on this battle-field of worlds, to go off to glory? I tell you, friends, if it is not childish, it looks like a waste of spiritual capital. Then it seems that the old patriarchs and martyrs would ask us the first thing, why we left the work so soon? And what could we say? Could we say, because we

had been beheaded for the name of Christ? No! but we wanted to rest; hope they would not ask when we got tired.

I tell you, brethren, God can't afford to take us to heaven yet, neither can we afford to go; he can't afford such an outlay for so small returns as we have made. And, as to ourselves, it would probably be a calamity to every one of us were we to die to-day.

Now we may sing to the angels to come with their snowy wings and bear us away, as much as we please, but they will not do it; they understand the value of tried faith in this world, and the purposes of God in redemption, better than that.

Old as I am, and half worn out, if I understand the spirit and purpose of my own soul, it would choose, were it possible, when this body fail to enter into another new and well-wrought frame, for another half century conflict in behalf of truth and religion. Yes, I have that opinion of my soul, that it would stand to its post here, by the grace of God, till two tabernacles should waste away and fall over its head, before it would say, come snowy wings and bear me away. But when the time of my departure does draw near, by all means come and sing this beautiful hymn to me; but don't forestall God and old age both, by singing it to youthful workers in the vineyard.

Brethren, I believe the gracious God can do better with this remnant of life and strength—can do better *for* us and *with* us—better for the great grand forever of our being, than to take us to heaven to-day.

Going to heaven is not the most important thing in the universe, when a wrecked world lies near the mouth of hell, whose salvation is pending. What part could we take in heaven for the redemption of this world?

Do you say, be happy and rest from our labors? That seems like premature rest. We are not tired enough to make rest relish yet.

Then it strikes me that I should be ashamed to go to heaven as I am—should look upon myself forever as a half failure.

How must I look, and how must I feel, with the little I have suffered for the sake of Christ—with no more signs of having exhausted myself over a lost world, to come into the society of the beheaded witnesses of God, then to think of standing before the souls that cry beneath the altar?

Brethren, we will not give up the hope that the Holy Ghost is yet to supplement this weakness with a fuller impartation of himself, or at least, to put us into a more becoming attitude to enter the ranks of the glorified.

Many years ago, my grandmother set apart one whole night to pray for her posterity. What a scene of holy transaction! What a memorable night at the old homestead, when that old-fashioned saint, seventy years of age, held the ear of heaven from eve till morn, for a blessing on her descendants! The point is this: It has seemed, especially since my sickness, that her prayers were just reaching me. It has taken all this time to capacitate me for the great-

ness of the answer, and it is being fulfilled more and more; at least I am conscious of a great good coming to me, which is not of my making. Did it not pay to carry that saint up to seventy years, for an all-night prayer?

Second—Another reason for detaining believers here, may be, their perfection in holiness amid the ruins of sin. To take youg disciples to some intermediate station, somewhere between death and heaven, beyond the reach of temptation and the scrutiny of foes, for their full cure of sin and restoration to the Divine image, would be quite another thing in its bearing on the triumphs of redemption and the glory of God.

The overcoming power—the mightiness of Christ to save, is seen in preserving believers holy amid pollution—in conforming the soul to the spirit and likeness of the heavenly in a world so unheavenly and depraved. Had we waited in the time of the rebellion for traitors to leave their strong-holds, before conquering them, it would have been a small glory. But we met the beast in his own lair. So Christ came into this very world to destroy the works of the devil. He conquers sin—death—hell, on their own ground—in the strongholds of ruin.

It 's a fine invention of deceivers, especially in behalf of their pockets, to postpone the christianization, not to say the civilization of their dupes, till death takes them off out of sight, then for cash in hand, report their wonderful doings in purgatory. But Christ

saves in full view; then in the text proposes to hold them in full view, long enough to test the genuineness of the work. But the glory of the conquest is, that these redeemed ones are held to the Redeemer by the charms of holiness, and held, too, amid the fiery darts—held, surrounded by the old carnal allurements and tempting associates.

Here they stand to-day in holy panoply, the gazing stock of worlds, weathering the long years of suffering and sighing in behalf of sinners lost—lingering memorials of the Garden and of the Crucifixion!

O, ye disciples of Christ, and especially you who feel so weak and worthless; can you not be encouraged and inspired by these great truths? Can you not see somewhat the meaning of holy human existence on earth? Can you not see how God is exciting the three worlds through your faith and holiness? And now what is the sum of all this? What is the interpretation of Christ's prayer but this, viz.: Disciples, you cannot stand in this breach but once; now tarry long, work hard, suffer patiently, make to yourselves a great and rich immortality.

My afflictions are not at all filled out yet; linger a little longer where they weep and pray and suffer, and triumph in my name. We will keep the record; we 'll bottle all your tears and count your groans, and by-and-by, we will wipe your face clean of dust, and sweat and tears; take you off from your knees, lift your head up into the bright forever, and say the days of thy mourning are ended!

PART SECOND.

WHY CHRISTIANS ARE DETAINED ON EARTH.

I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world.—St. John, 17 : 15.

It is no ordinary experience for one to realize that his lingering here yesterday, to-day, and all along the past years, is in answer to the prayer of Christ. From which we learn that the staying of Christians on earth is no accident, and it's quite above an incident. No incident or mere circumstance can justify the detention of believers so long out of heaven ; it is not enough to say it is in answer to the prayer of the great Redeemer, for His prayer has a reason. The question of more thrilling interest to us to-day, is, why Christ should thus pray. A full answer to this question must interpret God's design in the earthly existence of Christians. In another sermon, I have spoken of two agruments supposed to justify the petition of the text. In this I come to the

Third—Another reason for prolonging the earthly existence of Christ's disciples, and perhaps the greatest of all, may be found in their relation to the salvation of the world.

The fact that all Christians were once depraved

sinners—the children of wrath, even as others, gives them a very intimate and vital relation to the lost. For this reason, with others, the Christian's position on earth becomes not only a post of honor, but one of great responsibility.

But while we speak of honor, for it is a great honor to be counted workers together with God—to be put into a system along with Father, Son and Holy Ghost, for the redemption of the world. It may be well to humble ourselves by the recollection that once we were running with the wicked in the same excess of riot, speaking evil of things we knew not.

With respect to Christian responsibility, to simplify the subject to the fewest words, I will say this: The seat and center of responsibility in general, is where results are produced or controlled.

The responsibility of a human agent may be estimated first, by the power entrusted to him. I mean cause-power—the ability to produce effects; and second, by the extent of those effects.

The engineer on the railroad has the disposal of a cause equal to the most appalling results, even the sudden death of the hundreds of passengers who have committed their life into his hands. So of him who controls the helm of a ship.

The time was when General Grant carried in his hands, to a fearful extent, the honor, resources and soldiery of this government; hence the responsibility of the position.

But what shall we say of the responsibility of these

children of the Most High, who go out in the name of their Father, entrusted with the influences of heaven, and, in a qualified sense, wield the power of God?

Going out, not on their own charges, or at their own risk, but on the authority of the upper throne, backed up with a Father's promise, and if need be, by Jehovah's thunder! Then the extent of their actings —the broad range of their influence: running on after death, even. But who shall tell the full meaning of him, whose acts strike off into the great hereafter! It is said, that when a man lifts his hand to his head, a vibration is sent to the stars. But this is doubtful, as the atmosphere extends only forty-five miles that way. But there is an effect *more* than this, which is *not* doubtful. He who leads a transgressor to repentance, sends a thrill of joy rippling through the immortal ranks to the other side of eternity! He who converts a sinner from the error of his way, adds another to the elect of God—changing the count of life and death! Suppose I am a Christian. Am I self-erected? Did I make my own goodness? Nay. The holy influences of generations are represented in me. I am a little swell of a tidal wave which dates back in my own family two hundred years: coming all the way through without one break in the swell: And here it is in this unworthy being: who ought to be humbled that he has added no more momentum to this holy flow.

These words which we so fluently sing, are great

with meaning, viz.: For me my elder brethren stay: Yes, the staying of Abraham—Isaac—Jacob—Daniel —Anna, the prophetess—Susan and Paul. The stopping—lingering—waiting all along this side, has been in reference to others. And here they are all about us: those who are almost to the margin come, and yet they stay—stay that youthful disciples may have a view of God, triumphing in old age—stay to develop some rare phase of redeeming grace under the extremes of life.

Brethren, do you ask yourselves, at times, such questions as these?

Why do the stars their courses keep, and all nature stand? Why did God the Son come to this world and die? And why am I here, and not in heaven to-day? Then did it ever occur to you that the answer to these diversified questions is but one? viz.: The redemption of lost men.

And does your faith—does the aim of your life hold true to this great answer?

Small and unworthy as you may feel yourselves to be, you are detained here, in this region and shadow of death, for the loftiest purpose of eternity! You are on the same errand with the incarnation, with the resurrection, and these revolving worlds! For there is only one leading idea occupying the universe at present, and Christians stand closer to that idea—I mean the salvation of the world—than any other created thing or being.

Believers are the only visible agents left in this

conflict for souls; and they are left here as God's legates, embassadors, representatives — as Christ's body, through which the Spirit prays and groans and triumphs! Pushed out into the darkness of this world, and held out on this brow of ruin, at the expense of a perpetual miracle and the risk of their own souls, to do business for their Lord in the gates of death, making their high commission known as on the threshold of ruin.

A saint of the Lord takes rank in the redemptive system, above the moon and stars, yea, above angels. He is experimentally and sympathetically related both with life and death, with the Redeemer and the lost. By his experience of sin and death on one hand, and his experience of Divine life on the other, he touches both extremes at once.

But no foreign party—no angel in heaven—no earthly power, is adequate to stand in this breach—this life-league in behalf of the dead. Angels, high and holy beings, they go forth as ministering spirits, all alive to the same interest; but they can never take the position of a saint between life and death. They are mostly deficient on the sin and ruin side of the case—have never felt the pains of hell, and there seems no way of relating them with sinners.

Though more than half worn out, I could hardly consent to exchange positions with Gabriel to-day. I could not afford to be divorced from the human side of me; then to think of ungirding my armor in sight of the dying, and turn my back on this field of

human woe. No! not even for a seat with the Sons of the Morning.

I said angels were alive to our interest. Look at Lazarus; though spurned of men, and left to the pity of dogs, he had angels to wait on him. Never did servants so diverse meet on the same errand before. Dogs and angels both agreed to help a saint from one world to another.

I once visited the marble pile which stands over the grave of a young lady, near Brooklyn. She was so injured in returning from a ball, that she soon died. Either by her direction, or of her friends, all her fortune, ten or twenty thousand dollars, was expended in this monument. And there it stands, the still, cold watcher of corruption, but bones and monument are going to dust. Though written in stone, her name grows dim in the waste of time; while he who spends his means or himself for soul welfare, is chiseling his name for immortality. The monuments of faith and works of holiness here, are made for eternal years.

Not only monuments, but titles here, flatter the pride of poor humanity, to be called of men, Rabbi, though spoken with mortal lips, with the suspicion that one-half its meaning is hypocritical. The world's great titles of fashionable, great, aristocratic, rich, palace, mansion, smart, handsome — what pompous words are these for the childhood state of our being; but when the fashion of eternity comes into vogue, *how* the estimates must change. Then what of earthly titles; what of marble monuments, when we

stand before the two greatest words of time or eternity? Come ye blessed! Depart ye cursed! Words which begin our long forever! Look at her, whose name once stood fair on the Book of Life, with her back turned on the world's follies, her voice of prayer and praise heard with the holy; her heavenly look and meek demeanor, which are a reproof to pride and worldliness. But alas, alas! she threw up a position in the kingdom which ranked above angels; turned her face to the world, her back to Christ, and descended to the calling of a doll; she laid her crown of immortal honor in the dust, for the title of *handsome*. For this precarious title, she has bartered away her hope of heaven.

While it might be no particular advantage to heaven for saints to enter there, the removal of a mature Christian, from the field of conflict here, is a dead loss to the world; it is taking so much moral power from the disciplined ranks. So when a young disciple dies, another hope of Zion and of angels is blighted—blighted for the working world, but made safe to heaven. Let no one suppose, because the Christian's mission is so sublime and unearthly, that it must be confined to ministers, officials, and a few talented ones in the church. No, that is human wisdom. Divine wisdom is seen in selecting foolish things to confound the mighty, and things that are not, to bring to naught things that are.

There is a place in these ranks for all grades and capacities of intellect, from the least to the greatest.

Especially are the arrangements ample for the employment of the small instrumentalities; and this is well, as there are two of the commonalty to one of the great, either in the church or the world. It's only one out of three that's endowed with five talents. So let the small capacities take courage, as there are niches in the kingdom of grace waiting for thee, thou humble one, to fill.

And yet I notice the ranks look the thinnest where the smaller work is to be performed, while the great work is over-manned; the great ones have to go three and four abreast to get them all in. I notice some are advertising for calls to lecture—out of work.

Then, if there is a great, fashionable church to be supplied with a new minister, we hear more talk of candidates for the place than of all the little places in the conference. No one is to be blamed for it; it's the result of having more great men than there are great places.

So when we come to the laity, we find those who will do their duty in prayer and exhortation, to the advantage of the cause—they are efficient here, while there are other works needed which seem neglected. Perhaps a majority in every church excuse themselves from public duties on the ground of incompetency. Such are pitied less for being small, than blamed for neglecting small work—that is, small in the eyes of the world.

Does it require great gifts for women to adorn themselves in modest apparel with shamefacedness—to come out from the world and be separate?

My friends, it's not doing all the work that's to be done in this wicked world, to interpret the prophecies and explain the apocalypse—not all to teach and preach, to exhort and pray: we want more who can explain the mystery of Christ in the soul; who can represent his meekness, humility and heavenly-mindedness. Those are wanted, who can bear about in them, if not in their bodies, the visible scars of persecution, yet in the slanders against their character, the dying of the Lord Jesus. Who are ready for the hard names for Christ's sake?

Some of the afflictions of Christ are behind yet. Who can take part in filling out these sufferings? Who can, in the spirit, groan? Who can sigh and cry for the abominations that are committed in the land? If you have no gift to pray or exhort, can you groan for truth and God? *Do for your own sakes, somehow and somewhere;* put yourselves into this holy, sympathetic wake, which draws pure spirits into fellowship with Christ's sufferings and Christ's labors.

Perhaps my hearers recollect reading how two little boys rescued their brother from the deep water, while the small sister stood on the bank. When the three reached their father's house with the half-drowned brother, and they had related the part each took in the rescue, the father turned to the little sister, saying: "Well, Mary, and what did you do?" "I stood on the bank and cried, as hard as I could, father!" And who will say that did no good?

Now, some of the saved ones, whom God has stopped on these shores of time, can do but little else, except weep and pray for the lost. And is it no encouragement to the minister who is reaching out into the turbid tide of death, battling in the whirlpools of ruin for lost men, to hear the little ones crying on the bank for his success?

And when the Great Father dispenses his smiles and rewards, do you think the little Marias will be left out of the account?

And when the song of deliverance is sung, and heaven grows jubilant over redemption, do you think the weepers on the bank will have no part in the exultation?

As sure as they were with Christ in the struggle, they shall be with Christ in the triumph.

A holy woman once called to me, with the request that I should visit the family down the street, in a red house, as she had been laboring with them, and thought I could do them good. I went, and souls were saved. In the great day when immortal honors are given, will all that glory go to my crown? No! No! I should be ashamed to receive it.

Take another case. At the time of a revival, one of these spiritual inventors of usefulness went night after night, in the snow, to take care of the children of an unsaved woman. She went to meeting—was converted. My preaching had a saving effect.

Well, suppose it did; will the crown of her who waited on children gain nothing by the result? Quite

likely her kindness and her prayers, when alone with the little ones, had more to do with the woman's salvation than all my preaching. In riding with an old friend a few years ago, he said: At the time of the revival, when you were here (a long time since), I drove away round that road to carry the family of that house to meetings. He hesitated; at length said, they make good Christians, and wiped his eyes. I felt happy in *his* happiness and in *his* usefulness, and wept with him. Then came the thought, "Shall I ever talk of *my* converts? Shall I rob the crown of the meek and lowly ones to make out myself useful? Even the thought pained me. Probably the cases are few where the honor of instrumental salvation goes to the credit of one only. Perhaps we ministers little suspect the contributions of others, to what is considered *our* successes. And when He who marks the dear souls he calls his own; who bottles all their tears, and counts their groans; when He shall unravel Christian instrumentality, some of us may be left less important than others supposed us to be. More than thirty years ago, I was called to the room of a dying saint, near Lake Champlain, on Willsboro mountain. Her dying seemed postponed, till she could exhort the young minister to be true and faithful, and declare the whole counsel of God.

She held my hand, and talked faith and holy courage into my soul; she made an impression on my mind, and died. That charge delivered in the gates of death, has been nerving my faint heart more

than thirty years. The crown of that obscure saint is not finished yet; it is waiting till fruit in the then young minister shall have been made out. And who shall say that the detention of that believer, so long on earth, has not its reward, even in him who received her last words. And now, my friends, if I have been too strenuous for eternal truth—if I have preached too close for the religious conservatism of this age, charge a part of it to this dying saint, a part to my father and mother—to Paul, Daniel, the three Hebrews, and the rest to unchangeable God and his old-fashioned Bible. I claim no credit for it, and shall bear no blame of it. If there is any quarrel on the subject, it involves dead men's bones and departed spirits. If there is any censure for thorough religion in me, dead folks are more to blame for it than myself. For I have inhaled the breath of some of the dying champions of our God.

Now ye timid disciples, ye who feel so small in the presence of great gifts, and are ready to inquire why you are kept here—have I not encouraged you to stay—to stay and fill the little places? Have I not shown you that little work is important, so important that the most of the great work is dependent on it; and that the little workers shall at last share in the same glory with the great workers? Then lift thy head in humble trust, and go forth to thy holy calling.

MORAL NECESSITIES GOD'S ULTIMATE ARGUMENT WITH MAN.

Because it is written: Be ye holy, for I am holy.—1 PET. 1: 16.

From the text, my hearers no doubt are ready to conclude, that holiness is to be the present subject.

Great as the truth of holiness is—great as is the command to be holy, there is a greater truth than both of these combined.

It is that which lies back of holiness—back of the command, viz.: Moral necessities.

This truth is alluded to in the text: "For I am holy."

There are a group of errors having a common center, which I hope to expose, if successful in presenting my subject, on the present occasion.

The philosophy of faith and obedience, or the practice of faith and works, has developed two classes of minds. Whether that faith relate to God, or otherwise, it is the same.

One class assents to the authority of truth, because it comes with authority; give them chapter and verse of the immutable word, and it's enough—enough that the Supreme commands — they obey. When children, they obeyed their parents, because of the authority of their parents.

These are the more uniform and reliable class of persons, and not so critical to deal with.

They are fortunately endowed with a credulous and confiding spirit; if you could see their minds, they would be found in a reclining posture—they are predisposed to rest on authority.

There is another class, who, in addition to its authority, demand a perception of truth; it is not enough for them that the Lord commands; they wish to know why he commands. These are the inquisitive and critical minds, who make trouble for themselves as well as others. If you can give them one why and wherefore of the command, you will help them more than by chapters of authority.

These persons are very liable to become perplexed in religious things, and they need to be understood to be dealt with to profit. From this class come the skeptics and infidels; yes, and from this class come also those who turn the world upside down; here, too, you get the giants, who dare stand out alone for truth, making inroads upon the ungodly customs of Church or State. When these persons do overcome and believe, it is with a great faith; they move with force and power; the home conflicts through which they pass in overcoming themselves, have educated their moral nature up to great strength.

These persons cannot be hurried through the processes, for they have every inch of ground to examine as they pass along; but when they do reach the goal, they are there with emphasis. But these persons will always be liable to perplexities from the new discovered mysteries of the kingdom, for they will be

finding depths too great for their lines to fathom, where they must take the word of bare authority, with the why and wherefore quite beyond their grasp.

My text is remarkably adapted to both these classes. We have the authority of truth in the Old Testament, endorsed by the authority of the New Testament and re-enacted. Then we have the great why and wherefore of the command stated.

There is one error which, from its prevalence and plausibility, is doing more harm than we may suspect. Then it is seldom that I hear it alluded to in the pulpit. It is this: That the commandments of the Lord are arbitrary—that he requires us to repent, believe and become holy, because he has authority to do so—that he made his laws for us as suited him best—that they might have been different, or none at all, as conditions of salvation, if the Lord had happened to so order it; but, since he has made them, he is determined we shall obey.

From this spring other errors of the same class, viz.: That the Lord can convert us when he pleases, and make us holy; and as to heaven, that is opened or shut by the same arbitrary power—that the celestial gates are made to swing to Divine caprice; that all of us might be admitted, if the Infinite felt so disposed.

And just here the opposition to God and his Bible is planted; practically saying, If I am not good enough, make me better, for I am ready to be con-

verted any time, as many have declared; or, in other words, saying, Let down the terms and I will accept.

If we could read the hearts of men, we should probably find multitudes who hope for heaven more through the yielding of God's terms than from any other ground; and especially since the Infinite is so compassionate, he will modify the stern decree rather than see so many lost.

It is true, none doubt of admission to heaven at last, if they consent to go the old way, through repentance, conversion and holiness; but this many can hardly afford to do, with the prospect they have of getting the terms changed. Hence the multitudes about us, who have closed up the controversy, and staked the whole of their eternity on the experiment of going through on the excitement of God's compassion.

The Lord help a mortal man against depravity this once! Compassion has to do in providing the remedy —in adapting means for man's salvation—in prolonging the day of grace, etc., but (will you hear it, my friends?) compassion has nothing to do in the decisions of the last day. Compassion is not an attribute, but an excitement of love, which is only known in the redemptive struggle for lost men; but when that effort is over, and it is proclaimed: "Let him that is holy be holy still, and let him that is filthy be filthy still," compassion's work is done, and is never known the other side of that declaration.

All the transactions from this point on are marked

with judgment to the line and righteousness to the plummet!

The standard of holiness, instead of being a movable scale, rising and falling to suit the different generations and dispensations, is as unalterable as the throne. The law of rectitude has no beginning and admits of no changing.

As God does not and cannot save in his kingdom below, on the rule of himself, neither will he admit to his final glory on mere prerogative. Both here and there, now and then, God acts under law. Man's right to eternal blessedness rests on one bare fact; when simplified it is this: Soul rectitude, or holiness of heart. On that law the Infinite is committed to serve on the day of doom.

That's the law which opens heaven, admitting its possessor to immortality, though it might be against the clamor of a world.

But to return to the kingdom of grace here. There is no doubt but the Lord has instituted rules and regulations for civil and ecclesiastical governments, both ancient and modern; also in relation to social life, which, though the best for the circumstances, yet they might have been modified or abrogated, perhaps, without ruin. But when we come to the fundamentals of the kingdom of God on earth, and especially to the conditions of salvation, we come to another thing.

The necessities of the great commandments are above legislation and beyond abrogation.

The essentials of Christianity, such as repentance, faith, and holiness, were not created by enactment. God never made one of them by mere prerogative; they are the outgrowth of moral necessities; and because they were, and God saw they must be, he made them into laws.

Look at my text. "Because I am holy!"

The reason of holiness in man existed before he was created. It is true, we are commanded to be holy, but the command never made the necessity; it's the necessity which made the command; and in the text, is made to rest back upon it, as the ultimate argument. It is this pre-existent necessity, which gives to holy law in part, its awful sanction and immutability. The publishment of these laws are but the yea and amen, the seal and sanction of the Eternal to moral relations and obligations which grow out of the eternal fitness of things, not one of which can be abrogated without revolutionizing the relations of the moral universe. Holiness is a necessity in man, instead of being a superadded quality, a tacked on duty, and held on by enactment; it's from the eternal, unchangeable holiness of God; it's the old original reason of Adam's holiness.

Another twin error to those mentioned, is this: That the Infinite, because he is infinite, is above and beyond law, acting independent of all restraint; therefore, he can do what his mercy dictates. This error is not confined to sinners; I find it in the Church. It originates in the supposition that the can and can-

not of God, rests mostly with his physical or literal power, dictated by mercy. Hence, if we can excite his compassion, he will answer our plea.

My friends, I hope to be reverent, though I speak strongly. Physical power knows no disabilities—Almighty has no limitations in itself. As far as we are informed, only the fingers of Almightiness have moved yet; we have come up to where we are, and starting from nothing at that, on finger work only.

Let no one suppose, then, that when the Bible speaks of the can and cannot of the Infinite, that it relates to literal power. No, it is in God's moral attributes that we are to look for the restraints which govern the Infinite ; behind which no necessity is.

Every intelligent being comes into the unyielding moral lets and hindrances, just in proportion as he partakes of God. Do you hear it, O ye conformers to the world?

Look at the epithets prepared for Bible Christians: Bigoted, superstitious, old fogy, fanatical, disturbing element, wild-fire, animal excitement.

Why scold at saints till the Bible quarrel is through? They are not to blame.

As well complain of the everlasting noise of Niagara. The roar is not to blame, the fault is in the mighty rocks and the unmannerly waters.

The mariner wishes to go west, but his compass points south. He sets it over and over, but it flies back to its old position ; so he scolds and swears over the contrary compass—says it never points where he

wants to go. Sailor! the trouble is not in the compass; it's in the heavens, or the electric currents. Doctor the north star—wrench the poles around to where you want to go, and the compass will come all right; it only obeys its cause. So there are holy souls scattered over this globe, who hold true to God as compass to the poles. They are the invincibles—the unconquerables—the daring spirits, who venture to do right in the face of high-titled wrong. They belong to the generation of those who have wandered in sheep-skins and goat-skins, being afflicted, destitute and tormented, because they *could* not wrong. Satan and his emissaries, in union with a fallen church, have been driving at them for ages.

The trouble is not with the saints; they are innocent. I'ts in the unalterable rectitude of God. Doctor eternal right—change the immutable word and demoralize the throne of heaven, and there will be no trouble with saints. That inflexible daring, *pro* and *con*, *yes* and *no*, of that holy soul, which worldly professors call old fogy, is from the awful immutable *can* and *cannot* of Jehovah. The old fogyism has its seat in the upper, unchangeable throne. Scold heaven into a decent religion, before you persecute saints.

Take, as an illustration of the unconquerableness of rectitude, a martyr before the stake-fires. He cannot deny his Lord; he is too deficient in wickedness for that; but he *can* burn for his sake. His goodness—his unchangeable rectitude, is a match for fire, and stronger than death!

Read in this little finite—this faint illustration, the terrible import of the *yes* and *no* of Jehovah! When God says *No*! let the world take warning that he has come up to a great impassable bar in his nature. When He says, without holiness no man shall see the Lord, know by this that an impossible is in the way; and shall a mortal man think to pray or reason, or hope against God's *no!* Hear it, my kindred and myself. God's *no* must stand *no*, though a world might wreck on it! It's the unchangeable *no* of necessity! When God says *yes*, look out for triumph! When he says, "He that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live;" know by this, that that soul shall not only go clear of the impossibles, but the yes of God is on his side. O, my hearers, let us be in haste to put ourselves into the great currents of holy influence, where the yes of God is the flow of the tide!

Moral necessities are the unalterable, imperishable granites on which God builds his kingdom. Admitting I am a Christian to-day, and governed by holy principles, it may be asserted with some confidence, perhaps, that I cannot lie, not but that I have physical power, as far as that goes in the transaction, but physical power can't lie; a tongue never perpetrated that sin yet; the most it ever does in that line is to give the echo of a lying soul—to make manifest an inward transaction.

If I am unable to commit the sin, then, it is because of the absence of wickedness from my mind, as it is

impossible to commit a wicked act, except by a wicked soul. But I am changeable; my goodness may decline—my rectitude may become so weak, that, by next month, I may become bad enough to lie. But when we speak of Him in whom there is neither variableness nor shadow of turning; if he said, eighteen hundred years ago, that he could not lie, he is the same to-day.

His absolute and perfect holiness will make it eternally impossible for the great Unchangeable to lie. The reason is, there is a moral necessity against it, and almightiness is weak before such restraint. As there is that in the Infinite which is more than thunder and stronger than almighty, so there is that in a Christian which is more than fire, more than death, and stronger than physical power; it's the borrowed ability of God, by which a mortal masters all the outside powers. A saint is unconquerable mostly on account of the base of his operations; he acts from the upper throne. If God deals with man on the principle of mere prerogative, because He is supreme, having the power, acting independent of the law of fitness or moral necessity, either in himself or the beings he has created, we should look for such action in the beginning of things, before he had made a revelation of himself or published his purposes. For the time was when but one prohibition was known in this world; the race started with one solitary, *Shall not*, from God.

Now if there is no unalterable *because* of God's

action lying back of all that's visible, why did he not hush up this first outbreak in these quiet bowers, pass over the first Adam transgression, reverse the sentence and stay back the curse? But no; the curse came, and came everywhere, not only into man, but into the earth, air and water, all through nature; and every thing that moves to-day carries the mark of first curse. What an illustration of the unchangeableness of right!

Back in the gray of the morning, when man was young and the earth tender, and but little was known of the Infinite; in all the wide sweep, from upper heaven to nether hell, but one moral restraint was known.

In man's abode there was set down one prohibition —one shalt not, from God.

And there, because the Great Unchangeable could not contradict eternal right and perpetrate the crime of variableness, he was compelled to look on and see this fair Eden system wreck on one solitary *No!*

Beautiful as this world is still called—called such because of our ignorance of the former perhaps—as this present system, with its infinite varieties and adaptations, is but the wreck of the original affair, requiring constant watchfulness and Almighty interposition to prevent utter ruin; in keeping such mighty contradictions running to the same end.

Here let us pause and gravely ask ourselves: What must sin be? And what must that necessity be, pressing on the God of goodness, to bring out a shock

of wrath like this for the first? In this, O sinner! sinner against thy God! in this, read the import of the coming tribulations!

If this is only the portent, what must the full storm be?

Yes, what will it do to the world, and what will it do to thee, O transgressor, when God takes his hush from the mighty tempest, and the pent-up siroccos of ruin come howling through the darkened heavens, and the thunder roads gleam with lightning forked at thee?

Again, who can comprehend the terribleness of that necessity which, to save the human race, required the sacrifice of the Son of God, as an atonement for sin?

But it was required; and from Christ's prayer in the garden, we infer that this was the great, one, only alternative—that Infinite God even, had not one expedient beside!—that the case hung on this one rugged bloody possible, and it was accepted first by promise. Christ, at the beginning of things, assumed the responsibility of the human race, for the penalty of law. By virtue of this promise, sentence was suspended and man suffered to live—the race was perpetuated, and the spiritual transactions were carried on, on the promissory principle.

That was a wonderful overture in which Jesus Christ pledged his soul and body for suffering and sorrow—for crucifixion and burial, that sinners might be saved. The pledge was accepted—the storm subsided—thunder rolled backward, and double

night lifted from the morning of time and the heritage of man! Thus, on the credit system, redemption was carried on for the long centuries; men were saved through faith in Him who was to come, but saved in sight of the curse, as it were, for sentence was not revoked, but deferred and held good against the substitute.

Thus the wold's dark account ran against the Son of God—augmenting with death, with wrath, with night!

Like storm held in reserve, it gathered big with hoarded fury, and there, facing the universe in sullen, muttering wrath, that storm hung for four thousand years, clamoring for blood!

Take another illustration of moral necessity, already alluded to. Go to the garden of prayer and suffering. Contemplate the pressure of that burden which lay on the soul of the Son of God, which forced from that heart of love and compassion an appeal to the possible!

He says, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death!"

The curse is coming into my soul! Eternal death confronts me! I ask not for the most expedient or safe—for the better or best. I stand before the great necessity which involves the hope of a world, and ask: Is any escape possible from this crisis?

What is the response to this most awful and heart-rending appeal which ever entered the ear of heaven? Silence! naught but silence! for there is no expedi-

ent with Infinite God for the case. It's the everlasting overthrow of the human race, or *Christ must face this storm.* Here the doom of the world hangs on the obedience of God's Son!

And it was done! Jesus bowed his head in acquiescence of the great necessity! On its acceptance I seem to hear the rustling of white robes about the throne, while the gates of paradise go up of their own accord, and the everlasting doors give way as tokens of Messiah's triumph!

If there is, anywhere in the universe, a necessity which exacts of the holy, immaculate substitute of the sinner, such suffering as this for his redemption, what will it do with the sinner himself if he rejects this Saviour?

Another instance of moral necessity, which, however, is not so striking and obvious as those mentioned, is in the effects of sin and its relation to holiness. That sin produces misery, is not by enactment. A sinner's torment is not so much a transported curse from God to his soul; it's the effect of a moral, unchangeable cause. The nature of soul is such, and the nature of sin is such, that when the soul sins, except the mind is stupid, the effect must be misery; and it must be such in all places and in all worlds, and there is no help for it in earth or heaven, but in the pardon of sin.

And now, since I am so near it, let me justify, as ministers, our way with sinners, in dwelling so much on sin and its final ruin.

This effect of sin to produce misery is not only

natural to sin, but this misery is justice to holiness as well as to sin, and by contrast shall eternally glorify righteousness. To make a display of positive goodness and positive happiness *in* goodness only, is leaving one-half the story of righteousness untold. Dark, guilty sin, with its wailings and woes—its darkness and death—its eternity of hell, belong to holiness as its contrasts.

And whoever strikes out of his picture the dark side of redemption's mighty work, filling all the ground with that which is pleasing and heavenly, may win for himself greetings in the market; but it's at the expense of robbing righteousness of half its due —it's thievery from Messiah's crown to deck my unworthy head, for it was this deliverance *from*, which brought on the great struggles of our Redeemer.

An honest estimate of redemption is conscientious with respect to the starting point of the reckoning.

It's true, it would be pleasing to a vain, haughty world, and it would be palatable to self-righteousness, for ministers to speak only of what we are saved *to*, but it is a fraud on holiness and redemption both. I am aware that it is considered aristocratic and very gentlemanly for the minister to take it for granted that his congregation, at least, are not practical sinners. Hence, his starting point in the process of salvation is at respectability, refinement, high morals and amiable disposition. These are the characters to which he is to open his mission and his message, by

exhorting the people to faith in Christ for acceptance —a people, perhaps, who suffer more for sackcloth and ashes than for glory.

Thus, to suit the taste and quiet soul-alarm, the dear, beloved minister must dwell on things beautiful, things lovely and of good report, and by-and-by it will be heaven. My friends, do n't you see how we are liable to be tempted into dishonest dealing, through fear of offending you? And yet you suspect, and I suspect, minister or layman who is conservative on the side of wrong, while capable of glowing eloquence in things amiable and lovely.

Hear it, my friends! Deep, God-like rectitude includes hatred to wrong just in proportion to our love for the true and holy. It 's an instinct of virtue to hate badness, and anything less than hate to wrong is injustice to right.

One illustration more of my proposition must suffice. One necessity of holiness in man has been alluded to, viz.: The holiness of God. But there is a necessity in man himself for this state. It appears in this view: That man, though depraved and sinful—having lost the *moral* likeness to God, nevertheless retains his *natural* image; that is, he is rational in intellect, spiritual in essence, and immortal in nature. He is *made* capable of God in his capacities and aspirations. He is naturally wrought up to a high appreciation of the Infinite; so much so, that he would not only be driven to God from necessity,

but he would be drawn to God by attraction, but for the revulsion of man's sinfulness.

The argument is here: That in endowing and capacitating man for the high and holy One—that in making him capable in intellect—in immortality—in mind vastitude, and in mind voidness, for the society and enjoyment of the great God, he is, and of necessity must be, vastly overmade for the things and the world material.

And it's this, above and beyond of the being, which unfits him for a corruptible world, as his sphere of existence. For mere carnal pleasure, man is an infinite surplus of misery. Mortal body, happy in its native corruptible sphere, while infinite mind, overlapping all created limits, wanders in loneliness outside of both worlds. My friends, there is no use, you can never bring the whole of yourself within this seen world; you are overmade for animal pleasure only. It's the celestial of you which mismates you for animal life.

The sinner stands a living death between the high and holy life of God and the groveling life of a mortal body. His want of holiness shuts him out of the God life, while his spirituality and immortality excludes the most of him from animal life. As there is no hope of our ever being able to shake off the great everlasting of ourselves, and come down to this little mortal of us, there is no help for you or me, but through holiness to come into fellowship with the great God. It's a moral necessity.

SOUL-HUNGER SATISFIED.

"Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled."—MATT. 5: 6.

This chapter commences with the beatitudes of Christ, or blessedness pronounced on particular dispositions or traits of character.

These blessednesses, or virtues, are so arranged as to constitute a climax of character. This climax begins with the poor in spirit, and ends with the pure in heart, taking six degrees or steps in making the rise, from the poor bankrupt soul, who stands destitute of the merit of good works, to the open vision of God through purity of heart.

After crowning these mentioned graces with purity, the Saviour speaks of three particular developments of this holy character, which are more practical; in these also he pronounces them blessed.

My text is the fourth degree in this rising scale of goodness. Hence, if this is a correct view of the order and importance of the Christian graces—to hunger and thirst after righteousnes marks a higher degree of spirituality than meekness, which has the promise of inheriting the earth, while meekness obviously ranks higher than mournfulness, which is the result of poverty of spirit. And is it not true that poverty of spirit is the beginning of salvation—the

first, great, critical triumph of the Holy Ghost in a sinner?

My text contains a description of a rare and yet essential experience of the mind; not that the description is in *words*, so much as in the metaphor used:—*Hunger and thirst.*

We have time, at present, only for a *few* particulars of this deep truth.

First—Inquire what this righteousness is?

In some connections of scripture it includes nearly all that appertains to practical and experimental Christianity, but in the text it is limited.

Here it does not mean rite, ceremony or worship; neither does it mean an open confession of Christ, a circumspect life, or godly conversation, but it does mean the root, or fountain of all these. Righteousness in the text, if I understand it, is a dispensation, an impartation of the Divine, an influx of spiritual life—the soul's native aliment and element. What water is to the fish, in some respects, righteousness is to the soul. The fish lives in the water and his vitality is sustained by and through the water. So of this righteousness. It is the element in which a pure spirit moves, and the banquet of holy existence.

Second—What is hunger in general?

Hunger is not an act, nor a transaction, but a necessary result of unsatisfied want; the inward clamor of mind, voidness, which is the natural state of man fallen.

Intense desire—immortal longings even, are natu-

ral to mind, but the upward turn of these desires to a holy good is supernatural. It is the spirit lifting the soul from groveling toys up into its native sphere; for depravity has so changed the pitch of the soul's intense out-lookings and aspirations, that unaided by a higher power, it must eternally wander wide of the mark; for the world, even by its wisdom, never yet came to know God.

The trouble of the world, then, is not in the want of desire. The hurry, surge and rush of mortals everywhere, is evidence of the force and intensity of mind-hunger, though misdirected. Everywhere is visible the apprehension of some outer good, somewhere and somehow, for which internal want is stretching forth its empty hands.

The lion in his cage, with the longing for his native lairs and liberty, does not know what ails him, but thinks it is walking that he wants; hence the endless tramping from side to side. So the soul, shut away from its God, with the sigh for the celestial deep within, does not know what ails it, but thinks it is riches, or fashionable attire; hence the endless effort to mock immortal want with fleeting bubbles.

Give us the gauge of one's restlessness—of the intensity of his internal craving, and out-looking and longing, and we have his capacity either for blessing or for curse, for heaven or for hell. I do not mean his moral fitness but natural capacity. In this view one may be more than another.

The phrase so familiar in these years, viz.: "*Can't*

wait," may have a deeper meaning than we suspect; often coming from immortal anxiousness—the unrest of the soul.

This outside flurry and bustle, seen everywhere, is often but the diversion of inward fearfulness over impending destiny. It is true, it *appears* to be the hurry of nerves and muscles pressed with the cares of life, a mere surface excitement; but the impelling power of mysterious man lies back of flesh and blood and bones.

We might as well attribute the motive power of that train of cars to the driving wheels. Those driving wheels are as the re-creation of a hidden power, which would blow itself up, but for this out-play of its pressure.

Hush down the crazed tumult of the world; uncouple man from his last driving wheel; shut him up to himself, bereft of outside entertainment; quiet him down, so still that he could hear the gnaw of immortal hunger, and he would go distracted over internal cravings!

Much of the desperate hurry for amusement and pleasure—for riches and display, is but a shrewd mockery of the soul's unceasing clamor for its celestial sphere.

If the sentiment so extensively practiced upon be true, viz.: "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die;" that is, if man's existence is bounded by this life, and his only enjoyments relate to the things which are seen—to the good of this world only, he is

the greatest blunder in creation. He is then the great, and the only, mis-make of the Creator! The curse *of* him, and the curse *in* him, is the over-make of him!

There is too much of man for this whole world. With all his efforts to circumscribe himself down to finite limits—to animalize his soul to carnal pleasures, he will fail to bring his great nature within the bounds of worldly good, while the overplus, when awake to his condition, is deep, unmitigated misery, the death-hunger of immortality! Man overlaps finite limits on all sides!

My friends, will you ponder this great truth—that this world of created good is equal to only a part of you; to this mortal fraction—the outer house of an incomprehensible soul? What, then, is to be done with you—yourself?

An unholy soul is a disfranchised, outcast nature, hanging in desolate, dreamy existence outside of both worlds! The celestial of his being excludes him from this corruptible world, while the want of holiness shuts him out of the heavenly world. For if my nature—my whole nature, craves no more than what appertains to this world, why am I not satisfied when filled with worldly good?

If I have but five senses, and these are all gratified, why am I not contented? Why this longing after something beyond—this indefinable hungering for something outside of mortal range? Ah, my friends, the trouble comes from the sixth sense—the spiritual nature.

Third—I come now to the definite hunger of the text.

My hearers will observe that hunger and thirst both are used in this passage. Not that we are to understand by this that two desires and two satisfactions are meant. It means more than this; it means a two-fold desire in one—a double distress for the great want of my being! Hunger and thirst are two intensely exciting facts; the pith and point of radical want and desperation. Let this great two-fold craving unite in one person literally, and we have a rare specimen of one idea and one business; it is said such will go through a stone wall. Would you think to pacify such an one with fine speeches of his beauty or learning, of fine apparel or stately mansions? If so, you know not whom you are dealing with.

The bright—the cheer and charm—the music and attraction of all things center in one great word, *Bread!!* He sees more to be desired in bread than in all other things. It outweighs with him all creation beside.

Shall I think to pacify a soul athirst for God, by administering talk of his good standing in society, of his talents and usefulness? With a look of disgust on such nonsense he exclaims, "Give me Jesus or I die!"

Aristocratic eating, like going to church, may be more an apology for the display of gilt-edged fixings than the relief of distress from want; for pride will starve rather than fail to make a display. Then what

a privation to multitudes would it be to have the churches closed, not because it is the banqueting place of the bread of heaven, but because it is the best show-room of fashion in all the land, where, for one still hour the claims to rivalry in beads and feathers may be canvassed to advantage.

But mark this: Real hunger is not whimsical as to the style of serving; the greatest word in its vocabulary is, "*Give me enough.*"

Then, hunger is an acute discerner of the difference between a display of china and *bread;* as this is the last case to divide his feast between mouth and eyes—great dazzle and little food. To mock the appetite by administering to eyes is an insult to hunger.

So some churches in the land, for the want of something to eat, substitute ceremonies for soul-eating, ceremonies of contrasts, and ceremonies of harmonies, to parade, and manœuvre, and make-believe eating, like children playing "come to see."

But when we come to the kingdom entertainment, we find another thing. Here is righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost—joy unspeakable and full of glory, where the saints cry out and shout, because the Holy One of Israel is in the midst of them. You may administer common prayer-book and machine worship to mummies; but if there are living souls in that church they know the fraud, and if they really hunger for the holy, you may look out for *uncommon* prayer—prayer, too, such as never yet was printed. You may entertain nerves and

muscles with empty sound, but when immortal hunger opens its mouth, woe to the man who feeds chaff.

Brethren, the experience presented in the text is excited by the Holy Ghost, and it is definite. Wherever you find a mind under the operation of the Eternal Spirit, you find a definite thing, one not only of deep and clear discernment, but of definite convictions and wants.

When I see a saint on his knees, or a minister in the pulpit, struggling for lost men against the compromise of sin and the policy of the world, with authority and pathos and daring, I know the cause. Then the gleam of the two-edged sword is seen striking and cleaving and dissecting with a discernment and precision positively above the human, running its sharpness between joints and marrow. I stand in awe before the visible motions of the Holy Ghost. So of every want and experience when by the Holy Ghost it is marked with definiteness.

How unlike the fondling, commending, praising prayers that sometimes come driveling through the lips or flattery over a half-awakened sinner, whose rebellion and pride God is trying to break down!

To hunger and thirst for a definite good pre-supposes a knowledge of that good.

Awakened sinners desire Christ, but they desire him more for what he can do for them, than for what he is.

They have no moral fitness for the enjoyment of

Christ, but they have a terrible necessity for his pardoning mercy. Hence they desire him from necessity, as the sick desire the doctor for his medicines. But this is not hungering for righteousness. This experience is peculiar to the righteous.

Hunger knows its own wants, both instinctively and experimentally. Were you in a freezing condition, you would not only know what you wanted, but you would be carried back to former experiences of warm fires. Although you might have read of Southern climes, where winter is unknown, you could hardly imagine summer weather in winter, but you could see and almost feel your own home-fire. If you were starving, you would not busy yourself in reading over the description of rare luxuries in foreign countries, but you would remember the good food eaten, with the old taste still in the mouth. So when the spirit makes the soul athirst for righteousness, a recollection of former experiences intensifies the deep longing for the holy; for hunger tastes the banquet from afar.

It is marvelous to see how persons with a strong relish for the spiritual, will sometimes filter through the milk of the word from the minister's dilutions. These require truth as naked of human words as possible to its understanding. Then, their spiritual taste is so exquisite, that they are the first to turn to loathing over a mere human compound; while, on the other hand, they taste a heavenly banquet from the distant odor. I have known some of these, tast-

ing things Divine, when the sermon seemed all human, and dead at that, just leave their bodies respectfully seated in the pew, and *themselves* go off to hold meeting with patriarchs and martyrs, and sometimes their holy communings failed to close in time for the body-meeting to be out.

I hardly dare to speak of the inferences which the minister is making, as he marks the heavenly countenance. "Guess I've preached a great sermon this time." No, no, don't think it. Alas, for us ministers —poor dispensers of the bread of life, when our hearers make more by going off gleaning, than to wait for our empty hands—when they get more edification and excitement by sitting with the righteous dead than hearing the tinkling cymbal of the living. Be patient with us, friends, for we cannot always preach as we wish.

Then, on the other hand, I have seen the prediction of coming sumptuousness by the kingdom manner of the first hymn. No marvel if the man of God, when surcharged with heavenly truth and love, should, perchance, jostle the brain a little before the time; I mean the *aristocratic* time for being blessed.

It is said that shepherds, in calling their flocks about them, sometimes, to save salt, put pebble stones into the dish, when the little, foolish lambs leave a good bite of grass to run after the shake of gravel stones; but the old sheep disdain so much as to lift up their heads for such nonsense. So these hungerers after righteousness, found more or less in every church,

cannot be cheated; neither can they be pacified with the shell of the Word only. Their constitutions demand the deep things of the kingdom.

Fourth—Trace out some analogies between literal and spiritual hunger.

1. The strongest constitutions—the best conditioned stomachs, are the first and last at the table. So, spiritually; the best Christians in the church are the first at the altar and to the mercy seat for more righteousness.

2. On the other hand, dyspeptic persons are better judges of the manner of the feast than of the feast itself. A little mistake in the style of serving, spoils their eating. It is counted a nice point to meet the fastidiousness of their appetite. So, spiritually; there are multitudes of professors who are experts in the outward manners of religion, and that is as far as they can appreciate it. Their relish for the spiritual is too weak to overcome the circumstantial defects of the externals. They see and hear and judge by the spirit of the world; hence, everything in things holy must meet this carnal taste, or it goes for nothing.

After a very spiritual meeting, one of the smart ladies was asked how she liked the sermon. She said the preacher's hands were not white enough for a minister! Just as though the man had been ordained to go round the world to exhibit hands! No doubt the lady was a judge of hands and perhaps of voice.

I once visited that wonderful panoramic painting of the Mississippi, where three thousand miles of

majestic creation were reeled off in one evening, taking us through sunshine and shower, midnight and noon, the break of day and setting of sun; rain, hail, thunder and lightning—a grand display of heaven and earth. A man was asked how he liked it. He said the cotton cloth was too coarse. Probably he had worked in a cotton factory!

3. Take a case of relapsed sickness, with the disease greatly intensified. Yesterday food was relished; to-day the thought of former hearty eating is nauseating; even the smell of food in a distant room is sickening, and to see others eat is out of the question. So it is spiritually. These relapsed souls, who have gone back, like the dog to his vomit, are the first to be disgusted over the hosannahs of the kingdom. And especially those who pretend to be a little better than those who make so great an ado over religion.

When the elect of God cry day and night, like children around father's table clamoring for bread, they call it a reproach to the church, and sometimes leave the house in a rage. They can't help it; they are sick. Others seem to know, from the accent of the joyful sound—they know, from death instinct, where the heavenly banquet is spread; hence they keep clear of these hosannah places. Such prefer common prayer-book and machine religion. But take one who is recovering from sickness, where food is being measured out to a craving appetite. What a pleasure to see others eat! How it excites his appetite! So in the kingdom. Let a person, though

having small relish for the holy, and very weak, enter a strong, religious meeting, and how it puts the soul longing for the heavenly!

Finally, the promise: "Shall be filled!" Glory to God! Immortal cravings can be satisfied! There is something in the universe equal to the vast want of mind. "Shall be filled!" This is the law of the Divine Infinitudes, to fill everything that comes; from high arch-angel down to babe in Christ. There are no degrees, or limits, in the Infinite. The seat and center of infinitudes are in him.

Every one carries in *himself* the measure of his own receiving. The question, then, is not, how much can God give, but how much can we receive? Let it be more or less, *fullness* everywhere is the low water-mark of the kingdom, and if we let the Spirit have his way in us, if we do not interrupt this influx of righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost, we shall be made to run over with heaven before God says it is enough.

This is not our fashion in dispensing earthly goods. We measure out with exactness, and the law prescribes how we shall strike the measures of grain; but if our storehouses were inexhaustible, and our benevolence equal to the supply, we would throw our measures to the winds, and give every one who came all he could carry away, and then throw a good scoop-full after him, as much as to say, when you want more, come again, for you see I have plenty.

I once went to a brother for grain; he filled the

bags without measuring. When I offered to pay, he said, The pay is this, that when you are out, come again. This is grace for grace!

A brother in Waterford was very guarded and measured in his representations of the work of the Spirit in himself. I asked him why he was so careful with his words on this point. He said, "I don't like to say too much." That is right; but go on to know the Lord, my brother, and your soul will soon get out of the reach of your tongue; for God's salvation takes us into the *Unspeakable*—above what we are able to speak or think!

Now, my friends, are you filled? If so, you are satisfied; there is no hankering for carnal pleasures, for the leeks and onions of Egypt; from these we are only cured in the taste of milk and honey in Canaan.

We close with one contrast. In literal eating, we graduate the quantity by the appetite, and when the relish ceases, we are through; no disposition to eat more. Not so in spiritual things; here the relish never abates by eating, but to the reverse, it increases. The soul is never cloyed with things heavenly, by the superabundance.

What then? We are just filled—filled with an unabated love for more, but don't want, because we are filled.

Friends, are you satisfied *in* Christ, and *with* Christ? If not, you have not yet reached the Divine fullness. Brother, I beseech you, don't be satisfied with present *attainments*, while you are in a condition of unrest

from unsatisfied *wants;* neither be discouraged from this dissatisfaction; this hungering for righteousness is the best evidence you have, perhaps, that God is with you. Then the strongest hold and the best hope the Spirit has of you, is in this same distress.

O my dear fellow pilgrim, cherish this groaning after God, but don't administer cordials in your songs. Let this groan go through to the great conclusion, where, lifting up holy hands, you exclaim, "*I am filled!*" Amen.

LETTER TO A DISHEARTENED MINISTER.

[We need hardly inform those who have read "Shocks from the Battery," that the following extract is from the pen that wrote that quaint, but tremendously earnest volume.—Ed.]

* * * * Now about soul matters. You complain of shattered nerves, melancholy, etc. I wish, Brother W., we could meet, for it seems that I could help you, as I have been in the downcast state, and fear I may be again. But at present I almost live on thoughts of holy things.

After being weighed down with infirmities, and buffeted by devils, it is refreshing to be able now and then to reach the observatory of faith, and look out over New Testament scenery—to walk about Zion, mark her bulwarks, and name her towers.

Yes, a brighter day is dawning! I tell you, Brother W., it has seemed of late, that I am where

Abraham took his last look into this noon dispensation. I just set his old telescope square on the evergreen slopes of Gospel Canaan, and saw the fruit shake like Lebanon It's where the pilgrims go up to sun themselves and get the old corn of the country. Vineland and Manheim have proved two rich cornfields for hungry souls.

Now, my dear, modest Brother, disappointed on every hand, and oppressed with poverty, as you say, if the earthly rills run dry, and the little pools get roily, go to the headwaters; push out into the Lord's great kingdom—Amazon; then dip deep. If you cannot be supplied all round, be sure to feel rich within.

I am poor in myself—don't know where the next dollar is to come from; but my soul is blest—at times become so sublimely happy that I cannot write. Then I walk the floor, and sing, and pray, and praise; then laugh, cry, stamp my feet, clap my hands, and what more can I do? And yet the measure runs over all around the brim, even after being pressed down. I am like a mill, with such a mistake in the machinery, that the hopper fills faster than the stones can grind. So you see grinding don't help the case at all. The more I preach and write, and think and talk, the fuller I am. O, the depths, the depths, the heights! Some mills run on bare stones; they are known by the emptiness of their sound, and the good, honest souls, are aware of it themselves. Hence, the endless fixing and doctoring of the *manner*. (Preach before the looking-glass, for instance.) Oil the

machinery, change the gearing, then take up the stones, peck them over, then go to rumbling again. I pity the dear souls, for they want to go right.

But look here, my friend, the trouble is not where you think it is. The mechanism is all right; tongue, tone, hands and height are well enough. What then is the matter? Just run a broad tube into the store-loft; bring down the corn; stop rumbling, and give us a full grist.

I tell you, Brother W., it's this heavy grinding that stills down the empty clatter of machinery. If you want music from a mill, either literal or spiritual, such as hungry folks like to have, put the stones wading through grain.

My experience runs in the opposite order from the Saviour's, if it is reverent to speak thus. With him it was from the opening heavens, and the Father's outbeaming approval, into the wilderness, to be tempted of the devil.

With me the wilderness comes first, I suppose to let me feel how weak I am, and by these contrasts turn me to a longing for the heavenly, for I have been through the darkest wilderness of late that I have seen for years. There is one place in me, above all others, where, if the devil gets a firm hold, he is sure to bring me low. It is just here, "You can't do any good." So I stand by faith only—faith against common sense—faith against my best reasoning—faith against all creation, at times, for there seems to be nothing on my side. And this I judge to be your

trouble, Brother W. But put yourself where the Lord will be responsible, both for you and your work, for there is such a position. Sell out your stock in trade to the main proprietor, and go into business under him; then how much better one sleeps who works by the day. Not that you are the one who needs such preaching, for you are not apt to think you have anything to sell. I write it because it just came to me, and it's too good a figure to be lost. But mark this, my friend, if you are too poor to sell, don't count yourself too poor to buy. Do you say, How can I, when I have nothing to pay? Buy on credit! Only see that your *surety* is in the transaction. God carries on his kingdom by trusting. The mightiest ones of earth, as well as those who have departed, those esteemed as millionaires, went into debt the heaviest of all, not one of whom could survive a day to have their accounts closed up.

MAN'S QUARREL.

[Extract from a Sermon by Rev. B. Pomeroy, in M. H. I.]

The universal quarrel of man seems to aim at God; but in reality, it is mostly with himself. This animal nature, this body, along with some of the fallen powers of the mind, claim precedence and dominion over the kingdom of man. The chief dispute seems to be this: That man has no business to have but one nature; but if he has two or more, when the body is

made comfortable, and all its wants gratified, there ought to be no complaining of the other part. That the soul has no right to exist, except as servant to the body, and ought to be contented with a servant's portion, the remnants of life, the remnants of strength, and the remnants of time; that youthfulness and manhood-vigor are too precious to be squandered on that thing of soul. That both parts ought to be satisfied with the same entertainments, except that the body is to be served first, with soul as waiter; in short, that the soul has no rights or claims, that the animal nature is bound to respect, at least till near death. That this everlasting sigh for things spiritual and holy, ought to be stifled out of us. Brother man! reverse the direction of the quarrel from God to self altogether.

The Lord is only treating you according to yourself—according to the diversity of your wants; treating you as you are, and as you eternally must be, for whether it's a blessing, or a curse, you and I are beyond being revoked, either in this world or the next.

God has set us going, but the prerogative is with us to say how we will go, and where we will go, but go we must.

Come, my friend, don't spite the Lord for this trouble. Cease thy cursing and bitterness at the Infinite. He is not to blame for this quarrel, unless by mistake some persons have got into the wrong class of beings.

For one to cherish such a spite against his soul, as to deny its right to be himself, ought to have been made an animal altogether.

For this celestial being, just because he is coupled with a mortal body, to court affinity with animals by denying the wants and rights of the soul, is blasphemy against himself.

Friend, you may deny your body—you may shake off this clay-house home, sending the body to the land of corruption in one hour; but who will abnegate himself? Who will shake off the everywhere present me of man?

MEASURE OF MORAL POWER.

To be worthy the credence of an unbelieving world, the professor of religion must prove himself to be more than man. The creed, the conscience, and the instinct of the world, demand the superhuman in religion.

Supplement the church member with all possible advantages and acquirements of which his natural nature is capable, and yet for all that he is not a mystery; the outside throng comprehend his nature and his actings. For his outward movements are on a line with refined human nature the world over.

In all his honesty of intercourse, his refined morality, his sacred songs and precise prayers; in all these he has not transgressed against depraved nature, or gone beyond the inventions of aboriginal man.

All he feels and all he does, is comprehended by unredeemed men all about him.

He is only a duplicate of old depravity in a better dress—only a human being within, with more outside to him—that's all.

Even the profane and vulgar understand full well, that death will soon unwind him down to what they are; while the advantages of a comparison at the judgment are expected on the side of no religion, rather than that hypocrisy should stand in sacred dress, approved at last.

But when we come to God's second-birth children —to the saints of the Most High, we come to the marvel and mystery of earth and heaven both.

Not a superadded quality—not a surface appendage, a dressing over of the leopard spots, with the old leopard nature left within, but a deep impartation of God to soul—an inborn life—a life so divine and eternal as shall run clear of death's anatomy in both worlds.

A life sustained from a foreign source, whose heart is quite above the reach of murderous hands—a life nourished at a banquet too rare and spiritual for this world's providing—a life whose hopes and fears—whose joys and sorrows—whose aspirations and prospects, so cross and contradict all the experiences of this world-life, as to confound the metaphysics of earth, and baffle the cunning of hell.

He who can be comprehended as a professing Christian, is suspected even by infidelity, of hypocrisy, or of being deceived.

Now we come to a point. What is the amount of the superhuman in you?

What is the depth of the mystery of you? Which nature predominates, the divine or the self nature? These questions relate to the measure of your spiritual power—to your mastery over wrong—to your personal ability for good.

The mystery of the being is increased in the eyes of the world, when they see great advantages and qualifications made to subserve the spiritual interests—when riches, instead of being squandered on lusts and laziness, as is natural, or hoarded up for unborn heirs, are made to tell on suffering humanity and the spiritual wants of the world.

When great gifts and great learning, instead of puffing up, are used to increase the efficiency of the meek and humble possessor of them, in making others like himself, holy. O, what beating the air is this, to substitute gifts for grace, or learning for inspiration! What atheism this, to put man in the place of the Holy Ghost, for the subjugation of this world to Christ!

Friend and reader, let me come to the point close. What evidence have spectators that you are of God, and not of this world?

What are you doing as a source of happiness, that human nature has never been known to do?

Wherein do you cross and contradict the pleasures of refined carnality? In short, wherein are you more than man? O yes, if a saint, you are sustained by a life so high, so holy and strange to this fallen world,

as to leave you a problem too deep for human philosophy to fathom, while others say he hath a devil, and that's the reason.

O ye saints of the Lord, it's your prerogative to be that and do that which no human being ever was, or ever did alone.

It is not only your privilege, but your absolute duty, to authenticate the God of you, by transcending humanity at all the life points.

Yes, be where you can rejoice when the world weeps—be where your tide shall come in when the world's tide goes out.

Let the impulses of your nature—the throbbings of your life, contradict the depraved life-tides of sixty centuries!

Resist the unholy customs, though they may have been baptized and confirmed; breast the turbid tide of deathly influence and drive a breach through these fog-lands of night, as an imported existence—a high-born of God! Leaving the guess of mortals in doubt of your beginning or ending.

Do you call this extravagant? Then let us turn to the sober Bible.

"For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God."

"Nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

And what shall I say to those who have gifts, learning and money? With these advantages which you are supposed to bring forth as superadded witnesses

for truth and God, there ought not to be a doubt left of your high origin.

Let the strange, unearthly way in which you dispense money, perplex the wisdom of the wise, for if the world by wisdom never yet came to know God, neither can it know the born of God. Rise above the religion of the world, and contradict the instincts of fallen nature.

CHURCH AMUSEMENTS.

[Rev. B. Pomeroy, of Waterford, N. Y., rises to speak. We are glad to welcome so famous a brother to our meeting. He wishes to administer a shock from his battery on a subject which is evidently exciting much attention. His shocks won't hurt, though they most decidedly hit.—Ed. Zion's Herald.]

I notice in your Social Meeting an article written by W. D. P. I was ready to inquire, Can this brother be a Methodist? He says these entertainments of church fairs—these social amusements, etc., are a profit, both temporal and spiritual, to any church or society. Now, Bro. P., if you will substitute *some* for *any*, before church, I will almost agree with you. For there are persons organized into societies, with splendid temples, high rented seats, where they meet to hear moral essays, where they have some grand machine performances at one end of the building, if not at both. Now it is doubtful if such a society would be hurt by church fairs, or by a ball, if it were

in a good place, and the dance opened by a minister's prayer; and as such are not apt to attend class and prayer meetings, where Christians become acquainted, church fairs might help on an acquaintance with the members of the circle, and promote social happiness, such as it is. But when you come to the church of God, to the crucified and risen with Christ, who walk with him in holy fellowship, away with this nonsense.

This longing after the world's little pleasures, this hankering for the old leeks and onions of Egypt, has in it the sign of relapse. Our only cure of Egypt lies in entering Canaan, and if the milk and honey of that land cannot cure me of garlics, I would not cross Jordan for all it has. I tell Brother P. plainly, and not in parables, that a religion which fails to take the relish of sin out of us is radically defective. This going to the church for character and to the world for pleasure, is a fraud on true religion.

Then has it come to this, that the benevolence of religion is not equal to its wants; that we dare not risk Christianity on its own merits, but must cater to the low passions for a supply of funds? Hear the contract. Give us an aristocratic frolic, dignified with prayer, and we will give you fifty cents each.

This writer asks if any one is so bigoted as to suppose that a Christian man or woman would lower themselves by engaging in these social amusements. Bigotry is not essential to the supposition; it's only spirituality, my Brother, that's all; and there are multitudes who are so spotless and pure, that to in-

dulge in these carnalities would darken their souls like an eclipse at noon. My pity is for those who are in such a state that these vanities do not hurt them. It 's the pure in spirit who feel contact with wrong. If we are to come out from the world and be separate, I will ask Brother P. where he would have us go? The Lord save us from the floods of baptized ungodliness. Amen.

REPLY TO INQUIRER OF NOV. 21ST.

[For The Methodist Home Journal.]

My Dear Friend—I am interested in your case, as you represent so large a class in our Zion, and shall show my interest in trying to do you good. Whether I succeed in the essential point is doubtful, especially on this arm's length plan. But it is doing a kind of good for one to *try* to help another.

You say, "I believe all the Bible says of Christ, and feel that I am justified through his blood," "yet was never more conscious of inbred sin in my soul; am anxious to obtain the blessing of entire sanctification. Who will tell me, in simple words, through the *Journal*, how to obtain it?"

My friend, I consider you orthodox in your objections to the three expedients proposed by friends for your relief, viz.: First, "Believe that Christ does save now." Probably they have got you along a little too fast. Such a faith is the final triumph of the struggle. I say final; for to believe that Christ *has* saved, after

he has actually wrought the work, and after believing that he *does* save, can hardly be called the triumph-point in the struggle ; it may be considered the climax of the work, but not of the conflict.

Perhaps, in your after experience, it may come to be at times one contest of your faith that he did then and there save, but not at first.

I expect, however, that you will soon reach the crowning degree ; when faith, concentrated into the narrow compass of *now*, in this mysterious struggle, shall be able, as with naked hands, to lay hold of your all-sufficiency in Christ, exclaiming "He can—He does—save me—now !" But, my friend, when you do thus believe, it will not be because anxious friends exhort you to it, though they may encourage you in it, neither will it be because you will to believe he saves me now ; but for this reason, more than any other on earth, that *he doeth it.* Evidently you are on a bar somewhere, as the mariners say, and it's my business to help you find where you are held.

I have no idea that it will be found in the relation of your faith to God, although our teachers generally take it for granted that the difficulty lies in that direction with the most of persons ; hence the clear and strong representations of Christ's ability and readiness to save ; hence also, the exhortation, believe that he can, and even that he does now save ; as if to break the spell of doubt by springing faith upon them, which is all proper, provided the subject is what he is taken to be. But there lies the mistake, often. The

dear anxious ones are administering to a foreign character. They proceed on the supposition that these seekers of pardon or of sanctification are in the dark night of despair, so oppressed with a sense of sin and guilt that they are beyond the pale of redeeming mercy, when, fact, they appear rather comfortable.

To me it would be happiness to witness an old-fashioned case of despair; have not seen one in twenty-six years; it would be just where I could preach Christ in faith, as a present Saviour.

Faith is both an effect and a cause. We err when we treat it only as a cause, without reference to its perfection as an effect (I mean the instrumental cause). Saving faith, as an effect, is produced partly by necessity, and partly by the Word and Spirit. What I mean by necessitated faith, grows out of losing our life as the condition of finding it; the killing before making alive; or, as the apostle has it, sin revived and I died.

This impoverishment, wounding, dying and killing by the law and Spirit, reveals our need of Christ's atonement, applied by faith. And here, I apprehend, is the key to the failure of so many seekers of salvation. They propose to hold on to the old life till they make sure of the new; can hardly consent to die to the pleasures of sin on the credit of Jesus Christ's promise to bring them to life in him. Why should they be in a strait for God, when provided for as they are? With both hands full of the old life, they can seek the new at their leisure. They say it

is their purpose to trust in Christ, and think they do, but have no power—no confidence—no triumph. The Lord bless your honest soul! But is this about your position? One foot on the Rock of Ages, and the other on your own shore, and do you see how nicely balanced you are toward the shore? Is that faith in another or in self? My friend, this mysterious transition is not made in that genteel way.

It is not from shore to rock, as by one dignified step; but is down—down—shore and all—carrying the broken reeds and self-reliances down into self-wretchedness and ruin, so that what was counted gain but yesterday, goes for loss to-day.

God don't touch a soul till it founders! Now, what if Rock of Ages had sunk while you stood with one foot on it? or, without a figure, had the Divine promise failed in your case?

Don't you see you are all safe? Then how gracefully you could have fallen back on your other hope; then gone in with the full unbelievers without losing caste. The Holy Ghost will have us so committed to this great salvation, with respect to our faith—its singleness of trust—our purpose—our practice and profession—that were the immutable word to fail, we are spoiled and ruined for earth and heaven both. This is consecration without proviso.

Friend Inquirer, are you there? Are you where, if you fail in reaching the sanctified state, it would damage you religiously too much for home-mending?

If you are there, you need not wait; this is no place

to wait at ; indeed, you will have no time to wait ; whatever touches God's altar with such a desperation and forlornness of hope and faith, shall find the seal and ratification of the covenant, quick as thought, in the inward Abba Father cry.

Now, my friend, dare you stake your all of reputation—of character—happiness—usefulness, and hope of eternal heaven, on your last chance in Jesus Christ? Chance, did I say? Rather, immutable certainty.

For *desperate* faith carries the soul quite beyond peradventure. But mark this, God don't save him who stands between hopes! Christ is after the lost. Nearly all the doubt and danger with seekers of salvation, is connected with the despoiling process, called in Scripture, "losing one's life—crucifixion," etc. But don't be discouraged, burdened one ; for it is when the poor soul is carried too far out to fall back on himself, or his own goodness—out beyond human hope or help—there stands the Rock of Ages cleft to take you in! Glory to God! It looks well there, just where it ought to stand, and whoever finds it will know the signification of "Rock."

A soul passing through the process of losing his life, gets beyond danger when he leaves his last alternative behind. The immutable promise—the faithfulness of God is trusted, when there is nothing else to trust. But mark this, the depraved heart don't go to God as if in a strait, with a good stock of untried expedients on hand.

Who that stands with an advantage over the most

of his fellows, with respect to reputation, moral character, intelligence, refined taste and good sense, with perhaps gifts, many, and great zeal for his church (which make up the chief qualities of the popular religion), that can afford to go into religious bankruptcy on so large a capital, counting these great gains as dross and loss, for the hidden life of God?

Who, on the authority and credit of Jesus Christ, dare break down and sink into the dust, with groanings and pleadings for the blood of atonement, with a pathos that moves God and men?

Who dares thus sink in faith?

That I call man's sublimest act. It is that desperate, daring act of faith, by which infinite God is made responsible, both for the sinking and the rising again. Faith is seen in sinking. God is seen in the rising.

Let me say it with emphasis, a soul in such a case, with such a faith, going to his knees, finds his God. Christ and such faith were made to meet, and they will meet, though it were by moonlight. Faith rising from the home wreck and ruin of all our hopes and helps, with the garment of self-righteousness flung to the winds, and all things counted loss; faith, impelled by such necessity and encouraged by the divine promise, is a most vehement thing of one idea. The cry is, Give me Jesus, or I die.

Friend and reader, will you ponder this assertion, viz.: It requires more real faith to disbelieve in ourselves than it does to believe in God, especially after disbelieving in ourselves.

The straight gate to the kingdom is where we let go of ourselves. Taking hold of God comes natural, after letting go of everything else; such empty hands stretch away to God with unwonted directness and force, such as is not easily turned aside.

Now, Inquirer (whom I take to be a minister), do you find in all this a clue to your difficulty? If not, speak again. The Lord lead you, with others of your state of mind, to himself for the fullness of your desires.

OVER ANXIOUS FOR THE CAUSE.

Hush my fears. Am I responsible for the manner of Christ's kingdom on earth? Am I special custodian of the reputation of the upper throne, that I should steady this modern ark in its doubtful jostlings! Now let trembling hands and puny mortals give way; let great redemption come down unto the corner-stones of God's own laying—let these ponderous interests of time touch the Almighty props when human weakness shall let go. God is master of his own tumults. Now let rushing mighty wind sweep along, unfixing the precision of formality, confounding the learned babble of unholy lips, inspiring words that cannot be gainsaid. O, for the free course of heaven over this earth! Am I ordained to go forth as an apologist for the strange and marvelous operations of the Holy Ghost in man? By no means! Neither, on the other hand, am I to mistake the fictitious and

whimsical for the spirit, or call nervous delusions, holy inspirations.

O, for such wisdom as knows God, from man!

NEW IDEAS NOT WANTED.*

BY REV. B. POMEROY.

A certain minister was complained of, not long ago, for preaching too strong truth, and giving his hearers too many new ideas. All he said they admitted to be truth, but it was stumbling the people. He inquired what good it did to such to read the Bible? "Well, they expected to find such things in the Bible."

Now, Mr. Editor, for one, I need patience with these gray-headed babies; some of them have been sozzling over their milk cups for twenty years. Then I should like to know where so many babies come from. Do they all belong to the family; or are they brought in by having the gate to the kingdom made wider? Let us compare fathers and mothers who live on milk, and see how the members look. But we will take courage since so many churches are becoming strong of late.

Then, some persons can hardly afford the tug and toil of thought; they require the minister to think the ground all over for them, with this proviso, that

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* For The Methodist Home Journal.

they are not to go out of the range of old ideas and old orthodox words, such as their ears are used to; as these old, smooth sounds don't tingle so and jar their nerves. But O, reel it off fast, like a quick-moving anthem, that's the kind we want. But for a minister to preach as though he believed his own talk, and then to ask his hearers to believe it and practice it, is a little too old-fashioned for this smart age. We want concert preaching, such as rolls out smooth, like thunder out of town; but away with your lightning, especially this slant lightning, when no one can tell what fashionable wrong will be struck next, keeping us in a perpetual cringe at all the sin-points of our nature. Then away with new ideas also, especially when they interrupt the smooth glide of old customs and old sins. "We have been confirmed, and woe to him who unconfirms us. We can't be interrupted with new ideas, when it costs too much wear and tear to investigate them; just give us the old, smooth sounds that don't scare our nerves—roll on in the old ruts of a hundred years smoothing, then we shall know where you are going. But mind ye, don't you cross the track of anything in this church. Preach to sinners; we are all right."

I declare, Mr. Editor, if it isn't provoking at this age of holy enterprise—this noon of the world, to be interrupted with the clatter of old wooden sandals just coming out of the Mosaic dispensation, with both hands up crying out, "Too much excitement in religion." Well, well, my old, dusty friend, just out

of a mummy pyramid, if you expect to regulate this world, you had better unhook from the dark ages and come this way. In the providence of God our existence is signalized by great advantages. We should look upon it as no trifle, that we have been postponed to this late period in the world's progression and momentum: where we are exalted to the highest noon of all the ages and dispensations known to the race; where Methuselahs are produced before the sunrise of that old man. This generation is in the head march of intellectual and moral grandeur. Progression is like morning, driving up against the future under the thought-momentum of six thosand years, saying, "Stand back here and let the mighty onward through!"

This is a wonderful period in the world's grand march; nearly all the processes, both in nature and art, have been quickened or otherwise improved since my remembrance. Even lightning has been educated to go on a straight line over and above its old zigzag fashion.

Everything in creation seems to feel the rush of the age, except the tick of the clock, and even here old people are confident that a new sprightliness has come into the swing of the old pendulum, at least the hours get around sooner than they did in old-fashioned times. The birth of a drone at such a period as this is a sad blunder.

Don't want new ideas! Ah, then, what will you do, for you can't even turn an old idea round once, under

the look of a late-born intellect, without finding something new. How humiliating at such a time as this, to see old respectable families running out and running down to nothing. We have young men in droves, who practically say, the chief end and aim of our being is to laze about, smoke, drink, gamble, swear, and commit depredations, all on the credit of father's will.

With these facts before us, is it not unaccountable that even good fathers and mothers all through the land are working the life out of them to hoard more money for their darling drones? For once let us look out on that class of genteel shiftlessness, who are riding through life on the swells produced by the industry and respectability of generations buried—whose best claim to decent humanity comes from the dead. Poor, unfortunate ones, I pity them, though I thus speak. For there is not so much moral stamina in the whole soul and body of them as was common to their grandfathers' dreams.

Poor, driveling, drabbling characters, the mere froth and foam of a wave that has come proudly through a hundred years to break on a muddy shore at last! Then, on the other hand, we have young men who come up bare-footed and bare-headed, snatching here and there an opportunity from the pinching poverty, who are grappling with the stern realities of life, as if equal to the emergencies of a generation.

Don't want new ideas, do we? Be patient, Mr. Edi-

tor, for I am bound to give that stupid thought a lash on all sides before I quit. Just as though a few mortals down on these low grounds had gone over all the zones and degrees, the landscapes and labors of New Testament revelations ; that mind had swept through the outmost range of holy thought, where it looked over into nothing, with the last seal opened and exhausted.

No, no, my reader, we are not so far advanced in experimental godliness as our intellects might indicate. We are small in faith and holy daring, when compared with the old champions, for truth and righteousness. We are not equal to the martyrs in tribulations, nor in triumphs, neither in holy attainments.

Don't want new ideas? I hope we are not so egotistic as to suppose that we have comprehended the wondrous theme of God in Christ Jesus—that while the great master-mind of the Apostles exclaimed, "Great is the mystery of godliness; God was manifested in the flesh;" then, again, "Oh, the depths of the mystery," etc., shall we say we know enough of such depths—don't want new ideas? The infinitudes center in Christ Jesus. Have we gone through the infinitudes? Redemption is like an acrostic; it is to be studied up and down—down as low as the bottomless pit, for it takes in all that mighty range from highest heaven all along down the broad road of destruction, gathering brands from the fiery portals of hell—brands that are to be quenched in the blood of atonement.

Again, it is to be studied in the past and in the future ; read it as we may, Jesus is the final spelling of all the types and all the shadows. Jesus is the history of the past. Jesus is the prediction of the future. Two everlastings touching in the glorious present—everlastings smoking redolent to-day in the odor of Calvary's offering ! Redemption is the undying excitement of heaven ; it has kept angels restless for ages ! Redemption is the grand topic of eternity that 's to thrill and fill the mighty years through to the other side of duration. Now open the wide gates of your soul and take in the great purposes of heaven. Don't content yourself with merely reading the travels of others ; wrench monotony out of the little circle ruts, and make a new track on the field of thought of your own. But don't be discouraged and conclude you are not the one to know much, because it is hard work to think. A subject that fails to bring sweat from a thinker is hardly worth his time. For mercy's sake, push out somewhere, at least so far that you can't get back without asking questions. It 's so refreshing in this age of dissipation, to find one thinking enough to ask questions.

There are continents of holy entertainment unexplored, while the entrance to the kingdom is crowded with halting, hesitating souls who want no more new ideas—at least such as come through holy experience. As if unwilling to break friendship with a vain world, they linger in the outer court. With the verdancy of Emanuel's grounds stretching off over the Lebanons

and Pisgahs of spiritual Canaan, they have stopped to balance the pleasures of a carnal world against the glories of Jesus Christ.

Excuse these random thoughts, for they were taken like fish in a net, great and small mixed.

CONSECRATION: ITS RELATIONS TO SAVING FAITH.

Perhaps the more critical points in our salvation in general, and in justification and sanctification in particular, in these times, relate to consecration.

Were we heathens, having but few things to count as loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, and no reputation to take care of, with only a heathen's idea of the atonement, the difficulty might be found in the department of believing. But with the present intelligence of the Church, faith is rarely hindered by sheer ignorance of Christ, or how we are to believe in him.

Justification, as well as sanctification, being the resultant point, or the end and aim of all the prerequisites, and failing just here where we expected to realize the long desired change, we are apt to attribute the failure to the nearest act, which is the believing act, especially when faith is made the condition on which God has promised to do the work. Hence the special effort to pet, and coax, and encourage faith along.

For instance, look at this expedient to help poor souls out of disappointment. When simplified, it amounts to this: believe in your own believing: that is, because, when you prayed for pardon or holiness, as the case might be, you believed with all your heart that the Lord would then and there make good his promise and save you; therefore you are saved. Now, my friend, speak for yourself, were you saved?

Well, I don't know, though I believed the Lord was doing the work, and they say I must believe that the work has been accomplished because I complied with the condition.

That looks plausible, it is true, but were you ever there before? Did you ever pass through the experience of faith's definite triumphant struggle? How, then, could you know that your faith was of the efficacious character, except from the results? Are you now satisfied?

To be honest about it, the change was not what I expected. I feel, too, a want of moral power. In this particular I seem no more than I was before, am awed by the opinions of the world, and tremble in my weakness before the plain command of God, as formerly. I wish you would pray for me, that I may be endued with power from on high for my work.

Yes, I will, but recollect that power does not come alone. It is not a mere appendage of Christian character that may be lost off. It is a constituent property of holiness as a state. Who can be strong and

confident, when the best evidence he has of being saved is the performance of some duty, or religious act, though sincerely done?

Now, my friend, believe that you are neither pardoned nor sanctified, for any reason on earth, or any where else, except for the great and glorious fact that it is so—not from any inference, analogy, or comparison with others, but from the inward "Abba Father" cry! The indwelling Divine shall put power into thy weakness. And nothing less than this *persuasion by the Holy Ghost*, this *witness of the Spirit*, can make any one confident in truth and daring in things holy.

It strikes me that our chief perplexity arises from overlooking the fact that faith is as well a result, as it is an exercise or an inspiration. Or, if it is not a result in the proper sense, it has its conditions, which are as imperative as those of pardon or holiness, and more numerous.

Saving faith, as the crowning act on our part, somewhat resembles the intercessions of the ancient high priest. His acceptance as an intercessor authenticates all the pre-requisites to that office, as intercession is the final act in atonement.

But a priest is struck dead, and for what? Not but that the intercession was right, as far as that duty was concerned, but certain ceremonies, on which the validity of intercession depended, had been omitted —the sanctuary had not been sprinkled with blood, or the trespass offering had been neglected, or some other violation of the ceremonial code had occurred,

which passed unmarked, until the priest entered the holy of holies, where the Divine Presence frowned on the transactions of that holy place, on account of disobedience in some of the preliminaries to that office. So the system of salvation, under the Gospel, has its test points.

A full and pure consecration has its test in a victorious faith; an efficacious faith has its test in the promised results, viz., the salvation itself. Hence we may fail in the final transaction, as well from a half-hearted consecration as from a defective faith, as saving faith depends in part on an honest consecration.

Perhaps you are ready to inquire, why it is that faith must necessarily prove unavailing from a partial or imperfect consecration. Is it not in this that in exempting certain precious preferences from the general offering, we necessarily divide the heart between opposing interests, which, from the nature of things, must divide the faith? A bewildered faith may result from ignorance, but a divided faith comes from a divided heart. "Beloved, if our hearts condemn us not, then have we confidence toward God." Disbelief connects directly with a divided heart. Oh, the sinning and sighing—the condemnation and bewilderment of a divided heart, standing between two interests, between two desires, when Christ is one of the two, balancing everlasting life against some carnal pleasure or selfish end, there for weeks and months holding Infinite God on a par with a toy, in doubt over a choice that involves destiny eternal.

How pitiable the condition of those whose intellect and conscience are on the side of truth; whose convictions sanction the exceeding broad command; who perceive already a beauty in Christ, and even desire him in the fullness of his redeeming merit; who are "almost," but not "altogether" the Lord's! Intellectually and conscientiously they plight their all to Christ; with all the strength they have, they give themselves away, all the while conscious of something deep within that will not let them go. How can these sincere souls be helped? for they are to be found by the thousand all over the land. Shall we say they are accepted and sanctified, and should wait for the witness? and say so on the evidence of this consecration and believing? I hope not, especially at such a time as this, when God is so extensively convicting the Church of inbred sin (which I understand to mean the motions of sin in a fallen nature, in distinction from voluntary transgression). Let us not, by our easy teaching and preaching, heal the hurt slightly, forestalling the Holy Ghost in his thorough cure.

There are very many sincere souls honestly seeking after the right way, yet failing to enter the promised rest, as they say, from a want of faith. I wish to say to such, that it is quite probable that your trouble lies not so much in a weak or spurious faith, as in the conditions of faith, viz., consecration and crucifixion. Deep in that depraved nature the heart maintains its hold of some carnal pleasure, or is aiming at some

selfish end. And there the head battles the heart in long strugglings and fastings to believe, and then plies its mighty resolves on this heart-hold of depravity, as if dogmatic intellect could master great emotional soul.

We may wrench away at this hold of wedded self-pleasure, till fastings starve the body, and resolves die on our own lips, but still it holds. We may say, I believe now, I give up all now, and do so with all our strength and in sincerity, and the heart may respond, I give up all now; but hark to the low whisper to itself, *all but this.* And here we wait, then coax, then scold our faith, and say I *will* believe. This same old trouble ministers find everywhere.

What can be done to help the thousands over this bar? A brother suggests that we pray once more, and believe that the Lord accepts us just as we are, for that is faith.

Wait a little, my brother, if you please. *Amputations* come next. This tenderness over right hands and right eyes that cause us to stumble—this fondling of idols before God in saying, I don't mean any hurt in it, even if it is wrong, I take no pride in it—is enough to baffle prayer forever. Moses and Elijah would have failed here. Crucifixion unto death will only avail against the carnal mind. If the old man goes with us in any sense unto God's altar, it must be in blood, fresh from the crucifixion. And here is one of the critical points in consecration; we are so tempted to mix the man of sin in the general offering,

hoping, by fostering the new life, to bring on a more gradual termination of badness by growing it to death by increasing goodness.

Depravity will grow with anything known, either good or bad, and is as long-lived as holiness. Death and burial is the mildest cure possible for this child of the devil in us; for fix it up as we will, with politeness, education, confirmations, and baptisms, the father knows his child in any dress. This is a crucifixion requiring two parties, and these are the kind of death-blows that must alternate between God and self.

This putting one on his knees to pray the Lord most poetically to do a severe work on us about which we are so tender, and so loth to admit needs doing as a specialty, except as all need such help, is one of the shrewd deceptions of depravity. For illustration, look at that brother, so zealous and gifted. He is a beautiful case, especially to a stranger. He seems right all around, but his heart holds to one idol with the power of a cart-rope. *He loves money.* His passions and plans, his aspirations affections, dreams and visions are braided into this cable-power that's noosed on money. He prays earnestly, and prays for sanctification, but says he can't believe. Oh! says a friend, do have faith. No, no! he has too much faith now, he suffers for want of despair. If you could dissect his mind you would find a sly hope, so deep that he sees it not, of smuggling his idol in with himself yet. Now he prays to

be saved from the love of riches. Every one calls that a good prayer. Now, brother, say amen to your own prayer, by giving a thousand dollars to-morrow to church extension, or some other good cause. While you ask God to strike this evil in you, give it a blow yourself, and see which hurts the wrong most. If you cannot crucify yourself to the world, then crucify the world to yourself. If you can neither will nor pray this propensity out of you, then begin outside, begin on the world, smash in upon this idol and see how it re-acts on the heart, when to your surprise you will find both crucifixions are going on together. But do not be discouraged, my friend. Do not say, I am not worth saving; for you are. You have but one besetment. I acknowledge it is a mean one. Some of us have a number. Do not, when you come within one of being right, go with this blot on you forever.

Take another case, and it shall be from history. One of the highest-fashioned ladies of a certain village where I attended meeting, was convicted of sin most deeply. At length she presented herself at the altar, came sweeping up the ailse, in full rig, like a peacock, spread for show. Pride itself can afford to go to the altar and even kneel down, for the good opportunity of showing off. But no such motive prompted this lady. She was sincere and in trouble. Night after night we labored long for this promising case, but oh, how dark! At length, as if in despair of getting the terms let down in behalf of pride; and disgusted with

half-hearted knockings at the door of the kingdom, she smoothed herself down to New Testament modesty and shame-facedness, laid off one hundred and fifty dollars worth of jewelry, put on a plain hood, and bowed at that same altar with an emphasis which seemed to say: Brethren, I shall enter the strait gate to-night! She consented, at last, to sacrifice the world's fictitious ladyship for the title, daughter of Zion.

Where was the trouble in this case? Was the fault in the faith or in the consecration? We all see and say, it was in the consecration. She tried, perhaps unconsciously, to barter off the vain pomp and glory of the world, with herself, into God's hands, and failed! Faith took the case just at that failure and not before. Oh, this little childish pride, how it clings to things that glisten!

A woman, long in the church, desires to be all the Lord's; is trying, she says, to believe, but hesitates, doubts, clings to something, cries, pleads, and finally breaks with her conscience and with her God over one little shining toy. She is ashamed of it herself, but the heart whimpers over the precious thing, says it 's too bad to carry about a gold watch and not fix it so that the people can see that it is yellow. Then these sparkling rings and bracelets, how aristocratic they look! Can't afford to forego so many signs of being rich. But who can afford to barter away his Christian influence, with good sense and conscience, for the gratification of pleasing the eyes of worldly lust?

My neighbor asks, do you think the Lord pays any attention to such little things as these? If he does not, the heart evidently does.

I wish to say it plainly; a holiness that practically contradicts the Bible, on dress, or anything else, is doomed to suspicion, even by the world, as being spurious. I admit that it appears more polite to attribute our failures to a want of faith than to charge the cause home to some wrong within. I do not like to say that I am in no strait to be saved further than respectability requires, or that I cannot afford to lose cast with fashionable members of the church for anything I have seen in the holy state yet. It is more agreeable to say, *I can't believe.* What would the minister think if I should tell him frankly that I considered the Bible too exacting in requiring us to give up all things for the sake of Christ, and even worse than that, to count them as dung and dross, when set against religion? I am willing to give up a part for Christ, for I want to be saved, if I can have the privilege of sorting out the exceptions, but this grinding humanity into the dust is too severe a religion for this smart age. Well, my honest friend, I praise the Lord that there are multitudes in these days, and in this smart age, who can afford to go down to dust for the sake of rising up to God and heaven.

Consecration, not in parts, but in degrees, must be deferred.

A WORD TO THE READER.*

This little pamphlet is not the invention of the author of its contents. This manner of communicating with the people was suggested by a number of friends. These were the considerations presented: Many persons not able to purchase the book, yet wishing some remembrancer of a former pastor, or of one so extensively known by the camp meeting hosts of our Israel, would be accommodated, in part at least, by a cheap pamphlet. Again, in these times of worldly rush, of confusion and noise—notwithstanding the agency of the pulpit in calling attention to things spiritual, where the thousands resort to be quickened into life by the stirring messages from men of God—the church needs other helps also, such as an occasional outlet of stirring, fiery truth in a bundle, which can be taken home and unscrolled in the hour of leisure; a sort of closet battery for feeble faith to touch when ready to faint.

Then, much of the reading is too learned in words—in great, uncommon words—though but half freighted; too precise, too far round in reaching the point; then it is reached so gradually and smoothly that you don't know when you come to it. The people want to hear the flint and steel come together at once, and feel fire flashed into them the first strike.

The manner of some writers, as well as speakers, is incisive; like plunging, you feel that their sentiments have entered into your mind, and you go away stuck full of arrows, tracking blood from church to home, as it were. O how the world needs men who dare make badness bleed!

The manner of others is more like a rolling motion; like an even-rimmed wheel, for instance. O, ho! how nice they go; they roll out over me so smooth and soft; then, at times, they come like a prose

*The following pages are a reprint of a Pamphlet, which explains this preface.

anthem on ears—a dispensation of chloroform on nerves. I go to sleep of agreeableness. Have wished a thousand times I had the smooth gift; but here it is, the same, old, homely abruptness, as usual.

One gift, or the other, it matters not which, only when a man speaks to me on the great thrilling themes, I want him to take me as by storm, and link me to his fiery soul, and take me whither he will; and not be tapping with gloved fingers on the outside door, waiting for a polite invitation from the porter of the house to come in. A messenger from heaven has the prerogative to break through and open the inner gate of my great spiritual self, and stir the latency of my immortal being.

Then, many writers aim at least forty-five degrees too high for the people, in their style of writing; they hit a few figures which loom above the masses in grand loneliness, and no doubt do them good; but this pamphlet belongs down here, and is made for common humanity.

Then, I am encouraged in this work, from the favor with which my book is received, as the reader may infer from the scanty selections on the last page, taken from the papers, all the notices of which have been highly favorable, except the Christian Advocate, which was what I predicted before it came out; but as no one is killed by it, we will take courage.

As the subjects in the book are considered too profound and spiritual for youthful readers, I have given the plowshare of thought an upward pitch in this, with the view of running more to the surface, hoping by here a little, and there a little, to benefit all; for doing good is all the business I have now on earth, or ever expect to have. May the Lord use what little remains to the best account for the promotion of human goodness. Read, and circulate by selling, if the thing is judged worthy.

If the matter of this little book should be judged unworthy of being published, the fault belongs with others, as well as myself, for I am urged to this work by some of the best persons in the Church—some of the most educated and mature minds we have, and, if it is a mistake, my company is good, shall not bear the blame alone. And if the Lord favors me, the probability is, that this will not be the last in this line, for the quiver is full of arrows still, which are restless to be let go. This great deep of Truth is somewhat like a living well, the more we draw out, the more comes in.

THE CONFLICT OF FAITH A MEANS OF ITS STRENGTH.*

Send her away; for she crieth after us.—MATT. 15: 23.

This contemptuous repulse by the disciples relates to a woman who came to Christ with a critical request, that is, it was critical, except in the reasoning of faith. This woman's daughter was grievously vexed with a devil. And notwithstanding she was at a distance, besides being a Gentile, this mother found the Lord in her behalf, and cried to him with words—with loud praying. But he answered her not a word.

Then the disciples came, saying, "Send her away; for she crieth after us."

What will the neighbors think of us if we allow this woman to be around in this manner?

Intimating, at least, that it was not modest, especially for a Gentile woman to be obtruding herself on the king of Israel with her family troubles, especially as she has no rights or privileges in this Jewish kingdom. What could be more discouraging to one in her condition than to be reproached with immodesty?

At length the Saviour spoke, but his words were enough to crush hope out of her, but for her faith. He says, "I am not sent but to the lost sheep of the

* This sermon appeared first in the Earnest Christian.

house of Isreal"—taking sides with the disciples against her; as much as to say, "Woman, you are out of your place, I belong to the Jews, you are a Gentile."

Then she worshipped him, saying, "Lord help me"—help me in what? "To withstand this terrible rebuff, or help me in some other way." I hope she meant this, help me to hold on to my first prayer. If you are right, don't allow opposition and unbelief to baffle faith out of half its claims.

Finally, Christ spake again: "It is not meet to take the children's bread and cast it to dogs." The Jews are the natural children of this spiritual family, and have the first right to the blessings of this Gospel dispensation. Gentiles are outcasts—heathens, and called dogs everywhere—you are a Gentile and have no rights here. She replies: "Truth, Lord, yet the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from their master's table."

Now for the points in this master argument. She admits all that Christ has said as truth, and treats herself as she is treated, places herself in the relation of a dog, and just puts in a dog's claim, and there, fortified with law and custom, as well as the admission of Christ that dogs have rights, she claims what is under the table as legally belonging to the dogs, and especially when it is rejected as unfit for the children.

And what does she get but Christ himself! He is represented as the Bread which came down from Heaven, as the life, first of the Jews. But when he

came to his own—the Jews—with his infinite proffers, his own received him not, but rejected him, as crumbs, not fit for the family.

But this poor Gentile has faith in him who is rejected by the Jewish church; all she asks is, that which the Jews will not have.

Her argument is more than valid for her daughter. She conquers Christ to the service of her faith, not only for her daughter, but for any other good she may ask, that is, so it appears; but the hidden result is, that Christ through this woman has conquered the prejudice of caste, put to shame the arrogance of a fallen church, and carried faith to the triumphant point.

Christ all along meant to make an example of faith in this poor Gentile woman, as if to show to future ages his impartiality and the fullness of salvation. Hence, while he repelled her by audible words, he inwardly fortified her faith for the final victory.

Let the saints note here, that faith's triumphs come, not through outward signs and circumstances, but by the inward operations of the Holy Ghost.

Hear Christ's reply:

"O woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt!"

The reply seems derogatory to the Lord of life and glory. Master and servant seem to change places; the woman is allowed to become dictator, and Christ the servant. Mystery—mystery!

We have been taught to believe, that the highest

state of mind is marked with acquiescence in the Divine will, and that practical godliness consists in doing that will. But what shall we say of this case? This seems to be more than religion. Here the Infinite puts himself into the service of a finite—making the will of a woman the pattern for Almightiness to work by.

Faith puts the orders running the other way—this is faith's highest prerogative, and just here may be found the philosophy of its power,—it is leagued to the Throne, with Infinite God committed to its wondrous asking.

But to return to the idea of conflict.

Some movements and powers in the natural world are augmented by restraint, some by conflict.

Our first defeat at Bull Run resulted in bringing out a greater power on rebellion, thereby making victory more glorious and defeat of foes more disastrous.

The steam power which moves the train is wholly indebted to restraints for its wonderful achievements. Give to steam full liberty and it would lose its name —we should call it vapor. So, had we triumphed at Bull Run, we should have died ignorant of ourselves as a nation, while the world's guess of us would have been wide of the mark. As the strain on the string of a boy's kite sends it higher up, so of faith, opposition and conflict augment its power. Faith, above all the Christian graces, seems endowed with the quality of inflexibility, or the power of resistance.

While it would be made to hesitate under one compromise, it is equal to a thousand battles, coming out better than it went in. Hence we are to fight the good fight of faith.

In aggressive warfare, faith is the van power of all the Christian graces: leading on the united forces, with cheers and courage to the faintest hope.

Hence we are to go, not to the State churches, but to the records of martyrdom, for the prodigies of faith.

Faith puts on strength while wrestling with principalities and powers, or walking through fire. By the grace of God, the buffetings of Satan are turned to good account, and it is the province of faith to count it all joy, when we fall into them. Yes, the devil has been the occasion of more faith in me than all my friends have been; they rejoice with me and encourage me, while the devil makes a necessity for faith.

Faith not only augments in tribulation, but it gets its schooling there also; these sore trials are the educational periods of faith.

We get no fighting ideas, or fighting power from a triumph, except that it is the seal and ratification of the conflict; we get joy and rejoicing and loud singing, and it is just the time for ecstasy, but the old believers understand it to be a dangerous time for faith. A triumph is encouragement to faith as an added monument to the long line of faith's memorials, running back and growing gray in the years of time, as the

events run by, till you stand at faith's first victory, sealed with blood, where the dead man Abel speaks. Then the victory is a sort of yea and amen, or an indorsement of our power of conquest which we take along for the fright of enemies, as our troops did from the signal victory at Winchester. The shout of "Winchester!" after that, half conquered rebels.

In the kingdom we have a great many Winchesters, as I have intimated, for every saint is not only an heir to the righteousness which is by faith, but also an heir to faith's triumphs, whether these triumphs were wrought out in and through ourselves, or in the history of the sleeping dead. Yes, Daniel's victory over Darius and Lions has fruit in me and you.

And now, poor disconsolate one, with sins pardoned and consecrations full, and yet with bowed head and tearful eyes, saying, "O for faith, for faith—my all of strength is gone—my heaviness of soul is so great, I cannot look up." Well then, look down, but believe in God! then looking down, shall be up to thee.

Kneel down as you are, be honest—be sincere—be thorough—face your troubles—face your darkness—face your unbelief, then call over the Winchesters. Say Red Sea—Fiery Furnace—Lions' Dens—Inner Prisons, etc., or sum them all up in one abbreviation.

Say, "Jehovah-jireh!" or better still, cry Jesus! in faith, and you shall conquer. For every fiend on earth and in hell knows Jesus, for he has been through the dark realms, and he overcame, trailing conquest

blood, as it were, from foe to foe, from kingdom to kingdom, turning his triumphs ever to our account. Now say, Jesus! but say Jesus by the Holy Ghost—by faith, for every foe that lurks along the way of life, knows when Jesus is spoken in the mother tongue of faith!

Faith dares the world against Jesus, solitary and alone! Now let us sing,

> "Jesus the name high over all,
> In hell, or earth, or sky,
> Angels and men before it fall,
> And devils fear and fly."

Glory be to Jesus Christ!

It is interesting at our altars, at times, to witness the conflict of faith against formalism. Perhaps the penitent sigh is heard, and the murmur of prayer comes from many a broken heart, though with an awkward tongue; every believing soul throbs with sympathy for the wretched ones, who groan in their distress to be set free; it is a time of great excitement, such a scene as knows no law, and such as no wise minister would control if he could. But here comes a very circumspect and respectable brother, and he is about to make a prayer, how precise—how grammatical!

See on what a broad circle he begins, but he feels that he is in another dispensation from the meeting. But O, when faith comes in, how he narrows down; wrenching the wheels out of the ruts of formalism, he makes a new track to the Throne, settling down on the

soul and centre of all prayer, he all but screams, "Jesus, help!" Every sinner knows that God is in that man, or he would not jeopardize his reputation for intellectuality, by such a strange prayer.

But who can tell the victory of faith, in that one man; perhaps he is a minister. Studied precision and sleepy formality have been his curse for years. But faith comes in, upsetting the old formal gearing, and his soul is free—simplified down to a happy kingdom child.

O ye disconsolate ones, who feel there is nothing of you, endure the process of impoverishment, like the woman in the text; hold steady to the point, it is here in the conflict that you take on the cubits to your spiritual stature.

My greatest blessings, this side my conversion, have come through my greatest sorrows. These sore trials have been the avenues through which the Lord has freighted his great substantials, and sometimes the arrivals came through as by torch-light, it was so dark; then the wheels all but creaked under the loads; yes, listen for the creaking when the torch-lights are seen; or without a figure, expect not only great deliverances, but great revelations after great fights of afflictions. I said, faith is endowed with the power of resistance. Read up its bloody history in the past, and then say if the assertion is not true. The kingdom of darkness has exhausted invention and cruelty in the persecution of saints, cutting out tongues—plucking out eyes—beheading—disjointing bones—frying—roast-

ing—boiling—cutting—slashing, in every form, just as though cruelty could anatomize Divinity out of man, or cut the tie that binds a saint to the arm of power, or break the league of faith to the Eternal Throne ! No, No ! It cannot be. The years of God in saints shall reach the promised count, though it were all the way through martyrdom.

The fire that burns a believer to-day out of half his mortal existence, shall hasten the birth of other sons to God, keeping the number more than good. The effort to strangle eternal life out of this world is more than a failure. God can bring his triumphs through stake fires as well as Calvary's crucifixion.

That the burning alive has failed a thousand times over to abate eternal life in man, or divorce the union of saint and God, belong with faith's memorials. That faith is more than fire, turns the defeat on murderers, adding a new victory to the ancient Galileean.

No, it is settled in hell, even, that Christ cannot be burned out of his redeemed church. No, no, it cannot be; faith can walk through fire every step of the way to millennium, multiplying believers through all the lurid route.

Faith is more than nature. It has been brought in conflict with nearly every law in the literal world, and suspended them, with men and devils standing aghast ; it has driven a breach through the impossibilities, dashing on to final victory !

O ye saints of the Lord, believe ! for the Infinite is

committed to faith, more than to any other state or condition known. The Throne is under vow to faith!

Now, Mr. Editor, as you have but little room for long pieces, I will stop before I close, and this fear of being too lengthy for your book, perhaps has made my words too few for this mysterious subject. My manner of treating it reminds me of the figure of a plow ruuning rapidly through a bed of pearls, leaving much digging to be done. I have merely marked the surface of a rich vein; now ye searchers after hid treasures, follow the lead, but dig deep.

Waterford, N. Y.

THE DOUBT OF A LADY.

Brother Pomeroy, do you think it is hurtful for me to read the Ledger and such kind of papers?

My friend, that depends much on your moral condition. They say crows can eat carrion and thrive on it, while it would kill some birds. Some ministers are not hurt by going to horse racing, theatres, various shows, and becoming freemasons, etc., while others say their conscience, the word and Spirit of God, require them to abandon all such associations. It's the pure spirits who get hurt with badness. And if I am to judge of your moral state by the folly hanging on to your apparel, I doubt if a dozen Ledgers would hurt you. It is probable that you are unhurtable by such things.

HYPOCRISY DON'T PAY.

This is not the age for hypocrites; hypocrisy is at discount, these times. A coin too much alloyed makes counterfeiting profitless. So the cheap commodity in some churches, called religion, has robbed hypocrisy of its motive. Counterfeiting pays best when the genuine is costly and at a premium. Let the saints so demonstrate the Divine in them as to make hypocrisy a temptation to iniquity. When the way to heaven is made wide, and mere pretense is called religion, pretenders are numerous.

GOD'S ECHO.

Extract of letter to Rev. E. S. F.

While the ultimate rest of the Christian's faith must of necessity be on the authority of truth as its foundation, the experience of truth is the soul's best evidence that truth is; as a witness in the mind is more satisfactory than all historic evidence. Experience is the demonstration of truth and truth's authority — the yea and amen of the Holy Ghost in man, by Christ Jesus — the audible echo of God's silent voice in his written word.

WAITING FAITH TRIUMPHANT.

But he answered her not a word.—MATT. 15: 23.

My text is a part of the history of the trials and triumphs of the woman who came to Christ in behalf of her daughter, who was sorely vexed with a devil, the particulars of which are given in a previous sermon.

Let no one suppose that this apparent contempt of Christ to this anxious mother is an accident, or from indifference to her troubles. It has a meaning, and to us no doubt a lesson, if we may but read it aright.

This first reception of the woman by Christ, and his final exclamation of approval of her, is in mysterious contrast. At first he treats her with the utmost indifference, as being beneath even a denial of her request. In conclusion, he exclaims, "O, woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt."

In an attempt to reconcile this apparent contradiction in the manner of Christ toward this afflicted woman, we hope to develop some of the secrets of faith. It is not enough that we are conscious of receiving good; we are also to be made sensible of the *want* of a promised blessing. And in the present and final summing up of God's interposition for us, the ruin side of the case is to be taken into the reckoning, as well as positive salvation. It is *from* perishing as well as *to* eternal life.

Saving faith is the great alternative or last resort against soul failure and ruin. It is the result of two

causes, viz.: self-despair on one hand, and proffered help from God on the other. Faith stands in between despair and promise, taking the soul over to a realization of its full hope in Christ. The chief significance and preciousness of promise comes from self-wretchedness; hence, just in proportion as you mitigate or obscure this soul ailment, you depreciate the promise and rob Christ of glory.

This sense of self-wretchedness is the Spirit's first great triumph in man. It is here also that the well-spring of gratitude, present and eternal, takes its rise. Hear it, ye dispensers of rose-water and balm; quackery and superficial dealing here will show itself in a stinted gratitude and languid song forever. This is premature birth! The most favored opportunity in all time for impressing the soul with sin's sinfulness has miscarried, and the Holy Ghost been forestalled in part in his first great work, by the ignorance of doctors, or the fear of offending, or, shall I say it? a secret haste to count converts.

O, my brother minister, for the sake of the happiness of that penitent, do let him struggle through; let him die the death; let him feel the sharpness of the two-edged sword. For the key-note in the song of our deliverance derives its chief emphasis, and will forever, from the experience of this first death. Thus it shall ever be, "unto him who hath loved us, and *washed* us from our *sins!*"

Hence, to encourage trust in God, except on the ground of self-helplessness, or preach faith in Christ

for pardon, except on the ground of sinfulness repented of, is to promote a formal, spurious faith. While, on the other hand, to renounce self-goodness and self-reliance, without reference to help in God, is to produce despair. Faith requires both of these motives. And just here I place the cause of the spurious conversions so much complained of. The motive of encouragement is relied upon, to the neglect of the motive of necessity; hence, the preaching faith, faith; when it should first be, repent, repent! for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.

In some meetings I have attended, where it required great effort to persuade even two or three to come to the altar, and they appearing rather comfortable, the whole administration was of the most encouraging nature; preaching, talking, praying, singing, all adjusted to the idea of encouragement. I may be wrong, but very much doubt if encouragement has any application to such a congregation. The fact is, they are presuming on God's patience, and going to ruin for the want of *discouragement*. The idea of administering to a half-awakened or careless congregation such remedies as these: "We're going home, we're going home, to die no more;" or, "O, come, ye angel bands, with your snowy wings, and bear me away to glory!"

Now, dear brethren, don't be hurt; for I am only speaking against the misapplication of truth and song. I don't blame saints, and especially young converts, for loving these thrilling songs; they belong to you; they have stirred my sleepy soul a thousand times,

doing me good. Only don't invite snowy wings into the horrible pit of miry clay; something more than white flutter is required to grapple with that dark condition. Then, by the way, if the angels please, when they come, don't take me, if it's off from the battle field, though they might be bound for glory; not quite ready to exchange battle field even for glory.

Half-awakened sinners often come to the altar, honestly hoping it may do them good; and it might, if their purposes were right and their cases properly understood. But our error is in supposing, because they are there, they are in a condition to accept of Christ now. Hence the exhortation, "Receive Christ just as you are; believe he is now forgiving you," etc.

You are premature, my brother, he can do such thing. It is true, by coming to the altar, his relations to you and the meeting seem changed, but if you are thorough, it will be found that his relation to truth—to himself and God, is just as it has been, and cannot be treated as a penitent.

His best remedy is waiting and crying.

What would you think of a surgeon who should embalm one who is dying for the want of the amputation of a mortified limb?

Away with this balm, and bring out your surgical instruments. Urge a half-awakened sinner to accept Christ now: delusion! He would not thank you for a dozen Saviours, he's not lost yet, he's alive without the law. And as evidence that I am right, see if you can get him to pray; no, sir, he is in no such strait.

There is no argument, eloquence, Bible, song, or patience enough in that house to bring him to prayer.

And yet he is doing the best he can with himself. The Holy Ghost will take care of him, if he can keep away the rose water cure. His next hope is in waiting—coming and waiting.

It is not enough to know there is a great Saviour; he must be made to *feel*, I am a great sinner, and but for this fact, Jesus would be without meaning or mission.

The hope is, that this poor soul will sometime and some how, blunder on to the great dark fact of *himself*, and when he does fully come to himself, he will find something he did not know of.

I linger here not from choice, but from its importance, as I consider this the dangerous point in our salvation, and growing more so. The tendency is stronger to get by an old fashioned repentance, which requires honest work in dress and with money—requiring confession and restitution, bringing the proud heart down to sackcloth.

But the old rugged process is the same in every age; it is kill first, then make alive—first poor, then rich. Its the old Sinai route to Calvary still, and no one feels much interest in Christ or Calvary, who has not been made to feel the curse of holy law, and tremble in Sinai's awful thunder.

Every soul saved is to be taken as from the doorsteps of the kingdom, a beggar, hopeless, helpless, a spiritual foundling.

And just here lies the doubt and danger in man's salvation; will he break down and take the place of a bankrupt, as he is, for the sake of a free gift salvation, or will he still urge his own goodness and respectability as an apology for rejecting the conditions of a poor man's Saviour?

These illustrations are designed to set forth the hidden and more critical work of faith.

The spiritual blessings imparted to us through faith are more obvious, but the preparation of the heart to receive these new impartations is not so observable. All the neighbors could clearly see the answer of the woman's prayer in the cure of her daughter, and no doubt a change was observable in the mother's look and talk, and song, but that dubious process carried on within, from where Christ answered her not a word, to where he exclaimed, "Great is thy faith," is liable to be lost out of the reckoning. It appears that there are at least two methods of graduating faith up to the triumph point; one is opposition, tribulation and conflict, by which its power is augmented by practical trial; the other is postponement of the final answer for inward scrutiny and preparation, by which the soul is purified of false trusts.

Both these methods met in the case of the woman in the text. And it is here in this lost time of waiting upon the Lord, when he answers us not a word, that the heart-searchings are carrid on, and the soul goes from high to low, and the mysterious transitions take place.

It is in deferring the final answer, that God is enabled to bring in his last condition; we accept the full terms, rather than fail. Many a minister has humbled himself to sackcloth and ashes, rather than have his faith fail of a revival, not but that he was sincere all along, but the delay brought a pressure on him, and put him to searching for the cause of this lack of fruit. In like manner, many a believer has accepted duties and sacrifices to-day, which no persuasion or reasoning could bring them to yesterday, just because the Lord answered not a word. The waiting of faith on the Lord, with no answer, exhausts our false hopes and reliances, breaking down our bruised reeds, and hurrying us on to bankruptcy.

This is the work of faith in us, to produce a spiritual vacuum, by self-exhauston, bringing on helplessness, which makes a necessity for God. A certain minister illustrated this process, by the effort of a fly to escape from a large room; he drove with great force against this window, then the other, then back, and on from side to side he went, till exhausted, bruised and mangled, he fell as dead on the window sill, where through a little crevice he *crawled* out.

With some of us, it requires a long postponement of the final object; some hard kicking against the pricks —bruising—killing—disgust and shame, to bring us crawling, we so like to make progression with a good buzz, moving on in a flight. But O, this crying and

waiting, is a sovereign remedy for soaring propensities.

It required much mortification and affliction to bring Naaman, the leper, where God could save him; he had some faith in that holy man, Elisha, for a cure of leprosy, so he dashed up to the prophet's door in his chariot, and sent in word that he was ready to be cured, expecting that this great prophet in Israel would come out and wave his hand over him, and call on the name of his God, and cure him in his strut, especially as he had the cash to pay. Rather too much buzz in that Naaman, and you will find that God, through Elisha, knows how to take it out of you.

The prophet does not so much as come out to meet the great man, but sent a servant with the prescription; this is it: "Go wash in Jordan seven times." And the great man wheeled in a rage for home, saying, "I won't do it; I'll wash in the rivers of my own country, which are better, but I'll not be beholden to the waters of this land of fanatics for my cure, when I have six thousand pieces of gold to pay the bills." Well, my friends, as you well know, it required seven washings in that very Jordan to break down the arrogance and pride of that Naaman. Washing seven times! A good opportunity for the neighbors to gather round and witness the poor fellow as he cried off the counts. And probably nothing less than seven times would suffice to bring that man

where God could bless his soul, and cure him of the inward leprosy, the worst of the two.

It is said, "By faith the walls of Jericho fell down." But it required seven days of marching round Jericho to exhaust the dignity and self-reliance of the marchers, and bring them to the all-faith point. Look at their condition; seven days' profession of faith in the true God, before those idolatrous nations, they are in a strait, there is no receding, and the thing cannot be hid. "We are doomed to open daylight ruin and everlasting confusion, or infinite God must interfere. We see our marching has nothing to do with these walls, and never will. God alone can triumph here, through our faith."

At length, this seven day laughing-stock for heathens, marching in the armor of rams' horns, marching and waiting seven days, touched at last the triumph-point of faith, which had its first effect in themselves, for they waxed so confident and daring, that they actually shouted the victory before it took place; to them faith was the evidence of things not seen.

Infinite power brought down the walls, but the enemies, no doubt, were conquered in spirit by the strangeness of the shout. So it is to this day; faith has an accent terribly ominous to the kingdom of anti-Christ, wielding a power such as book logic and rhetoric never knew.

My friends, do you pray, when the Lord answers you not a word? and are you ready to say the Lord delayeth his coming so long, I must faint and give

over? No, no, my friend, a living faith can survive a deferred answer and gain by waiting. If the final answer is delayed, know by this that the prayer is defective, or there is a preparatory work within which crying and waiting will advance more than manifested glory.

And just here, I apprehend, is the more critical work of faith, in preparing the soul for the Divine revelations. And I feel safe in saying, that in many instances this waiting faith is more critical to maintain, and more exhaustive of self-goodness and self-trust, than even the conflict of faith, though here is a kind of conflict, while deprived of the dignity of opposition. This is called waiting upon the Lord, as if we were coming and going — coming and waiting for the Lord to get ready to answer the request, when the humiliating fact is, we are waiting upon ourselves, or waiting for ourselves to reach a suitable preparation to receive the blessings which the gracious God stands holding out to us.

I observe many good people use this petition in prayer, viz.: "Bless me as Thou see'st I have need." This is very proper when we allude to the divine providences, but when applied to salvation by faith, it 's too cheap a prayer, too wholesale or general. The Lord cannot bless on that principle; he cannot save on the rule of himself — of his knowledge of our need; if he could, we should see such a blessed world down here, as tongue could not express or angel mind conceive, and that too, before sundown;

it would be *a world* born to God in a day, instead of *a nation*. But the trouble would be, if we did not renounce our spiritual birth the next day, our hosannahs would be faint and eternally languishing, from the fact that we never could know, except from theoretical teaching, what we had been saved from ; then it would never do to admit such converts into the old-fashioned Heaven, whose inhabitants came through an experience of sin and guilt and shame—on whom the pains of hell have had a hold. No, such converts could never away with that great grand ascription of salvation through the blood of the Lamb ! That voice as of many waters—that old Niagara anthem let loose would scare the awkward, illegitimate children well nigh out of Paradise.

Alas, alas ! this is more than a supposition ; we have such hopers of Heaven all about.

No, my friends, the lets and hindrances are not in Heaven ; there are no bars in the Divine indisposition, for faith and prayer to bring the Infinite over, before we can be blessed.

The impediments are all down here, in your soul and my soul, and it 's the great work, and it 's the intricate work of faith, or the *spirit* through faith, to break down these barriers and make a welcome way for God into man. And this is the rallying point, not only for faith, but also of providence and grace—of truth and Holy Ghost effort, to produce a felt necessity in the soul for the Infinite, extorting the exclamation of distress : " Oh, wretched man that I

am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death!"

From such a wreck of false hopes and dark necessity, faith would take a soul to Jesus Christ as by moonlight. Our trouble is not so much in a *defective* faith, as in a *prevented* faith.

It is not only true that there are no impediments in the disposition or ability of the gracious God to our salvation, but it is equally true that there are no limits in God to the *degree* of our salvation. That is, he does not bless and save the children of men by a rule in himself. He does not give the Spirit by *measure* unto us; he keeps no weights or measures in his kingdom; every soul that comes is filled, let him be more or less; his capacity for spirituality is the measure of his good.

At times, the gracious Being shakes down the fullness, and then presses it together, and then to show his unboundedness, he runs us over. But O, the power of running-over Heaven in mortals! Then how the famished ones wonder what's the matter.

Now I come to my point, which is this: Faith is not only the leading power in us, preparing the mind for the Spirit's abode, but faith is God's entity in man,—the measure of the soul's capacity for the indwelling divine. Give me the degree of your faith, and I have your superhuman capacity. The means and measures employed by the Spirit in this preparation, are various.

Even in the literal world, to so perfectly empty a

given space as to produce a vacuum is a very difficult work, while the filling up of that vacuum is attended with no effort; the atmosphere on all sides rushes for the emptiness.

So in the spiritual world, to empty a soul of all that 's opposed to holiness, taking away his idols and sinful pleasures, sitting him down in loneliness and bereavement, with the sigh begotten deep within for the holy and the high, is the great work, and the critical work both with God and man; while the filling of that hungering, thirsting emptiness is more like the rushing atmosphere into voidness. That was a great spiritual vacuum filled on the day of Pentecost.

Some years since, I was brought to a happiness almost new, or rather happiness came to me in a new way: formerly, heaviness through manifold temptations was only heaviness, and the chastisements and afflictions were only afflictive.

But in later years, I have been made to rejoice in prospective good, foretokened in these sore trials, and even at times been happy in misery when the Spirit made me miserable, or even permitted it. As that was a sign of God's hope for me, and that some higher and nobler purpose was yet to be wrought out in and through me.

And if I could but survive the crucible, he would prepare me not only for more glorious revelations of the unseen and Heavenly, but through these terrible prostrations and hnmiliations I should be so prepared

that the abundant revelations should not exalt me above measure; that while honored with the reflection of Christ's glory, I might not be tempted to call it my own, or attribute the chief grace of God in me to hereditary or acquired gifts.

Yes, brethren, the Bible is true; it is possible, as thousands can testify who are yet in the deep waters of afflictions, it is possible to rejoice even in tribulations. "Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

These experiences, evidently scriptural, are very forcibly illustrated in the case of an individual who was to pass through a very doubtful and distressing surgical operation of amputation; success was considered at best only possible.

It was previously understood by patient and surgeons that, if in the process of the terrible operation, they should find it impossible to succeed, they were to cease their efforts at once, and that would be the sign to the patient of hopelessness. When amid the terrible distress, and yet of increasing hope in the patient, hope coming mostly through the continued cutting and sawing, all at once the instruments were stopped.

Some unforeseen contingency requiring a suspension. When, as the patient relates, instead of abating his distress, it was only a change of location from flesh and bone to inner soul, bringing in an agony more terrible than the cutting of flesh. The thought, I am given up—there is no hope—I must die to-day, and

go to God just as I am, with body half sawed in two and soul worse off, but go, I must; these were thoughts going through his mind, armed with the more terrible teeth. But, as the cutting was soon commenced again, the transition was, as from death to life; sawing was a luxury compared to soul agony. So it has been with thousands of us while passing through the dark days of trial; we could bear the knife when wielded by God's own hand, feeling confident that he saw the necessity for chastisement. These spiritual surgical operations, though not joyful, but severe, are, nevertheless, safe, and especially encouraging, as they indicate the hope of the operator.

I look out upon that dejected, sorrowful, conscientious class of persons, blessed souls, how can I help you! Mostly distressed, because you have no particular experience; for weeks, perhaps it has seemed that Christ has answered not a word. God's saws have all stopped. He does not even deign to afflict us—there is nothing going on within, and the heavens are brass above.

We should take some hope, if we could even once more feel old Sinai's thunder, to say nothing of Calvary, but no sight or sound from either mount for us.

The once rent and parted vail has again closed down dark on the holy of holies, shutting out our prayers. We washed seven times in Jordan, and yet no miracle seen. And more than seven days we have

plodded around Jericho with the walls standing yet, and heathens left to mock our hope in God.

Well, my friends, if the dark story is all told, let me say this: You may not be called to die daily, but evidently this once you must die; probably there is that in you that answering not a word will best conquer. I am not here alluding to dead and laid out souls; it requires a living soul and living faith to wait, and yet live in waiting. O, ye doubting ones, take courage, you have more faith than you are aware of; it 's no dead faith that waits, you have been praying and waiting. God loves you, and he means to exalt you to his image and to his full fellowship. Now let the Spirit have his way in you, for the time draws near when you shall see his glory.

O, the power of praying and waiting! How it exhausts human dignity and courts affinity with dust; praying and waiting—coming and going—praying and waiting, with an importunity that wears out the long hours, and yet holding on to God with a desperation at times that 's awfully sublime. I wish to say to believers, that 's a faith that commands heaven and has a right to omnipotence in its service; to this faith God has committed his words and his worlds. He says he will avenge his own elect. Night and day pleadings are to have an end with recompense.

CHARIOTS NOT ALWAYS NEEDED.

On that memorable morning of September 19th, 1867, at the close of Albany District Camp Meeting, to many the greatest ever known, as the long line of saints were threading through the parting ceremony; standing next to the presiding elder, he remarked, this would be a good place to go to heaven from; but looking up through the waving branches, as they seemed to clap their hands over us, said, I don't see the chariots of fire. Reply: Heaven is too near now for chariots, they are made for distances, but never drive so near the threshold as this. (It's the province of faith at times to go the other side of chariot tracks.)

After wiping his eyes and offering praise, the elder continued: I suppose we shall need go the subterranean way through death and corruption, as Charles Sherman used to say. Reply: I wish to go the route followed by redemption; doubt if there is any great advantage in going cross-lots to immortality, like Enoch.

In that case, while those who came by the way of death and corruption were taking their high exaltations through recollected graves and resurrection, I must stand mute; while all around me and above me mostly, perhaps, were crying, sown in dishonor but raised in glory!—sown in corruption, but raised in incorruption! I must stand a spectator. No! No! let me have a part in the full chorus—go the full triumphant round, though it were through death.

Then, by the way, it is interesting to see this same presiding elder go through one of God's tumults, without getting alarmed, for the honor of his throne, as though he were special custodian of the Infinite's reputation. When the Holy Ghost comes like a rushing, mighty wind, filling all the place, it fills him also, and then he is not so nervous about smoke, as to put out all the fire, freezing his whole body, just to save his eyes. Not that I would teach that we are infallible when under religious excitement—no, far from it; we need discretion then, and human discretion above all other times. I don't mean worldly discretion or prudence, for if the world by wisdom never yet come to know God, how should it know how he ought to act? Perhaps there are few who suffer more from improprieties in religion than myself, having been brought up in the land of steady habits, in a very precise church and family, where the preaching and praying was everlastingly about conducting religion decently and in order, when there was not religious life enough in the whole town to produce disorder, let it do its best.

So this idea of decency in worship, is bred in my very bones, and I suffer from what is known by smoke; I mean a flashy, trashy excitement, that can't wait for Old Hundred, and soon expires. But there is a fire that's free from this smut, it's beautiful and bright, but then it's painted fire. Now, take your choice, beautiful, bright, no smoke, eyes safe and only froze to death, but froze with eyes open, as if to say, we

don't have smoke in this church. Then, on the other hand, we have the real, natural, kingdom-fire, with life under a full pulse, and hosannahs that thrill the dead, but, alas! there is more or less smoke, and it may always be so; there are some everywhere, who, if perfect freedom is given, and this is essential to genuine fire, free action, they will run into excesses and follies. O, that we could have more of the solids in some of the dear souls. I like a fire made of oak logs four feet thick; it don't roar much, it's true, perhaps not enough to be pleasant, but O, how it thaws, and how it lasts; equinoctials are its pastimes, then its awful heat burns its own smoke.

But, lest the solid minds should take too much glory, I will remind them that they need very much this material that is apt to make smoke, for kindlings, so don't boast too soon, as you may go out sometimes and need a few of these faggots on your lonesome altars. But, if I cannot have it as I would, rather than freeze to-death, come with your flaming fire and crackling thorns, smoke and all. With all my natural and educated order and anxiety for appearances, when the rushing mighty wind dispensation sets in, and the breath of the Lord is heard in the mulberry trees, let the nice notions of mortals make way for the coming of the Holy Ghost.

The Infinite one is master of his own tumults.

THE LOVE FEAST.*

Testimony of the Rev. B. Pomeroy, Author of "Shocks from the Battery," in the Tuesday Meeting at Dr. Palmer's, New York, Jan. 15, 1868.

Bro. Belden had alluded to the seeming contradiction in supposing one perfect as a Christian, who is and must be so imperfect as a man.

Bro. Boole had been speaking of the importance of presenting a good, more full and perfect, as an inducement to leaving worldly pleasures; that consecration is not enough—that we must receive, as well as give. "The poor man will give up his crust for something better, of course; but if he fails in finding it, he will go back to his brown bread. The heart must have something, if it is no more than a crust."

Bro. Pomeroy arose, much excited. Said he had never attended the Tuesday Meeting before, and seeing so many of the good and strong ones, he felt bashful. Said he, "I am in the condition of the steam-engine, which should have been on its track half an hour ago. I am trembling under the pressure. This is not just such a meeting as I expected. Instead of a few lengthy expositions of this great doctrine of Holiness, I came prepared to hear forty or fifty speak forth the marvels of God in them; and now, I can hardly feel free to occupy time, where there are so many to speak." [Voices, "Go on; go on, brother."] Turning to Bro. Belden, he continued: "The perfect and the imperfect, alluded to by this brother, I

*Reported for the Earnest Christian.

have in me. I never expect to live a day, without some fault or error; don't know as I ever have, and probably never shall pass a day without some mistake; but I never expect to sin again in my life. I cannot sin—it would hurt me terribly to sin. There is nothing in me that would be gratified by sin; the sinning propensity is crucified out of me. Glory to God! I am saved through the blood of the Lamb."

Touching Bro. Boole on the shoulder, he said: "Now, brother, about your brown bread repast. Our only cure of longings for Egypt is in entering Canaan; the disrelish of leeks and onions, is in the taste of milk and honey. Thank the Lord, I am through with leeks and onions at last! Let worldly-minded professors make much of their childish pleasures and short-lived glories, but talk not of garlics to me; for God has brought me into the promised land, to the banquet of angels.

"Hallelujah! I am saved from worldly longings; have been allured by tinsel and show; fooled by self and humbugged by others—but I can't be humbugged on religion again! I feel rich in the loss of all things; have out-grown little toys and great toys; parted with this pleasure and the other pleasure—O! yes, have out-grown creation! My principal life is imparted from beyond; feel soft and sublime, as a rainbow looks—touching the shores, it is true, but bow up beyond the stars!

"I have parted with the last carnal pleasure; have

turned away from the last hope but of God; can be tracked all the way back to Egypt, by the strewed idols—and the first idol you find on the back track, will be self.

"The vain pomp and glory of the world has receded before a greater glory. Gorgeous mansions, human pride and display are stooping to the dust; human greatness is not so great—gold is not so yellow—as I once thought. All are empty of soul-good.

"Then I turned to great, grand Niagara, so much talked of. But I was ashamed of the thing, for I had a greater Niagara in my mind—one with a bigger roar. It 's a calamity to Niagara that I ever saw it; but for the sight, it would have stood with me ten-fold itself. But God's Kingdom-Niagaras are a match for me. The revelations of the Great Supreme, to a human soul, exceed my ideal in every direction. When the great God smiles into my soul, it fills me with a grandeur and glory beyond what I am able to speak or think.

"I once feared the holy ones, they are so eagle-eyed—feared to have them survey me, for I knew there were defects in me. But now—glory to Jesus Christ! I can stand with open gates, and say to sinners, saints, apostles, martyrs and angels, hold your spy glasses on me; and if it were reverent, would say, Omniscient Eyes, go through me; scan me close, for if there is an evil way in me, it would afford me more happiness to know it, than to go up the highest Pisgah known—for I am bound to be right, and condi-

tions are out of the question. I am not free to take your time, but let me say, to the glory of God, I am saved through the blood of the Lamb!"

—The above testimony was gathered by three persons present at the meeting, and represents very accurately the words uttered; but nobody can repeat the power and unction in which it was spoken. Its effect on the meeting was electric; and as a good sister remarked, the "children were getting fed."

JOSEPH MACKEY.

RUNNING OFF THE TRACK.

One of the presiding elders, at the last session of our (Troy) Conference, brought forward a minister's application for re-admission, with this fault in the man: that he was liable to run off the track. Not that he fell into sin; his moral character was without blemish; yet it seemed difficult to keep him on the track. As the elder did not inform us what track he ran off from, we are left to guess it might be the ecclesiastical track. Now the elder was right in this. I introduce it only as a text, or an apology for saying something partly on this line.

Some things and some men can afford to run off the track once a year, provided no one is killed, literally or spiritually; for they are able to get themselves on again, repair damages, and then keep ahead of the world. Contrast: A minister being asked how his church prospered, replied, We are all harmonious

and united, but did not know as all would call it the best kind of union, for they were froze together. That it was all quiet so long about the Potomac was no accident; such broodings of nightmare would quiet anything. A brother asked if they had fanaticism in their meetings. That 's a queer question. Who would go to the graveyard to look for disturbers of the peace? No, sir; it requires high pressure life to run off the track. Who ever heard of an ox-cart smashing up, or oxen either? But when that gleaming, one-eyed monster, living on fire, comes along, under the terrible power of suppressed expansion, stand back! yes, stand back! and let harnessed thunder go through! It 's no dead and alive thing that runs into extravagances. Fanatics and lunatics are made of the smartest kind of folks. A fool don't know enough to be crazy; they are just bright enough for the devil to send round the world to say, There is no God! And one whose mouth was shamed out of the nonsense, just said it in his heart, so as to tell his master he had done the errand. Some of the same sort left!

Not long since, I attended a protracted meeting in a church of three hundred members, and only twenty who were spiritually alive, as the minister stated. I I said to him, Not half of that number can I find. That 's true, as some of the best are sick at home. Here were eight or ten believers set into this mass of worldly, backslidden professors, taking no part in the work, except to exhort us to bring in sinners; that they needed this work among sinners to encourage

the church, etc. Reply: "The shelves of this dead house are all full; no more corpses can be taken in till some of these are resurrected." And still they voted to keep up the meetings, and we did. Numbers were brought to life, and testified in public that if they had been called to their account but a few days before, they would have been lost. This church was not as bad off as the one froze together; they had life enough to fight the truth and the minister.

A brother says: "Let me tell you some of my experience."

"Well, say on."

"Once I was one of these fiery, excitable kind; up and down in my feelings; glad to-day and sad to-morrow; but, of late years, I go along about the same."

"I suppose, as the Yankees say, like an even-spun thread?"

"Yes; that's it."

"Well, I like a few kinks in my thread, such kinks, too, as no mortal can unravel."

He replies, that "a uniform state of mind is preferable. Now, I don't go down very low, nor up very high, but right along, sort of even."

"Yes; that's the way they do in the graveyard; they go along about so. If you speak of outward deportment, of uniformity in obedience, I agree with you; but soul-life is variable. Practically, death and inertia are the only uniform things I think of, while life everywhere is the most spasmodic thing in

creation; nothing can master the ups and downs of religious life, or any other, but death. And here you congratulate yourself on the attainment of soul-evenness. My friend, I fear there is a strong touch of death in you. Life—full-pulsed life—don't run so even; it is seen everywhere and in all kinds of life, to be uneven. Cut down that old oak tree, whose outstretched arms have weathered the storms from long ago; begin at the bark, and count the layers in to the heart, and you shall know how many spasms of life it took to make that tree. Now open your ears to the great, fitful breath of old ocean; mark the mighty spasm which lifts the waters up. Yes, my friend, you apply your notions of even life to wind and water, and it would kill both; and most likely you are dead, but died so slow that you did not know what it was. Some said it was growing manly in religion.

Now, this whole system of life, of all kinds and grades, is illustrated near at home, in the seat of self-life. The heart don't know anything else but spasms, and on that line it's above being taught, and that is the action of life everywhere; it is on the ebb and flow fashion. The fact is, life antagonizes with so much death, that it must go with a spring to overcome. Mark ye, there is no spring in death or inertia; they depend on solid, *sort of even*. Now look at this: here is a brother representing the grandest and most sublime life in the universe to be the most like death. The Lord bless your poor soul with your first experi-

ence of life's mighty ups and downs, and teach you the difference between death's *even* and the throes of life!

But before we part, let me inquire of this brother, if it would not be agreeable to you to join some other church? O! I did that three weeks ago; there you have it, and that is just as I hope it always will be. I want life's progression to run into Methodism, and death's progression to run out; and now you examine every foot-print out from this holy ism, and if you find one life-track going out you will find a novelty. Mark ye, I do not say the church organization, I mean the spiritual of Methodism; for I have a sister who went from the Methodist church to the Presbyterian by my advice; her husband is a deacon; there was no church of her choice within reach. She joined as she had been, the minister said he could smuggle her in a Methodist, and he did, and they live and love as Christians. So much for my anti-sectarianism. But before leaving, let me just note a curiosity in this connection. Some churches, I mean in a spiritual sense, seem located just in the thoroughfare of life's progression. So that when the Holy Spirit comes with all his quickening powers, these places receive the first tides of life, while others are drawn from. I have seen some of these anti-life places, and said to the members, that their churches could hardly survive God's great coming into a community; and in some places, I have known it keep the poor fellows trotting day and night with tracts on fanaticism—

wildfire, and animal excitement, just on the necessity of self-protection; but in spite of their watching and guarding, divine light and power broke through and converted some of their members, when they left for the banqueting places.

Some churches seem erected where you might look for a sepulchre, they are so contrived for taking in soul corpses; and when the cause languishes, wickedness increases, and backsliders are multiplied on every hand, you will see the porcession of death going into these dead houses till every shelf is full, and even paying rent for lying there; such require machinery in worship.

These churches live on religious relapses.

As my neighbor says: The spiritually dead prefer a church that is neutral on politics and religion.

At a camp meeting last year, west of Auburn, N. Y., where, with a close look-out against fanaticism, they went through with a meeting quite decently, and had good done, one minister described religion, by a river gliding along through the broad meadows so silent and smooth, that one would hardly suspect so large a body of water moving so near by. But O, how placid, and then how deep and smooth, etc. Reply: That is a very good description, brother, of this great salvation and its effect on the mind, and there is no fault to be found with it. But if you please, just put my river down by the way of Niagara, I like to go over the falls now and then, and get a thorough stirring up; yes, go down out of sight,

where I hold my breath under life's high swells and glorious tumults.

I think you said that deep river moved? Yes; very good, I am glad of that, but don't let these deep river folks get so disturbed, because occasionally the white caps go dashing through their placid waters; probably they came over Niagara not long ago, and don't get calmed down so soon. If depth and placidity are so prominent qualities, here is a good chance to show it. But how much charity these dear souls need for this Niagara foam; then, how much patience Niagara minds need with half-stagnation. So let us all be kind and loving, as one may help the other all the way through.

Now, I like these deep river minds, they are the reliables,—the fixed poles by which mariners set their compass, or as floating piers in a storm, which a dozen rocking, whirling crafts might hitch to with safety. Or, better still, they are as ballast in the ship, holding things down and holding things right side up, making more sails safe; though but little seen, are preventing shipwrecks, without the credit of doing it.

Now, since I am so near it, let me speak to that friend who goes by principle in religion. He says he does right because he ought to do right, whether he feels like it or not. That is just what you should do; it is what we all preach; but right—great, immortal right—is armed with a higher motive and a greater power than is found in the mere conviction of duty. You may discipline bones and muscles to right doing, be-

cause of its propiety and fitness; but when you come to great passionate, surging soul, you are baffled. Soul can't live on so cold an aliment as abstract right. Soul is made for emotion, and it's a long step from principle to passion. If we serve God acceptably, we must be so conformed to the similitude of right as to be able to do right with a degree of naturalness and pleasure; and perhaps it is safe to say, that our pleasure in righteousness is in proportion to our naturalness in righteousness; our present and eternal happiness in holiness rests on so deep a conformity to holiness as to make holiness natural to us. "I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness." (See Bible.)

Now, brother, you have started right, and just as all must start, from conviction; so go on; but don't cease the struggle till you reach the higher motive of doing right because you love to do it. God is glorified, not so much in our convictions of right as in our happiness in right doing. Our spirituality is measured, not by our punctiliousness in doing, not by the number of chores performed, but by the increasing pleasure of doing them; it is at this point that we approach the Divine resemblance. Godliness means joy unspeakble and full of glory in the soul, as well as diligence in business and honesty in commerce.

I am aware that this is not the worldly fashion of religion. Some churches seem armed with argument and sophistry against what they call emotional piety; the whole stress of Christian character and the

hope of heaven is laid on outward righteousness. With some, the highest type of a Christian is he who can do his duty in the coldest blood ; they have blood thermometers, and he who can stand at soul zero by the year, and keep up his religious ceremonies, is the model church member. Religious excitement is a by-word and a reproach with them ; harmoniously froze together, no danger of running off the track ! If such are Bible Christians, then thousands of the old martyred saints, who are supposed to have entered into final glory, were happy in a delusion. The Lord save the deceived. Amen.

SELFISHNESS.

The essence of selfishness is seen in the perversion of all things, to *I*, *myself*, which, in things worldly, often result in the accumulation of what is called riches, and but for another fact, the case would be tolerable. But, oh, the calamity is, I, *myself*, am circumscribed to myself for happiness, for it is quite above the range of selfishess to be happy, even in the instrumental good of others.

The curse of selfishness is in itself—that it is doomed to live on itself, which, to benevolence, would prove a barren banquet ; which reminds me of the salutation of an old friend : "How do you enjoy yourself to-night, Brother P. ?" I don't eat at that table, if you please; live on God's triumphs—triumphs in you and in me.

Selfishness affords but one dish for its banquet, and that is the same old *self* dish the year round; while benevolence tastes pleasure in the joys and songs of others. Selfishness enjoys a seat in the car or church, with decrepitude and infirmity leaning on its staff by his side; benevolence would find misery in such a sitting. But, when we come to things spiritual, to the religious world, selfishness is the short starving process.

Religion is the essence of benevolence. Benevolence is always acting out from itself on others; its riches come through apparent home exhaustion; it lives on the influx of its outflow, the reaction of itself—the ebb that's sure to bring a home-bound tide. The happiness of benevolence comes from broad sowing. Its present and future inheritance lives in a thousand springs, whose laughing rills shall eternally come bounding into the great-souled man, as blessings on their cause.

LETTER TO A YOUNG LADY.

One thing I observed when at your house, that you did not design postponing the woman in the girl, but rather to supersede the girl by the woman, only so as to take the *youthful* along with you. Yes, be youthful forever, and hurry on to yourself—to what you was made for. You was not made to be a girl, nor for a girl, and especially not after the model of these days. A human being can illy afford to barter

away his high sublime mission on earth for the calling of a doll.

The department of *pretty* is well supplied, and that too on a cheap process, so much so at least that it would hardly comport with the Divine wisdom to use man in filling up the vacant niches. While the *moral grand* must stand a blank forever, if man fails to reach it, the *pretty* is not adequate to this high attainment. Then, the experiment of *man pretty* was tried long ago on a high plan, and, when the last grand dazzle was added, he was sent to the lily of the fields to read his failure. And this was not half trying to outmatch the awkward thing.

Look at the many birds who grow their own deep dyes, and sing by instinct their own warble. Then, think of butterflies, who cost only worms for their making, with golden flush of wing, then silver some, and then neither, but a touch of both,— and now at last we come to bug, and say, "pretty man, match him if you can."

You ask, shall I be indifferent then to all outward appearances? By no means, only do not undertake to rival butterflies. They were made to look pretty for aught I know, and can do it to perfection. Be comely. This goes at par with all eyes, and in all ages. Be tasty. This shows cultivation and refinement. Be symmetrical. This shows a perception of fitness and order. Now, are you beautiful at that? If not, no hanging on of feathers or beads will help the case. This being beautiful by special effort, is the worst of

all homelies. Beauty, like wit, must be incidental—undesigned.

This excessive *try* of these days to be pretty, runs too much to the doll. For women *beauty*, the try is too excessive even for *pretty*. Lady character, of late, stands on the jingle of beads and the dangle of chains. What is your chain length, lady? I ask not for mental or moral qualifications. Give me the count of her links, and I have her standing at least with the bead fraternity. Ah!—I except the aboriginal squaw, who, single handed and barefooted, would out-jingle and out-dangle the best of them.

THREE CONDITIONS OF DEATH AVOIDED.*

There are three conditions of death I wish to shun. The first, which I feel quite safe from, would not die rich, could do better than that with money, if I were to go exclusively for fame. That is a childish failure of greatness. Grasping, holding, hugging, idol mammon, till death shall break the clinch.

It is a sad spectacle to behold one going through life with eyes closed on the wants and woes of this wretched world—to so stifle the yearnings of pity, both of humanity and religion, coming down to death with cankered gold and silver left behind—the cursed surplus of need for two generations; a witness left unburied of the long shut-up bowels of compassion—lingering curse of dead men's bones! The papers say: "A Christian gentleman has built himself a house costing one million of dollars." If that is so, I pity that christianity, which could authorize such squandering of the Lord's money, while so many of his saints suffer for this world's goods. Again, "A very Christian lady appeared at the convention

* Extract from an extemporary sermon preached in New York. Reported from memory.

decked with thirty thousand dollars worth of jewelry." If her religion is anything like the religion of the Bible, that will prove a sad deformity in her character when the account of stewardship is called for; perhaps, however, she is only a rich ungodly woman, taking on *Christian* for the purpose of setting off her character to better advantage, as we make Esquires by tacking Esq. to their names. This is the most modern invention for making church members.

Second—I would not die of old age. Strange occurrence; soldiers on the battle field dying of old age. Long wars, but no fighting. No! No! it looks too lazy; a slow frittering away of one's self by mere existence. Just think of tapering down human life to extinction by bare breathing.

Look at the position of a Christian, thrown out on this arena of holy conflict, where responsibilities gather thick and ponderous, such as angels never knew. Where immortality is staked on soul struggle, as in no other world!

What a spectacle to see one who hopes for glorification, skulking through the pressure of thick-pending destinies clear of soul-work for others; just degraded down to the low mission of taking care of reputation and spinning out a long life. If death calculates on the longevity of saints by the process of mere existence, he may get mistaken with some who count not their lives dear unto themselves, for while he is following up his victims around the slow breathing route, these workers with God, through excessive labors, may take a shorter tack to heaven, entering glory ahead of their time—that is, of their breathing time. What I mean to say, is this: That if saints should keep clear of fellowship in Christ's sufferings, taking on no soul burdens for a wretched world, doing no hard work for immortality, they might live longer to breathe. Not that I wish a short life; no, far from that; am more and more anxious to live. But sooner or later, I expect to forestall the slow process, terminating life by hard work for others, instead of breathing myself to death.

Thirdly—I would not die full of life, it looks so wasteful. This defrauding the cause of God of labors, needed, through fear of not living long enough, this hoarding of life and strength, for the pur-

pose of spinning out more years, and coming to death at last with a surplus of life on hand, it looks prodigal—it gives to death too great a triumph—too rich a revel. No! No! Let the saints, by the love of Christ constraining them, rob the king of terrors of half his spoils in them. By wasting and wearing, from conflict to conflict, from triumph to triumph, let them strew their life through the years, with dying mostly done before death is aware of it, leaving this ruthless conquerer conquered down to the mockery of killing a shadow!

I want the Lord to take me out of the world, when I leave—not that I expect to be so worthy, more than others; far from this—I wish him to take me, out of pity for my exhaustion; would like to have him say (O, can it be that this imperfect creature will ever be worthy of it!) of his saying to the angels: "Bring that hard worker out of my vineyard, home to rest. I see him trembling on his staff, having spent his strength and life at my altars! bring him home to my throne, that I may say, 'Well done! Well done, good and faithful servant! Come! enter into thy joys and sit down on my throne. Come and see the converts you have brought to Christ. Come and hear a multitude call you blessed.'" Yes, let the angels take me with the sweat on my brow and trembling in my limbs, with the enemy's fiery darts shaking from my armor. And suppose I am so out of breath as to require angelic wings to fan me through into the upper tides, odor from the cinnamon groves shall bring me to, and eternity shall suffice for resting

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